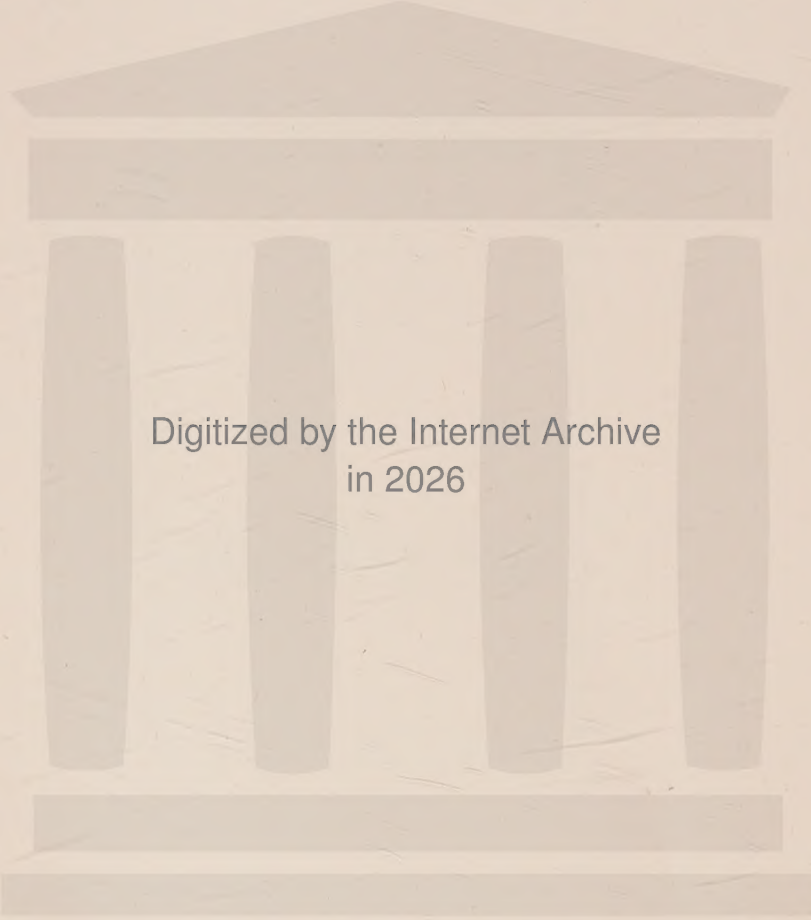






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Incep vespere bfe marie

Eus in adiutorium
meum intende. **D**o
mine ad adiman
dum me festina.

Gloria patri & filio

& spiritui sancto. **S**icut erat in prin
cipio & nuno & semper & in secula se
culorum. Amen. Alleluja: Allia.

Intr. **P**ost partum. *Palmus*
Etatus sum in his que dic
ta sunt michi: in domini

domini thimus. **S**tantes erant pe
des nostri: in atris tuis ierusalem.

Ierusalem que edificatur ut ciui
tas: cuius participatio enis ndipm

Illuc enim ascenderunt tribus tri
bus domini testimoniu israel: ad
confitendum nomini domini. **Q**uia

illic sederint sedes in iudicio: sedes

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and Done from the Beginning of History.

WITH PRONOUNCING AND BIOGRAPHICAL
DICTIONARY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

INTRODUCTION BY ANDREW LANG AND
DONALD G. MITCHELL (AKA MARVEL)

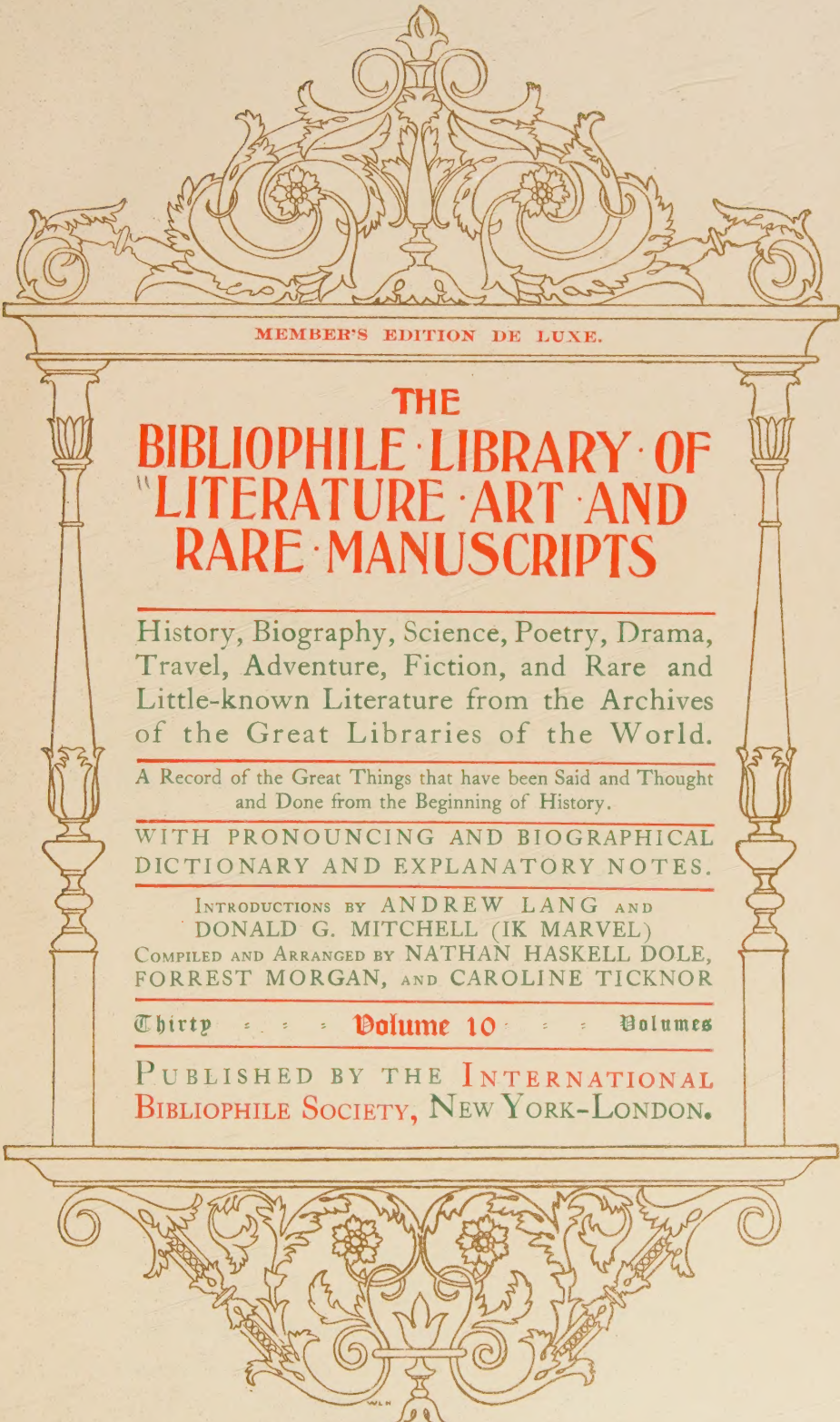
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JOAN OF ARC

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TRIAL AND DEATH OF JOAN OF ARC.

By M. MICHELET.

(From the "History of France.")

[JULES MICHELET : A French historian and essayist ; born in Paris in 1798, died in 1874. His boyhood was passed in poverty, almost in penury, — and it was only by the most extraordinary effort that his father was able to give him his first foothold in learning and letters. By exercising the greatest economies he managed to enter him at the Lycée Charlemagne, where his natural qualities, with the help of hard study, soon made themselves felt. His "History of France" engaged all the leisure time which he could spare from the employments necessary to gain his daily bread during thirty-eight years, and is a monumental work. He wrote also, among other books, "A History of the Revolution," "Poland and Russia," "The Jesuits," "The Priest, the Wife, and the Family," and several books in collaboration with Madame Michelet.]

It seems incredible to us that the church, of which Joan of Arc was so shining a light, should have been so cowardly as to desert her when captured by the English, and to have ferociously assisted in doing to the death she who was the glory of France.

On February 21 the Pucelle was brought before her judges. The bishop of Beauvais admonished her "with mildness and charity," praying her to answer truly to whatever she should be asked, without evasion or subterfuge, both to shorten her trial and ease her conscience. — *Answer*. "I do not know what you mean to question me about, you might ask me things which I would not tell you." — She consented to swear to speak the truth upon all matters except those which related to her visions ; "But, with respect to these," she said, "you shall cut off my head first." But she was induced to swear that she would answer all questions "on points affecting faith."

She was again urged on the following day, the 22d, and

again on the 24th, but held firm — “It is a common remark even in children’s mouths,” was her observation, “that *people are often hung for telling the truth.*” At last, worn out, and for quietness’ sake, she consented to swear “to tell what she knew *upon her trial*, but not all she knew.”

Interrogated as to her age, name, and surname, she said that she was about nineteen years old. “In the place where I was born they called me Jehanette, and in France Jehanne. . . .” But, with regard to her surname (the *Pucelle*, the maid), it seems that through some caprice of feminine modesty she could not bring herself to utter it, and that she eluded the direct answer by a chaste falsehood — “As to surname, I know nothing of it.”

She complained of the fetters on her limbs; and the bishop told her that as she had made several attempts to escape, they had been obliged to put them on. “It is true,” she said, “I have done so, and it is allowable for any prisoner. If I escaped, I could not be reproached with having broken my word, for I had given no promise.”

She was ordered to repeat the *Pater* and the *Ave*, perhaps in the superstitious idea that if she were vowed to the devil she durst not — “I will willingly repeat them if my lord of Beauvais will hear me confess:” adroit and touching demand; by thus reposing her confidence in her judge, her enemy, she would have made him both her spiritual father and the witness of her innocence.

Cauchon declined the request; but I can well believe that he was moved by it. He broke up the sitting for that day, and, on the day following, did not continue the interrogatory himself, but deputed the office to one of his assessors.

At the fourth sitting she displayed unwonted animation. She did not conceal her having heard her voices. “They awakened me,” she said, “I clasped my hands in prayer, and besought them to give me counsel; they said to me, ‘Ask of our Lord.’” — “And what more did they say?” — “To answer you boldly.”

“ . . . I cannot tell all; I am much more fearful of saying anything which may displease them, than I am of answering you. . . . For to-day, I beg you to question me no further.”

The bishop, perceiving her emotion, persisted: “But, Jehanne, God is offended, then, if one tells true things?” — “My voices have told me certain things, not for you, but

for the king." Then she added, with fervor, "Ah! if he knew them, he would eat his dinner with greater relish. . . . Would that he did know them, and would drink no wine from this to Easter."

She gave utterance to some sublime things, while prattling in this simple strain: "I come from God, I have naught to do here; dismiss me to God, from whom I come. . . ."

"You say that you are my judge; think well what you are about, for of a truth I am sent of God, and you are putting yourself in great danger."

There can be no doubt such language irritated the judges, and they put to her an insidious and base question, a question which it is a crime to put to any man alive: "Jehanne, do you believe yourself to be in a state of grace?"

They thought that they had bound her with an indissoluble knot. To say no, was to confess herself unworthy of having been God's chosen instrument; but, on the other hand, how say yes? Which of us, frail beings as we are, is sure here below of being truly in God's grace? Not one, except the proud, presumptuous man, who, of all, is precisely the furthest from it.

She cut the knot, with heroic and Christian simplicity:—

"If I am not, may God be pleased to receive me into it; if I am, may God be pleased to keep me in it."

The Pharisees were struck speechless.

But, with all her heroism, she was nevertheless a woman. . . . After giving utterance to this sublime sentiment, she sank from the high-wrought mood, and relapsed into the softness of her sex, doubting of her state, as is natural to a Christian soul, interrogating herself, and trying to gain confidence. "Ah! if I knew that I were not in God's grace, I should be the most wretched being in the world. . . . But, if I were in a state of sin, no doubt the voice would not come. . . . Would that every one could hear it like myself. . . ."

These words gave a hold to her judges. After a long pause, they returned to the charge with redoubled hate, and pressed upon her question after question designed to ruin her. "Had not the voices told her to *hate* the Burgundians?" . . . "Did she not go when a child to the *Fairies'* tree?" etc. They now longed to burn her as a witch.

At the fifth sitting she was attacked on delicate and dangerous ground, namely, with regard to the appearances she had

seen. The bishop, become all of a sudden compassionate and honeyed, addressed her with, "Jehanne, how have you been since Saturday?" — "You see," said the poor prisoner, loaded with chains, "as well as I might."

"Jehanne, do you fast every day this Lent?" — "Is the question a necessary one?" — "Yes, truly." — "Well then, yes, I have always fasted."

She was then pressed on the subject of her visions, and with regard to a sign shown the dauphin, and concerning St. Catherine and St. Michael. Among other insidious and indelicate questions, she was asked whether, when St. Michael appeared to her, he *was naked?* . . . To this shameful question she replied, without understanding its drift, and with heavenly purity, "Do you think, then, that our Lord has not wherewith to clothe him?"

On March 3, other out-of-the-way questions were put to her, in order to entrap her into confessing some diabolical agency, some evil correspondence with the devil. "Has this St. Michael of yours, have these holy women, a body and limbs? Are you sure the figures you see are those of angels?" — "Yes, I believe so, as firmly as I believe in God." This answer was carefully noted down.

They then turn to the subject of her wearing male attire, and of her standard. "Did not the soldiery make standards in imitation of yours? Did they not replace them with others?" — "Yes, when the lance (staff) happened to break." — "Did you not say that those standards would bring them luck?" — "No, I only said, 'Fall boldly upon the English,' and I fell upon them myself."

"But why was this standard borne at the coronation, in the church of Reims, rather than those of the other captains? . . . " — "It had seen all the danger, and it was only fair that it should share the honor."

"What was the impression of the people who kissed your feet, hands, and garments?" — "The poor came to me of their own free will, because I never did them any harm, and assisted and protected them, as far as was in my power."

It was impossible for heart of man not to be touched with such answers. Cauchon thought it prudent to proceed henceforward with only a few assessors on whom he could rely, and quite quietly. We find the number of assessors varying at each sitting from the very beginning of the trial: some

leave, and their places are taken by others. The place of trial is similarly changed. The accused, who at first is interrogated in the hall of the castle of Rouen, is now questioned in prison. "In order not to fatigue the rest," Cauchon took there only two assessors and two witnesses (from the 10th to the 17th of March). He was, perhaps, emboldened thus to proceed with shut doors, from being sure of the support of the Inquisition; the vicar having at length received from the Inquisitor General of France full powers to preside at the trial along with the bishop (March 12).

In these fresh examinations, she is pressed only on a few points indicated beforehand by Cauchon.

"Did the voices command her to make that sally out of Compiègne in which she was taken?"—To this she does not give a direct reply: "The saints had told me that I should be taken before midsummer; that it behooved so to be, that I must not be astonished, but suffer all cheerfully, and God would aid me. . . . Since it has so pleased God, it is for the best that I should have been taken."

"Do you think you did well in setting out without the leave of your father and mother? Ought we not to honor our parents?"—"They have forgiven me."—"And did you think you were not sinning in doing so?"—"It was by God's command and if I had had a hundred fathers and mothers I should have set out."

"Did not the voices call you daughter of God, daughter of the Church, the maid of the great heart?"—"Before the siege of Orléans was raised, and since then, the voices have called me, and they call me every day, 'Jehanne the Pucelle, daughter of God.'"

"Was it right to attack Paris, the day of the Nativity of Our Lady?"—"It is fitting to keep the festivals of Our Lady; and it would be so, I truly think, to keep them every day."

"Why did you leap from the tower of Beaurevoir?" (The drift of this question was to induce her to say that she had wished to kill herself.)—"I heard that the poor people of Compiègne would all be slain, down to children seven years of age, and I knew, too, that I was sold to the English; I would rather have died than fall into the hands of the English."

"Do St. Catherine and St. Margaret hate the English?"—"They love what our Lord loves, and hate what he hates."—"Does God hate the English?"—"Of the love or hate God

may bear the English, and what he does with their souls, I know nothing; but I know that they will be put forth out of France, with the exception of such as shall perish in it."

"Is it not a mortal sin to hold a man to ransom, and then to put him to death?"—"I have not done that."—"Was not Franquet d'Arras put to death?"—"I consented to it, having been unable to exchange him for one of my men; he owned to being a brigand and a traitor. His trial lasted a fortnight, before the bailli of Senlis."—"Did you not give money to the man who took him?"—"I am not treasurer of France, to give money."

"Do you think that your king did well in killing, or causing to be killed, my lord of Burgundy?"—"It was a great pity for the realm of France; but, whatever might have been between them, God sent me to the aid of the king of France."

"Jehanne, has it been revealed to you whether you will escape?"—"That does not bear upon your trial. Do you want me to depone against myself?"—"Have the voices said nothing to you about it?"—"That does not concern your trial; I put myself in our Lord's hands, who will do as it pleaseth him." . . . And, after a pause, "By my troth, I know neither the hour nor the day. God's will be done."—"Have not your voices told you anything about the result, generally?"—"Well then, yes; they have told me that I shall be delivered, and have bade me be of good cheer and courage. . . ."

Another day she added: "The saints tell me that I shall be victoriously delivered, and they say to me besides, 'Take all in good part; care not for thy martyrdom; thou shalt at the last enter the kingdom of Paradise.'"—"And since they have told you so, do you feel sure of being saved, and of not going to hell?"—"Yes, I believe what they have told me as firmly as if I were already saved."—"This assurance is a very weighty one."—"Yes, it is a great treasure to me."—"And so, you believe you can no longer commit a mortal sin?"—"I know nothing of that; I rely altogether on our Lord."

At last, the judges had made out the true ground on which to bring the accusation; at last, they had found a spot on which to lay strong hold. There was not a chance of getting this chaste and holy girl to be taken for a witch, for a familiar of the devil's; but, in her very sanctity, as is invariably the case with all mystics, there was a side left open to attack: the secret

voice considered equal, or preferred to, the instruction of the Church, the prescriptions of authority — inspiration, but free and independent inspiration — revelation, but a personal revelation — submission to God ; what God ? the God within.

These preliminary examinations were concluded by a formal demand, whether she would submit her actions and opinions to the judgment of the Church ; to which she replied, “ I love the Church, and would support it to the best of my power. As to the good works which I have wrought, I must refer them to the King of heaven, who sent me.”

The question being repeated, she gave no other answer, but added, “ Our Lord and the Church, it is all one.”

She was then told, that there was a distinction ; that there was the Church *triumphant*, God, the saints, and those who had been admitted to salvation ; and the Church *militant*, or, in other words, the pope, the cardinals, the clergy, and all good Christians — the which Church, “ properly assembled,” cannot err, and is guided by the Holy Ghost. — “ Will you not then submit yourself to the Church *militant* ? ” — “ I am come to the king of France from God, from the Virgin Mary, the saints, and the Church *victorious* there above ; to that Church I submit myself, my works, all that I have done or have to do.” — “ And to the Church *militant* ? ” — “ I will give no other answer.”

According to one of the assessors she said that, on certain points, she trusted to neither bishop, pope, nor any one ; but held her belief of God alone.

The question on which the trial was to turn was thus laid down in all its simplicity and grandeur, and the true debate commenced : on the one hand, the visible Church and authority, on the other, inspiration attesting the invisible Church . . . invisible to vulgar eyes, but clearly seen by the pious girl, who was forever contemplating it, forever hearing it within herself, forever carrying in her heart these saints and angels . . . there was her Church, there God shone in his brightness ; everywhere else, how shadowy He was ! . . .

Such being the case at issue, the accused was doomed to irremediable destruction. She could not give way, she could not, save falsely, disavow, deny what she saw and heard so distinctly. On the other hand, could authority remain authority if it abdicated its jurisdiction, if it did not punish ?

She fell sick in Passion Week. Her temptation began, no doubt, on Palm Sunday. A country girl, born on the skirts of

a forest, and having ever lived in the open air of heaven, she was compelled to pass this fine Palm Sunday in the depth of a dungeon. The grand *succor* which the Church invokes came not for her ; the *doors did not open*.

They were opened on the Tuesday ; but it was to lead the accused to the great hall of the castle before her judges. They read to her the articles which had been founded on her answers, and the bishop previously represented to her, "that these doctors were all churchmen, clerks, and well read in law, divine and human ; that they were all tender and pitiful, and desired to proceed mildly, seeking neither vengeance *nor corporal punishment*, but solely wishing to enlighten her, and put her in the way of truth and of salvation ; and that, as she was not sufficiently informed in such high matters, the bishop and the inquisitor offered her the choice of one or more of the assessors to act as her counsel." The accused, in presence of this assembly, in which she did not descry a single friendly face, mildly answered : "For what you admonish me as to my good, and concerning our faith, I thank you ; as to the counsel you offer me, I have no intention to forsake the counsel of our Lord."

The first article touched the capital point, submission. She replied as before : "Well do I believe that our Holy Father, the bishops, and others of the Church are to guard the Christian *faith*, and punish those who are found wanting. As to my *deeds* (faits), I submit myself only to the Church in heaven, to God and the Virgin, to the sainted men and women in Paradise. I have not been wanting in regard to the Christian faith, and trust I never shall be."

And, shortly afterwards : "I would rather die than recall what I have done by our Lord's command."

What illustrates the time, the uninformed mind of these doctors, and their blind attachment to the letter without regard to the spirit, is, that no point seemed graver to them than the sin of having assumed male attire. They represented to her that, according to the canons, those who thus change the habit of their sex are abominable in the sight of God. At first she would not give a direct answer, and begged for a respite till the next day ; but her judges insisting on her discarding the dress, she replied, "That she was not empowered to say when she could quit it."—"But if you should be deprived of the privilege of hearing mass?"—"Well, our Lord can grant me

to hear it without you." — "Will you put on a woman's dress, in order to receive your Saviour at Easter?" — "No; I cannot quit this dress; it matters not to me in what dress I receive my Saviour." — After this she seems shaken, asks to be at least allowed to hear mass, adding, "I wont say but if you were to give me a gown such as the daughters of the burghers wear, a very *long gown* . . . "

It is clear she shrank, through modesty, from explaining herself. The poor girl durst not explain her position in prison, or the constant danger she was in. The truth is, that three soldiers slept in her room, three of the brigand ruffians called *houspilleurs*; that she was chained to a beam by a large iron chain, almost wholly at their mercy; the man's dress they wished to compel her to discontinue was all her safeguard. . . . What are we to think of the imbecility of the judge, or of his horrible connivance?

Besides being kept under the eyes of these wretches, and exposed to their insults and mockery, she was subjected to espial from without. Winchester, the inquisitor, and Cauchon had each a key to the tower, and watched her hourly through a hole in the wall. Each stone of this infernal dungeon had eyes.

Her only consolation was, that she was at first allowed interviews with a priest, who told her that he was a prisoner, and attached to Charles VII.'s cause. Loyseleur, so he was named, was a tool of the English. He had won Jeanne's confidence, who used to confess herself to him; and, at such times, her confessions were taken down by notaries concealed on purpose to overhear her. . . . It is said that Loyseleur encouraged her to hold out, in order to insure her destruction. On the question of her being put to the torture being discussed (a very useless proceeding, since she neither denied nor concealed anything), there were only two or three of her judges who counseled the atrocious deed, and the confessor was one of these.

The sentence of grace was a most severe one: "Jehanne, we condemn you, out of our grace and moderation, to pass the rest of your days in prison, on the bread of grief and water of anguish, and so to mourn your sins."

She was admitted by the ecclesiastical judge to do penance, no doubt, nowhere save in the prisons of the church. The ecclesiastic *in pace*, however severe it might be, would at the least withdraw her from the hands of the English, place her

under shelter from their insults, save her honor. Judge of her surprise and despair when the bishop coldly said: "Take her back whence you brought her."

Nothing was done; deceived on this wise, she could not fail to retract her retraction. Yet, though she had abided by it, the English, in their fury, would not have allowed her so to escape. They had come to Saint-Ouen in the hope of at last burning the sorceress, had waited panting and breathless to this end; and now they were to be dismissed on this fashion, paid with a slip of parchment, a signature, a grimace. . . . At the very moment the bishop discontinued reading the sentence of condemnation, stones flew upon the scaffolding without any respect for the cardinal. . . . The doctors were in peril of their lives as they came down from their seats into the public place; swords were in all directions pointed at their throats. The more moderate among the English confined themselves to insulting language: "Priests, you are not earning the king's money." The doctors, making off in all haste, said tremblingly: "Do not be uneasy, we shall soon have her again."

And it was not the soldiery alone, not the English *mob*, always so ferocious, which displayed this thirst for blood. The better born, the great, the lords, were no less sanguinary. The king's man, his tutor, the earl of Warwick, said like the soldiers: "The king's business goes on badly: the girl will not be burnt."

According to English notions, Warwick was the mirror of worthiness, the accomplished Englishman, the perfect *gentleman*. Brave and devout, like his master, Henry V., and the zealous champion of the *established* Church, he had performed the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as well as many other chivalrous expeditions, not failing to give tournaments on his route: one of the most brilliant and celebrated of which took place at the gates of Calais, where he defied the whole chivalry of France. This tournament was long remembered; and the bravery and magnificence of this Warwick served not a little to prepare the way for the famous Warwick, the *kingmaker*.

With all his chivalry, Warwick was not the less savagely eager for the death of a woman, and one who was, too, a prisoner of war. The best, and the most looked up to of the English, was as little deterred by honorable scruples as the rest of his countrymen, from putting to death on the award of priests and by fire, her who had humbled them by the sword.

This great English people, with so many good and solid qualities, is infected by one vice, which corrupts these very qualities themselves. This rooted, all-poisoning vice, is pride : a cruel disease, but which is nevertheless the principle of English life, the explanation of its contradictions, the secret of its acts. With them, virtue or crime is almost ever the result of pride ; even their follies have no other source. This pride is sensitive, and easily pained in the extreme ; they are great sufferers from it, and again, make it a point of pride to conceal these sufferings. Nevertheless, they will have vent. The two expressive words, *disappointment* and *mortification*, are peculiar to the English language.

This self-adoration, this internal worship of the creature for its own sake, is the sin by which Satan fell, the height of impiety. This is the reason that with so many of the virtues of humanity, with their seriousness and sobriety of demeanor, and with their biblical turn of mind, no nation is further off from grace. They are the only people who have been unable to claim the authorship of the "Imitation of Jesus" : a Frenchman might write it, a German, an Italian, never an Englishman. From Shakespeare to Milton, from Milton to Byron, their beautiful and somber literature is skeptical, Judaical, satanic, in a word, antichristian. "As regards law," as a legist well says, "the English are Jews, the French Christians." A theologian might express himself in the same manner, as regards faith. The American Indians, with that penetration and originality they so often exhibit, expressed this distinction in their fashion. "Christ," said one of them, "was a Frenchman whom the English crucified in London ; Pontius Pilate was an officer in the service of Great Britain."

The Jews never exhibited the rage against Jesus which the English did against the Pucelle. It must be owned that she had wounded them cruelly in the most sensible part — in the simple but deep esteem they have for themselves. At Orléans, the invincible men at arms, the famous archers, Talbot at their head, had shown their backs ; at Jargeau, sheltered by the good walls of a fortified town, they had suffered themselves to be taken ; at Patay, they had fled as fast as their legs would carry them, fled before a girl. . . . This was hard to be borne, and these taciturn English were forever pondering over the disgrace. . . . They had been afraid of a girl, and it was not very certain but that, chained as she was, they felt fear

of her still . . . though, seemingly, not of her, but of the devil, whose agent she was. At least, they endeavored both to believe, and to have it believed so.

But there was an obstacle in the way of this, for she was said to be a virgin; and it was a notorious and well-ascertained fact that the devil could not make a compact with a virgin. The coolest head among the English, Bedford, the regent, resolved to have the point cleared up; and his wife, the duchess, intrusted the matter to some matrons, who declared Jehanne to be a maid: a favorable declaration which turned against her, by giving rise to another superstitious notion; to wit, that her virginity constituted her strength, her power, and that to deprive her of it was to disarm her, was to break the charm, and lower her to the level of other women.

The poor girl's only defense against such a danger had been wearing male attire; though, strange to say, no one had ever seemed able to understand her motive for wearing it. All, both friends and enemies, were scandalized by it. At the outset, she had been obliged to explain her reasons to the women of Poitiers; and when made prisoner, and under the care of the ladies of Luxembourg, those excellent persons prayed her to clothe herself as honest girls were wont to do. Above all, the English ladies, who have always made a parade of chastity and modesty, must have considered her so disguising herself monstrous, and insufferably indecent. The duchess of Bedford sent her female attire; but by whom? by a man, a tailor. The fellow, with impudent familiarity, was about to pass it over her head, and, when she pushed him away, laid his unmannerly hand upon her; his tailor's hand on that hand which had borne the flag of France — she boxed his ear.

If women could not understand this feminine question, how much less could priests! . . . They quoted the text of a council held in the fourth century, which anathematized such changes of dress; not seeing that the prohibition specially applied to a period when manners had been barely retrieved from pagan impurities. The doctors belonging to the party of Charles VII., the apologists of the Pucelle, find exceeding difficulty in justifying her on this head. One of them (thought to be Gerson) makes the gratuitous supposition that the moment she dismounted from her horse, she was in the habit of resuming woman's apparel; confessing that Esther and Judith had had recourse to more natural and feminine means for their



JOAN OF ARC MAKING HER VOW

triumphs over the enemies of God's people. Entirely preoccupied with the soul, these theologians seem to have held the body cheap; provided the letter, the written law, be followed, the soul will be saved; the flesh may take its chance. . . . A poor and simple girl may be pardoned her inability to distinguish so clearly.

It is our hard condition here below, that soul and body are so closely bound one with the other, that the soul takes the flesh along with it, undergoes the same hazards, and is answerable for it. . . . This has ever been a heavy fatality; but how much more so does it become under a religious law, which ordains the endurance of insult, and which does not allow imperiled honor to escape by flinging away the body, and taking refuge in the world of spirits!

On the Friday and the Saturday, the unfortunate prisoner, despoiled of her man's dress, had much to fear. Brutality, furious hatred, vengeance, might severally incite the cowards to degrade her before she perished, to sully what they were about to burn. . . . Besides, they might be tempted to varnish their infamy by a *reason of state*, according to the notions of the day; by depriving her of her virginity, they would undoubtedly destroy that secret power of which the English entertained such great dread, who, perhaps, might recover their courage when they knew that, after all, she was but a woman. According to her confessor, to whom she divulged the fact, an Englishman, not a common soldier, but a *gentleman*, a lord—patriotically devoted himself to this execution, bravely undertook to violate a girl laden with fetters, and, being unable to effect his wishes, rained blows upon her.

“On the Sunday morning, Trinity Sunday, when it was time for her to rise (as she told him who speaks), she said to her English guards, ‘Leave me, that I may get up.’ One of them took off her woman's dress, emptied the bag in which was the man's apparel, and said to her, ‘Get up.’—‘Gentlemen,’ she said, ‘you know that dress is forbidden me; excuse me, I will not put it on.’ The point was contested till noon; when, being compelled to go out for some bodily want, she put it on. When she came back, they would give her no other despite her entreaties.”

In reality, it was not to the interest of the English that she should resume her man's dress, and so make null and void a retractation obtained with such difficulty. But at this moment,

their rage no longer knew any bounds. Saintrilles had just made a bold attempt upon Rouen. It would have been a lucky hit to have swept off the judges from the judgment seat, and have carried Winchester and Bedford to Poitiers; the latter was, subsequently, all but taken on his return, between Rouen and Paris. As long as this accursed girl lived, who, beyond a doubt, continued in prison to practice her sorceries, there was no safety for the English: perish, she must.

The assessors, who had notice instantly given them of her change of dress, found some hundred English in the court to bar their passage; who, thinking that if these doctors entered, they might spoil all, threatened them with their axes and swords, and chased them out, calling them *traitors of Armagnacs*. Cauchon, introduced with much difficulty, assumed an air of gayety to pay his court to Warwick, and said with a laugh, "She is caught."

On the Monday, he returned along with the inquisitor and eight assessors, to question the Pucelle, and ask her why she had resumed that dress. She made no excuse, but, bravely facing the danger, said that the dress was fitter for her as long as she was guarded by men, and that faith had not been kept with her. Her saints, too, had told her, "that it was great pity she had abjured to save her life." Still, she did not refuse to resume woman's dress. "Put me in a seemly and safe prison," she said, "I will be good, and do whatever the Church shall wish."

On leaving her, the bishop encountered Warwick and a crowd of English; and to show himself a good Englishman, he said in their tongue, "Farewell, farewell." This joyous adieu was about synonymous with "Good evening, good evening, all's over."

It was nine o'clock: she was dressed in female attire, and placed on a cart. On one side of her was brother Martin l'Advenu; the constable, Massieu, was on the other. The Augustine monk, brother Isambart, who had already displayed such charity and courage, would not quit her. It is stated that the wretched Loyseleur also ascended the cart, to ask her pardon; but for the earl of Warwick, the English would have killed him.

Up to this moment the Pucelle had never despaired, with the exception, perhaps, of her temptation in the Passion Week. While saying, as she at times would say, "These English will

kill me," she, in reality, did not think so. She did not imagine that she could ever be deserted. She had faith in her king, in the good people of France. She had said expressly, "There will be some disturbance either in prison or at the trial, by which I shall be delivered . . . greatly, victoriously delivered." . . . But though king and people deserted her, she had another source of aid, and a far more powerful and certain one, from her friends above, her kind and dear saints. . . . When she was assaulting Saint-Pierre, and deserted by her followers, her saints sent an invisible army to her aid. How could they abandon their obedient girl; they who had so often promised her *safety* and *deliverance*. . . .

What then must her thoughts have been, when she saw that she must die; when, carried in a cart, she passed through a trembling crowd, under the guard of eight hundred Englishmen armed with sword and lance. She wept and bemoaned herself, yet reproached neither her king nor her saints. . . . She was only heard to utter, "O Rouen, Rouen! must I then die here?"

The term of her sad journey was the old market place, the fish market. Three scaffolds had been raised: on one, was the episcopal and royal chair, the throne of the cardinal of England, surrounded by the stalls of his prelates; on another, were to figure the principal personages of the mournful drama, the preacher, the judges, and the bailli, and, lastly, the condemned one; apart, was a large scaffolding of plaster, groaning under a weight of wood—nothing had been grudged the stake, which struck terror by its height alone. This was not only to add to the solemnity of the execution, but was done with the intent that from the height to which it was reared, the executioner might not get at it save at the base, and that to light it only, so that he would be unable to cut short the torments and relieve the sufferer, as he did with others, sparing them the flames. On this occasion, the important point was that justice should not be defrauded of her due, or a dead body be committed to the flames; they desired that she should be really burnt alive, and that, placed on the summit of this mountain of wood, and commanding the circle of lances and of swords, she might be seen from every part of the market place. There was reason to suppose that being slowly, tediously burnt before the eyes of a curious crowd, she might at last be surprised into some weakness, that something might escape her which could

be set down as a disavowal, at the least some confused words which might be interpreted at pleasure, perhaps, low prayers, humiliating cries for mercy, such as proceed from a woman in despair. . . .

A chronicler, friendly to the English, brings a heavy charge against them at this moment. According to him, they wanted her gown to be burnt first, so that she might remain naked, "in order to remove all the doubts of the people;" that the fagots should then be removed so that all might draw nigh to see her, "and all the secrets which can or should be in a woman:" and that after this immodest, ferocious exhibition, "the executioners should replace the great fire on her poor carrion. . . ."

The frightful ceremony began with a sermon. Master Nicolas Midy, one of the lights of the university of Paris, preached upon the edifying text: "When one limb of the Church is sick, the whole Church is sick." This poor Church could only be cured by cutting off a limb. He wound up with the formula: "*Jeanne, go in peace, the Church can no longer defend thee.*"

The ecclesiastical judge, the bishop of Beauvais, then benignly exhorted her to take care of her soul and to recall all her misdeeds, in order that she might awaken to true repentance. The assessors had ruled that it was the law to read over her abjuration to her; the bishop did nothing of the sort. He feared her denials, her disclaimers. But the poor girl had no thought of so chicaning away life; her mind was fixed on far other subjects. Even before she was exhorted to repentance, she had knelt down and invoked God, the Virgin, St. Michael, and St. Catherine, pardoning all and asking pardon, saying to the bystanders, "Pray for me!" . . . In particular, she besought the priests to say each a mass for her soul. . . . And all this, so devoutly, humbly, and touchingly, that sympathy becoming contagious, no one could any longer contain himself; the bishop of Beauvais melted into tears, the bishop of Boulogne sobbed, and the very English cried and wept as well, Winchester with the rest.

Might it be in this moment of universal tenderness, of tears, of contagious weakness, that the unhappy girl, softened, and relapsing into the mere woman, confessed that she saw clearly she had erred, and that, apparently, she had been deceived when promised deliverance. This is a point on which we cannot implicitly rely on the interested testimony of the English. Never-

theless, it would betray scant knowledge of human nature to doubt, with her hopes so frustrated, her having wavered in her faith. . . . Whether she confessed to this effect in words is uncertain ; but I will confidently affirm that she owned it in thought.

Meanwhile the judges, for a moment put out of countenance, had recovered their usual bearing, and the bishop of Beauvais, drying his eyes, began to read the act of condemnation. He reminded the guilty one of all her crimes, of her schism, idolatry, invocation of demons, how she had been admitted to repentance, and how, "*Seduced by the prince of lies, she had fallen, O grief ! like the dog which returns to his vomit.* . . . Therefore, we pronounce you to be a rotten limb, and, as such, to be lopped off from the Church. We deliver you over to the secular power, praying it at the same time to relax its sentence and to spare you death, and the mutilation of your members."

Deserted thus by the Church, she put her whole trust in God. She asked for the cross. An Englishman handed her a cross which he made out of a stick ; she took it, rudely fashioned as it was, with not less devotion, kissed it, and placed it under her garments, next to her skin. . . . But what she desired was the crucifix belonging to the Church, to have it before her eyes till she breathed her last. The good *huissier*, Massieu, and brother Isambart, interfered with such effect, that it was brought her from St. Sauveur's. While she was embracing this crucifix, and brother Isambart was encouraging her, the English began to think all this exceedingly tedious ; it was now noon, at least ; the soldiers grumbled, and the captains called out : " What's this, priest ; do you mean us to dine here ? " . . . Then, losing patience, and without waiting for the order from the bailli, who alone had authority to dismiss her to death, they sent two constables to take her out of the hands of the priests. She was seized at the foot of the tribunal by the men at arms, who dragged her to the executioner with the words, " Do thy office. . . ." The fury of the soldiery filled all present with horror ; and many there, even of the judges, fled the spot that they might see no more.

When she found herself brought down to the market place, surrounded by English, laying rude hands on her, nature asserted her rights, and the flesh was troubled. Again she cried out, " O Rouen, thou art then to be my last abode ! . . ." She

said no more, and, in this hour of fear and trouble, *did not sin with her lips*. . . .

She accused neither her king, nor her holy ones. But when she set foot on the top of the pile, on viewing this great city, this motionless and silent crowd, she could not refrain from exclaiming, "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, much do I fear you will suffer from my death!" She who had saved the people, and whom that people deserted, gave voice to no other sentiment when dying (admirable sweetness of soul!) than that of compassion for it.

She was made fast under the infamous placard, mitred with a miter, on which was read, "Heretic, relapser, apostate, idolater. . . ." And then the executioner set fire to the pile. . . . She saw this from above and uttered a cry. . . . Then, as the brother who was exhorting her paid no attention to the fire, forgetting herself in her fear for him, she insisted on his descending.

The proof that up to this period she had made no express recantation is, that the unhappy Cauchon was obliged (no doubt by the high satanic will which presided over the whole) to proceed to the foot of the pile, obliged to face his victim to endeavor to extract some admission from her. All that he obtained was a few words, enough to rack his soul. She said to him mildly, what she had already said: "Bishop, I die through you. . . . If you had put me into the church prisons, this would not have happened." No doubt hopes had been entertained that on finding herself abandoned by her king, she would at last accuse and defame him. To the last, she defended him: "Whether I have done well or ill, my king is faultless; it was not he who counseled me."

Meanwhile, the flames rose. . . . When they first seized her, the unhappy girl shrieked for holy *water*—this must have been the cry of fear. . . . But soon recovering, she called only on God, on her angels and her saints. She bore witness to them: "Yes, my voices were from God, my voices have not deceived me." The fact that all her doubts vanished at this trying moment must be taken as a proof that she accepted death as the promised *deliverance*, that she no longer understood her *salvation* in the Judaic and material sense, as until now she had done, that at length she saw clearly; and that rising above all shadows, her gifts of illumination and of sanctity were at the final hour made perfect unto her.

The great testimony she thus bore is attested by the sworn and compelled witness of her death, by the Dominican who mounted the pile with her, whom she forced to descend, but who spoke to her from its foot, listened to her, and held out to her the crucifix.

There is yet another witness of this sainted death, a most grave witness, who must himself have been a saint. This witness, whose name history ought to preserve, was the Augustine monk already mentioned, brother Isambart de la Pierre. During the trial, he had hazarded his life by counseling the Pucelle, and yet, though so clearly pointed out to the hate of the English, he persisted in accompanying her in the cart, procured the parish crucifix for her, and comforted her in the midst of the raging multitude, both on the scaffold where she was interrogated, and at the stake.

Twenty years afterwards, the two venerable friars, simple monks, vowed to poverty, and having nothing to hope or fear in this world, bear witness to the scene we have just described: "We heard her," they say, "in the midst of the flames invoke her saints, her archangel; several times she called on her Saviour. . . . At the last, as her head sunk on her bosom, she shrieked, 'Jesus'!"

"Ten thousand men wept. . . ." A few of the English alone laughed, or endeavored to laugh. One of the most furious among them had sworn that he would throw a fagot on the pile. Just as he brought it, she breathed her last. He was taken ill. His comrades led him to a tavern to recruit his spirits by drink, but he was beyond recovery. "I saw," he exclaimed, in his frantic despair, "I saw a dove fly out of her mouth with her last sigh." Others had read in the flames the word "Jesus," which she so often repeated. The executioner repaired in the evening to brother Isambart, full of consternation, and confessed himself; but felt persuaded that God would never pardon him. . . . One of the English king's secretaries said aloud, on returning from the dismal scene, "We are lost; we have burnt a saint!"

Though these words fell from an enemy's mouth, they are not the less important, and will live, uncontradicted by the future. Yes, whether considered religiously or patriotically, **Jeanne Darc was a saint.**

THE HYPOCRITE UNMASKED.¹

By MOLIÈRE.

(From "Tartuffe.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 3085.]

Present: TARTUFFE, ELMIRE, and ORGON.

Tartuffe [to ELMIRE who has pretended to consent to his proposals] — Everything is propitious to me. I have searched every room, there is no one there; and my delighted soul . . . [TARTUFFE goes with open arms to embrace ELMIRE; she draws back and TARTUFFE sees ORGON, her husband.]

Orgon [stopping TARTUFFE] — Gently, gently, you yield too freely to your amorous transports, and you should be less imperious in your desires. Oh! oh! holy man, you wanted to make a fool of me! How you give way to temptation! You marry my daughter, and covet my wife! I for a long time doubted if you were in earnest, and I expected every moment that you would change your tone, but this is carrying the proof far enough; I am satisfied, and I require no further test.

Elmire [to TARTUFFE] — It is much against my inclination that I have done all this, but I have been driven to the necessity of treating you thus.

Tartuffe [to ORGON] — What! can you believe . . .

Orgon — Come, no noise, out of this house, and without ceremony.

Tartuffe — My intention . . .

Orgon — Your speeches are no longer in season; leave this house at once.

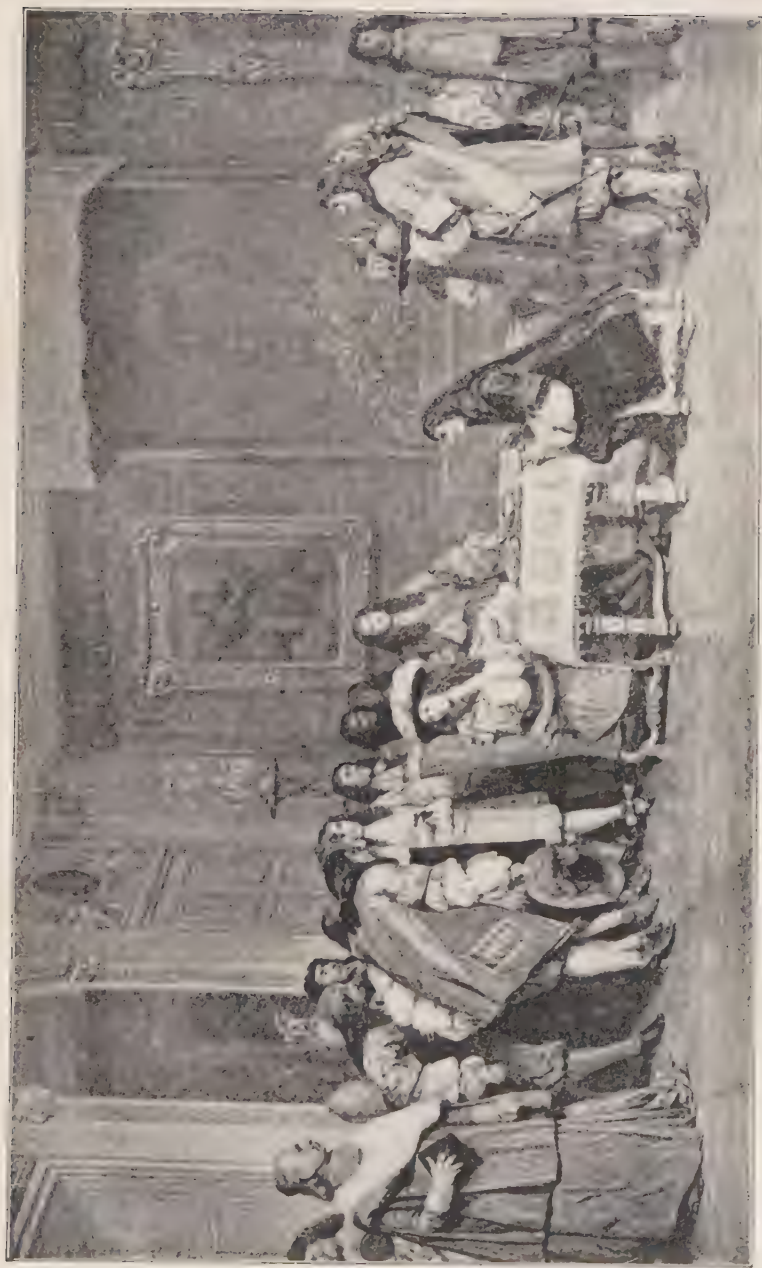
Tartuffe — It is to you to leave the house, you who speak as if you were master here. The house belongs to me, and I will make you know it. I will soon show you that it is vain for you to resort to these base falsehoods to quarrel with me. You little know what you do when you insult me. I can confound and punish imposture, avenge offended Heaven, and make those repent who speak of driving me hence. [Exit.

Elmire — What language is this? What is it he means?

Orgon — Alas! I feel quite confused, and have little reason to laugh.

Elmire — What is it?

¹ By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. (Price 1s. 6d.)



LOUIS XIV AND MOLIÈRE

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

Orgon — What he says shows me my error, and the deed of gift troubles my mind.

Elmire — The deed of gift?

Orgon — Yes, the thing is done. But I have something else to make me anxious.

Elmire — And what is that?

Orgon — I will tell you everything; but first let us see if a certain casket is still upstairs.

Enter CLÉANTE.

Cléante — Where are you running?

Orgon — Alas! how can I tell!

Cléante — It seems to me that the first thing to be done is to consult together, and to see what steps we can take in this emergency.

Orgon — This casket troubles me terribly; I am more distressed about it than about all the rest put together.

Cléante — Does this casket contain any important secret?

Orgon — It is a trust which Argan, my unfortunate friend, intrusted to my keeping with great secrecy. He chose me of all others when he fled. It contains papers, he told me, on which his life and fortune depend.

Cléante — How, then, could you trust them into other hands?

Orgon — A scruple of conscience made me go straight to the scoundrel to confide in him; by his sophistry he persuaded me to give him the casket to keep, so that in case of any inquiry I might have ready at hand a subterfuge to ease my conscience, while taking oath contrary to the truth.

Cléante — According to appearances you are in a very awkward position; the deed of gift and this confidence, to speak to you frankly, are steps which you have taken with little consideration; you may be led far with such pledges. This man has such power over you, that it is a great imprudence in you to irritate him, and you would do better to look for some gentler means of settling with him.

Orgon — What! to hide such a double and wicked heart under so fair a semblance of ardent piety! And I, who took in a begging pauper . . . There, it's all over, I renounce all pious people, I shall have the greatest abhorrence for them, and shall be worse than the devil to them in future.

Cléante — Just like you ! Now we have another fit of excess : you never keep within bounds in anything : you never listen to healthy common sense, and always rush from one extreme to another. You see your mistake and acknowledge that you were deceived by a false appearance of piety ; but to make up for this, what necessity is there to be guilty of a worse mistake ? Why should you make no difference between the heart of a rascally villain and that of every good man ? Because a scoundrel has shamelessly imposed upon you under the solemn mask of austerity, must you go and fancy that everybody is like him, and that there are no sincere people in the world ? Leave such inferences to unbelievers ; distinguish virtue from its appearance ; never be too hasty in giving your esteem, and avoid either extreme. Keep, if you can, from doing homage to imposture, but at the same time do not injure true piety. And if you must lean towards one extreme, better to offend as you already have done.

Enter DAMIS.

Damis — What ! father, is it true that the rascal threatens you, that he has lost the remembrance of all you have done for him, and that in his cowardly and shameless arrogance he makes use of your own goodness as an arm against you ?

Orgon — Yes, even so, my son ; and I cannot tell you what intolerable grief it is to me.

Damis — Leave him to me. I will crop his ears for him ; no one should hesitate to punish such insolence ; I will rid you of him, and end all this business. I must crush him.

Cléante — You speak exactly like a foolish young fellow. Keep these violent outbursts within bounds, I pray you. We live under a king and in an age when we gain little by violence.

Enter MADAME PERNELLE, MARIANNE, and DORINE.

Madame Pernelle — What is all this I hear ? What dreadful, mysterious reports are those ?

Orgon — They are strange things which I have witnessed with my own eyes, and you see how I am rewarded for all my goodness. I kindly pick up a poor destitute fellow ; I take him into my own house, and treat him like my own brother ; I heap favors upon him every day ; I give him my daughter,

and everything I possess ; and yet, in the mean while, the perfidious and infamous rascal forms the wicked project of seducing my wife ; and not satisfied with so base an attempt, he now dares to threaten me with my own gifts. He is making use, for my own ruin, of those advantages which my indiscreet kindness has put into his hands ; he is trying to deprive me of my estates, and to reduce me to the state of beggary from whence I rescued him.

Dorine — Poor man !

Madame Pernelle — I can never believe, my son, that he would commit so base an action.

Orgon — What ?

Madame Pernelle — Good people are always subject to envy.

Orgon — What do you mean, mother ?

Madame Pernelle — That you live after a strange sort here, and that I am but too well aware of the ill will they all bear him.

Orgon — What has this ill will to do with what I have just told you ?

Madame Pernelle — I have told it you a hundred times when you were young, that in this world virtue is ever liable to persecution, and that, although the envious die, envy never dies.

Orgon — But what has this to do with what has happened to-day ?

Madame Pernelle — They have concocted a hundred foolish stories against him.

Orgon — I have already told you that I saw it all myself.

Madame Pernelle — The malice of evil-disposed persons is very great.

Orgon — You would make me swear, mother ! I tell you that I saw his audacious attempt with my own eyes.

Madame Pernelle — Evil tongues have always some venom to pour forth ; and here below there is nothing proof against them.

Orgon — You are maintaining a very senseless argument. I saw it, I tell you ; saw it with my own eyes ; what you can call s-a-w, saw ! Must I din it over and over into your ears, and shout as loud as half a dozen people ?

Madame Pernelle — Gracious goodness ! appearances often deceive us. We must not always judge by what we see.

Orgon — I shall go mad.

Madame Pernelle — We are by nature prone to judge wrongly, and good is often mistaken for evil.

Orgon — I ought to look upon his desire of seducing my wife as charitable?

Madame Pernelle — You ought to have good reasons before you accuse another, and you should have waited till you were quite sure of the fact.

Orgon — Heaven save the mark! how could I be more sure? I suppose, mother, I ought to have waited till . . . you will make me say something foolish.

Madame Pernelle — In short, his soul is possessed with too pure a zeal, and I cannot possibly conceive that he would think of attempting what you accuse him of.

Orgon — If you were not my mother, I really don't know what I might not say to you, you make me so savage.

Dorine [*to ORGON*] — A fair repayment of things in this world; you would believe nobody, and now you are not believed yourself.

Cléante — We are wasting in mere trifles the precious time which we ought to employ in devising what measures to take. We should not sleep when a villain threatens us.

Damís — What! you think his impudence can go so far as . . .

Elmire — I hardly think it possible. His ingratitude would be too glaring, were he to carry his threats into execution.

Cléante — Do not trust to that. He will find means to justify his doings against you, and, for a less matter than this, people have been involved in sad troubles. I repeat it: knowing all the arms he had against you, you should not have pushed him so far.

Orgon — You are right; but what could I do? In the face of that scoundrel's impudence I was not master of my own resentment.

Cléante — I wish it were possible to patch up a peace between you.

Elmire — If I had only known what he had in his possession, I would not have given cause for such uneasiness, and my . . .

Orgon [*to DORINE, on seeing MR. LOYAL coming*] — What does that man want? Go at once and find out. I am, indeed, in a fit state of mind for people to come and see me!

Enter LOYAL.

Loyal [*to DORINE at the further part of the stage*] — Good day, my dear sister ; pray let me speak to your master.

Dorine — He is with friends, and I do not think he can see any one just now.

Loyal — I would not be intrusive. I feel sure that he will find nothing unpleasant in my visit ; in fact, I come for something which will be very gratifying to him.

Dorine — What is your name ?

Loyal — Only tell him that I come from Mr. Tartuffe, for his benefit.

Dorine [*to ORGON*] — It is a man who comes in a civil way from Mr. Tartuffe, on some business which will make you glad, he says.

Cléante [*to ORGON*] — You must see who it is, and what the man wants.

Orgon [*to CLÉANTE*] — He is coming, perhaps, to settle matters between us in a friendly way. How, in this case, ought I to behave to him ?

Cléante — Don't show your resentment, and, if he speaks of an agreement, listen to him.

Loyal [*to ORGON*] — Your servant, sir ; may Heaven punish whoever wrongs you, and may it be as favorable to you, sir, as I wish.

Orgon [*aside to CLÉANTE*] — This pleasant beginning agrees with my conjectures, and augurs some sort of reconciliation.

Loyal — All your family was always dear to me, and I served your father.

Orgon — Sir, I am sorry and ashamed to say that I do not know who you are, neither do I remember your name.

Loyal — My name is Loyal ; I was born in Normandy, and am a royal bailiff in spite of envy. For the last forty years I have had the good fortune to fill the office, thanks to Heaven, with great credit ; and I come, sir, with your leave, to serve you the writ of a certain order.

Orgon — What ! you are here . . .

Loyal — Gently, sir, I beg. It is merely a summons : a notice for you to leave this place, you and yours, to take away all your goods and chattels, and make room for others, without delay or adjournment, as hereby decreed.

Orgon — I ! leave this place ?

Loyal — Yes, sir, if you please. The house incontestably belongs, as you are well aware, to the good Mr. Tartuffe. He is now lord and master of your estates, according to a deed I have in my keeping. It is in due form, and cannot be challenged.

Damis [*to MR. LOYAL*] — This great impudence is, indeed, worthy of all admiration.

Loyal [*to DAMIS*] — Sir, I have nothing at all to do with you. [*Pointing to ORGON*] My business is with this gentleman. He is tractable and gentle, and knows too well the duty of a gentleman to try and oppose authority.

Orgon — But . . .

Loyal — Yes, sir, I know that you would not for anything show contumacy ; and that you will allow me, like a reasonable man, to execute the orders I have received.

Damis — You may chance to catch a good drubbing on your black skirt, Mr. Bailiff, I assure you.

Loyal [*to ORGON*] — Sir, see that your son keeps silent or retires. I should be sorry to be forced to put your name down in my official report.

Damis [*aside*] — This Mr. Loyal has a strangely disloyal look.

Loyal — I feel greatly for all good men, and I wished to take the business upon myself in order to oblige you and to render you service. By so doing I prevented the choice from falling upon others, who might not have had the same consideration that I have for you, and might have proceeded in a less gentle manner.

Orgon — And what worse thing can be done than to order people to go out of their house?

Loyal — I will allow you time, and will suspend until to-morrow, sir, the execution of the writ. I shall only come, without noise, or scandal, to spend the night here with ten of my people. For form's sake, you must, if you please, bring me the keys before going to bed. I shall be careful not to trouble your rest, and to suffer nothing unseemly to happen. To-morrow morning you must, however, exert yourself and clear the house to the very last thing. My men will help you in this ; I have chosen them strong, so that they might assist you in removing everything. Nobody can act better than I am doing, I feel sure ; and, as I treat you with the greatest consideration, I will ask of you, sir, to act as well by me, and

to see that I am in no way hindered in the execution of my duty.

Orgon [*aside*] — I'd give the hundred best louis which are left me, to be able to administer to that ugly face of his the soundest blows that were ever dealt.

Cléante [*aside to ORGON*] — Forbear, and don't make things worse.

Damis — Before such strange insolence I can hardly restrain myself, and my fingers itch to be at him.

Dorine — To such a broad back, in good faith, Mr. Loyal, a sound cudgeling would not seem out of place.

Loyal — Such shameful words may be punished, my dear, and women, too, are answerable to the law.

Cléante [*to MR. LOYAL*] — Enough, sir; enough. Give us the paper, please, and go.

Loyal — Good day. May Heaven bless ye all!

Orgon — And may it confound both you and the scoundrel who sends you! [*Exit LOYAL.*]

Orgon — Well! mother, you see whether I am right; and you can judge of the rest by the writ. Do you at last acknowledge his rascality?

Madame Pernelle — I am thunderstruck, and can scarcely believe my eyes and ears.

Dorine [*to ORGON*] — You are wrong, sir, to complain, and wrong to blame him. His pious intentions are thus confirmed. His love for his neighbor is great; he knows that riches often corrupt men, and it is out of pure charity that he takes away from you all that may prove a hindrance to your salvation.

Orgon — Must I always be reminding you to hold your tongue?

Cléante [*to ORGON*] — Let us go and see what course we had better follow.

Elmire — Yes, go; expose the insolent ingratitude of the wretch. Such a proceeding must destroy the validity of the deed. His perfidy will appear too odious for him to be able to obtain the success he trusts in.

Enter VALÈRE.

Valère — It is with regret, sir, that I come to distress you, but I am forced to it by the urgency of the danger. A friend with whom I am most intimate, and who knows what interest I take in all that concerns you, has, for my sake, by delicate

means, broken through the secrecy we owe to the affairs of state, and has just sent me intelligence, the purport of which is that you had better have recourse to immediate flight. The villain who has so long imposed on you, an hour ago accused you before the king; and, among other charges which he brings against you, he has put in his hands the important casket of a state criminal, of whom, he said, you kept the guilty secret in contempt of your duty as a subject. I am not informed of the particulars of the crime laid to your charge, but a warrant is issued against you, and, the better to execute it, he himself is appointed to accompany the person who is to arrest you.

Cléante — Now his pretensions are strengthened; this is how the scoundrel seeks to possess himself of your estate.

Orgon — Man is, I must own, a wretched animal!

Valère — The least delay may prove fatal to you. I have my coach at the door, so as to take you away at once, and a thousand louis which I have brought for you. Lose no time; the blow is crushing, and one which can only be parried by flight. I will take you myself to a place of safety, and will accompany you to the last in your escape.

Orgon — Alas! what thanks do I not owe to your kindness? I must put off to another time my thanks to you for it. I pray Heaven it may be given to me to acknowledge this generous help. Farewell! take care, all of you . . .

Cléante — Go quickly. We shall see that everything necessary is done.

Enter TARTUFFE, and a Police Officer.

Tartuffe [*stopping ORGON*] — Gently, sir, gently; not so fast, I beg. You have not far to go to find a lodging, and you are a prisoner in the king's name.

Orgon — Wretch! you had reserved this shaft for the last; by it you finish me, and crown all your perfidies.

Tartuffe — Your abuse has no power to disturb me, and I know how to suffer everything for the sake of Heaven.

Cléante — Your moderation is really great, we must acknowledge.

Damis — How impudently the infamous wretch sports with Heaven!

Tartuffe — Your anger cannot move me; I have no other wish but to fulfill my duty.

Marianne — You may claim great glory from the perform-

ance of this duty ; it is a very honorable employment for you.

Tartuffe — The employment cannot be otherwise than glorious, when it comes from the power that sends me here.

Orgon — But do you remember that my charitable hand, ungrateful scoundrel, raised you from a state of misery ?

Tartuffe — Yes, I know what help I have received from you ; but the interest of my king is my first duty. The just obligation of this sacred duty stifles in my heart all other claims, and I would sacrifice to it friend, wife, relations, and myself with them.

Elmire — The impostor !

Dorine — With what treacherous cunning he makes a cloak of all that men revere.

Cléante — But if the zeal you speak of is so perfect, how is it that to show it, you wait till he has surprised you making love to his wife ? How is it that you inform against him, only after self-respect forces him to send you away ? I will not say that the gift of all his possessions he made over to you should have prevented you from doing your duty, but, since you wish to treat him as a criminal, why did you consent to accept anything from him ?

Tartuffe [*to the Officer*] — I beg of you, sir, to deliver me from all this noise, and to act according to the orders you have received.

Officer — I have certainly put off too long the discharge of my duty, and you very rightly remind me of it. To execute my order, follow me immediately to the prison in which a place is assigned to you.

Tartuffe — Who ? I, sir ?

Officer — Yes, you.

Tartuffe — Why to prison ?

Officer — To you I have no account to render. [*To ORGON*] Pray, sir, recover from your great alarm. We live under a king who is an enemy to fraud ; a king who can read the heart, and whom all the arts of impostors cannot deceive. His great mind, endowed with delicate discernment, at all times sees things in their true light. He is never betrayed into exaggeration, and his sound reason knows not excess. On men of worth he bestows immortal glory ; but he dispenses his favors without blindness, and his love for the truly great does not prevent him from feeling the horror which the vicious must

inspire. This man had no chance of deceiving him, for he has pierced through more subtle snares. His clear insight enabled him at once to discover the baseness of his heart. Coming to accuse you, he betrayed himself, and by the even-handed justice of supreme equity discovered himself to be a notorious rascal, of whom, under another name, the king had already received information. His life is a long list of dark deeds, and would fill volumes. Our king, in a word, abhorring his base ingratitude and dishonesty towards you, has added it to his other crimes, and has placed me under his orders only to see how far his impudence would carry him, and to oblige him to give you full satisfaction. Yes, he has ordered me to take away from him, before you, all the documents he says he has of yours. He annuls, by his sovereign will, the terms of the contract by which you give him your property. He moreover forgives you this secret offense in which you were involved by the flight of your friend. This to reward the zeal which you once showed for him in maintaining his rights, and to prove that his heart, when it is least expected, knows how to recompense a good action. Merit with him is never lost, and he remembers good better than evil.

Dorine — Heaven be thanked !

Madame Pernelle — Ah ! I breathe again.

Elmire — What a favorable end to our troubles !

Marianne — Who would have foretold it ?

Orgon [*to TARTUFFE as the Officer leads him off*] — Ah ! wretch, now you are . . .

Cléante — Ah ! brother, forbear, and do not descend to abuse. Leave the wretch to his evil destiny, and do not add to the remorse that crushes him. Better hope that his heart will now, by a happy change, become virtuous ; and that, reforming his life through the detestation of his crimes, he may soften the justice of our glorious king ; while you must go and thank him on your knees for his goodness and leniency to you.

Orgon — Yes, you are right ; let us, with joy, throw ourselves at his feet, and praise the goodness he shows towards us. Then, having acquitted ourselves of this first duty, let us think of another, and by a happy wedding crown in Valère the ardor of a generous and sincere lover.

ON PENITENCE.

[JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON : Bishop of Clermont ; a French preacher ; born June 24, 1663. He was an ecclesiastical orator of extraordinary power, and preached the funeral sermon of the Prince of Conti, also that of Louis XIV. He was of humble parentage, but was educated at the College of the Oratorians of Marseilles, subsequently becoming a priest of that order. He died in 1742.]

SERMON XV.

SUCH are the first sacrifices of her love : she is not contented with giving up cares visibly criminal, she even sacrifices such as might have been looked upon as innocent, and thinks that the most proper way of punishing the abuse she had formerly made of them, is by depriving herself of the liberty she might still have had of employing them.

In effect, by having once abused them, the sinner loses the right he had over them : what is permitted to an innocent soul, is no longer so to him who has been so unhappy as to deviate from the right path. Sin renders us, as it were, anathematized to all creatures around us, and which the Lord had destined to our use. Thus, there are rules for an unfaithful soul, not made for other men : he no longer enjoys, as I may say, the common right, and he must no more judge of his duties by the general maxims, but by the personal exceptions which concern him.

Now, upon this principle, you are continually demanding of us, if the use of such and such an artifice in dress be a crime ? If such and such public pleasures be forbidden ? I mean not here to decide for others : but I ask of you who maintain their innocency, whether you have never made a bad use of them ? Have you never made these cares of the body, these amusements and these artifices, instrumental toward iniquitous passions ? Have you never employed them in corrupting hearts, or in nourishing the corrupting of your own ? What ! your entire life has perhaps been one continued and deplorable chain of passions and evils ; you have abused everything around you, and you have made them instrumental to your irregular appetites ; you have called them all in aid to that unfortunate tendency of your heart ; your intentions have even exceeded your evil ; your eye hath never been single, and you would

willingly never have had that of others to have been so with regard to you ; all your cares for your person have been crimes ; and when there is question of returning to your God, and of making reparation for a whole life of corruption and debauchery, you pretend to dispute with him for vanities of which you have always made so infamous a use ? You pretend to maintain the innocency of a thousand abuses, which, though permitted to the rest of men, would be forbidden to you ? You enter into contestation, when it is intended to restrict you from the criminal pomps of the world ; you, to whom the most innocent, if such there be, are forbidden in future, and whose only dress ought henceforth to be sackcloth and ashes ? Can you still pretend to justify cares which are your inward shame, and which have so often covered you with confusion at the feet of the sacred tribunal ? And should so much contestation and so many explanations be required, where your own shame alone should amply suffice.

Besides, the holy sadness of piety no longer looks upon, but with horror, that which has once been a stumbling-block to us. The contrite soul examines not whether he may innocently indulge in it ; it suffices for him to know, that it has a thousand times been the rock upon which he has seen his innocence split. Whatever has been instrumental in leading him to his evils, becomes equally odious in his sight as the evils themselves ; whatever has been assisting to his passions, he equally detests as the passions themselves ; whatever, in a word, has been favorable to his crimes, becomes criminal in his eyes. Should it even happen that he might be disposed to accord it to his weakness, ah ! his zeal, his compunction, would reject the indulgence, and would adopt the interests of God's righteousness against men ; he could not prevail upon himself to permit abuses, which would be the means of recalling to him his past disorders ; he would always entertain a dread that the same manner of acting might recall the same dispositions, and that, engrossed by the same cares, his heart would find itself the same ; the sole image of his past infidelities disturbs and alarms him ; and, far from bearing about with him their sad remains, he would wish to have it in his power to remove even from the spots, and to tear himself from the occupations which renew their remembrance. And, surely, what kind of a penitence must that be which still permits us to love all those things which have been the occasion of our greatest crimes ? And, while yet dripping from a ship-

wreck can we too strenuously form the resolution of forever shunning those rocks upon which we had so lately split?

Lastly, true penitence causes us to find everywhere matter of a thousand invisible sacrifices. It does not confine itself to certain essential privations; everything which flatters the passions, everything which nourishes the life of the senses, every superfluity which tends solely to the gratification of self-love, all these become the subject of its sacrifices; and, like a sharp and grievous sword, it everywhere makes divisions and separations painful to the heart, and cuts even to the quick, whatever in the smallest degree approached too near to the corruption of our propensities. The grace of compunction at once leads the contrite soul to this point; it renders him ingenuous in punishing himself, and arranges matters so well that everything serves in expiation of his crime; that duties, social intercourse, honors, prosperity, and the cares attendant upon his station, become opportunities of proving his merit; and that even his pleasures, through the circumspection and faith with which they are accompanied, become praiseworthy and virtuous actions.

Behold the divine secret of penitence! As it officiates here below toward the criminal soul, says Tertullian, as the justice of God; and as the justice of God shall one day punish guilt by the eternal privation of all creatures which the sinner hath abused, penitence anticipates that terrible judgment; it everywhere imposes on itself the most rigorous privations; and if the miserable condition of human life renders the use of present things still requisite, it employs them much less to flatter than to punish the senses, by the sober and austere manner in which it applies them.

You have only to calculate thereupon the truth of your penitence. In vain do you appear to have left off the brutal gratification of the passions, if the same pomp and splendor are requisite toward satisfying that natural inclination which courts distinction through a vain magnificence; the same profusions, in consequence of not having the courage to deprive self-love of accustomed superfluities; the same pleasures of the world, in consequence of being unable to do without it; the same advantages on the part of fortune, in consequence of the continual desire of rising superior to others: in a word, if you can part with nothing, you exclude yourself from nothing; even admitting that all those attachments which you still preserve should

not be absolute crimes, your heart is not penitent ; your manners are apparently different, but all your passions are still the same ; you are apparently changed, but you are not converted. How rare, my brethren, are true penitents ! How common are vain and superficial conversions ! And how many souls, changed in the eyes of the world, shall one day find themselves the same before God !

But it is not enough to have attained to that degree of self-denial which keeps us without the circle of attraction of the allurements of guilt ; those laborious atonements must likewise be added which wash out its stains. Thus, in the third place, the sinner of our gospel is not contented with having sacrificed her hair and her perfumes to Jesus Christ ; she prostrates herself at his feet, she washes them with her tears, she wipes, she kisses them : and, as the third disorder of her sin had been a shameful subjection of her senses, she begins the reparation of these criminal lewdnesses, by the humiliation and disgust of these lowly services.

New instruction : it is not sufficient to remove from the passions those allurements which incite them ; it is likewise necessary that laborious exertions of such virtues as are most opposite to them insensibly repress, and recall them to duty and order. You were fond of gaming, pleasures, amusements, and everything which composes a worldly life ; it is doing little to cut off from these pleasures that portion which may still conduct to guilt ; if you wish that the love of the world be extinguished in your heart, it is necessary that prayer, retirement, silence, and acts of charity succeed to these dissolute manners ; and that, not satisfied with shunning the crimes of the world, you likewise fly from the world itself. By giving yourself up to boundless and shameful passions, you have fortified the empire of the senses and of the flesh ; it is necessary that fasting, watching, the yoke of mortification, gradually extinguish these impure fires, weaken these tendencies, become ungovernable through a long indulgence of voluptuousness, and not only remove guilt from you, but operate, as I may say, to dry up its source in your heart. Otherwise, by sparing, you only render yourself more miserable : the old attachments which you shall have broken without having weakened, and, as it were, rooted them from your heart by mortification, will incessantly be renewing their attacks ; your passions, become more violent and impetuous by being checked and suspended, without your hav-



CHEVALIER DE GRAMMONT AND MISS HAMILTON

ing weakened and overcome them, will make you undergo agitations and storms, such as you had never experienced even in guilt: you will behold yourself on the point, every moment, of a melancholy shipwreck; you will never taste of peace in this new life. You will find yourself more weak, more exhausted, more animated for pleasure, more easy to be shaken, and more disgusted with the service of God, in this state of imperfect penitence, than you had even been formerly in the midst of dissipation; everything will become a rock to you; you will be a continual temptation to yourself; you will be astonished to find within you a still greater repugnance to duties; and, as it is hardly possible to stand out long against yourself, you will soon become disgusted with a virtue by which you suffer so much; and, in consequence of your having wished to be only a tranquil and mitigated penitent, you will be an unhappy one, without consolation, without peace, and, consequently, without perseverance. To augment and multiply the sacrifices is to abridge the sufferings in virtue; and whatever we are induced to spare to the passions, becomes rather the punishment and the disgust than the softening of our penitence.



ADVENTURES OF COUNT GRAMMONT.

By COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON.

[COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON was born of Scottish descent at Roscrea, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1646. After the execution of Charles I., he proceeded with his parents to France, but returned to England at the Restoration. Under James II., he was appointed governor of Limerick, and as colonel of a regiment of dragoons participated in the siege of Enniskillen and fought at the battle of the Boyne (1690). On the ruin of the royal cause, he followed James to France, and resided at St. Germain-en-Laye until his death in 1720. He wrote "*Contes de Féerie*" (Fairy Tales), and the well-known "*Mémoires*" (1713) of his brother-in-law, the Comte de Grammont, who was a prominent figure at the court of Louis XIV., and after 1662 at that of Charles II. of England. The work was highly commended by Voltaire, and has often been translated into English.]

WHILE these little projects were forming, the king, who always wished to oblige the Chevalier de Grammont, asked him if he would make one at the masquerade, on condition of being Miss Hamilton's partner. He did not pretend to dance sufficiently well for an occasion like the present; yet he was far from refusing the offer: "Sire," said he, "of all the favors you

have been pleased to show me, since my arrival, I feel this more sensibly than any other ; and to convince you of my gratitude, I promise you all the good offices in my power with Miss Stewart." He said this because they had just given her an apartment separate from the rest of the maids of honor, which made the courtiers begin to pay respect to her. The king was very well pleased at this pleasantry, and having thanked him for so necessary an offer : " Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, " in what style do you intend to dress yourself for the ball ? I leave you the choice of all countries." " If so," said the Chevalier, " I will dress after the French manner, in order to disguise myself ; for they already do me the honor to take me for an Englishman in your city of London. Had it not been for this, I should have wished to have appeared as a Roman ; but for fear of embroiling myself with Prince Rupert, who so warmly espouses the interests of Alexander against Lord Thanet, who declares himself for Cæsar, I dare no longer think of assuming the hero ; nevertheless, though I may dance awkwardly, yet, by observing the tune, and with a little alertness, I hope to come off pretty well ; besides, Miss Hamilton will take care that too much attention shall not be paid to me. As for my dress, I shall send Termes off to-morrow morning ; and if I do not show you at his return the most splendid habit you have ever seen, look upon mine as the most disgraced nation in your masquerade."

Termes set out with ample instructions on the subject of his journey ; and his master, redoubling his impatience on an occasion like the present, before the courier could be landed, began to count the minutes in expectation of his return : thus was he employed until the very eve of the ball. . . .

The day being come, the court, more splendid than ever, exhibited all its magnificence at this masquerade. The company were all met except the Chevalier de Grammont : everybody was astonished that he should be one of the last at such a time, as his readiness was so remarkable on every occasion ; but they were still more surprised to see him at length appear in an ordinary court dress, which he had worn before. The thing was preposterous on such an occasion, and very extraordinary with respect to him : in vain had he the finest point lace, with the largest and best-powdered peruke imaginable ; his dress, magnificent enough for any other purpose, was not at all proper for this entertainment.

The king immediately took notice of it: "Chevalier," said he, "Termes is not arrived then?" "Pardon me, Sire," said he, "God be thanked!" "Why God be thanked?" said the king; "has anything happened to him on the road?" "Sire," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "this is the history of my dress, and of Termes, my messenger." At these words the ball, ready to begin, was suspended: the dancers making a circle around the Chevalier de Grammont, he continued his story in the following manner:—

"It is now two days since this fellow ought to have been here, according to my orders and his protestations: you may judge of my impatience all this day, when I found he did not come; at last, after I had heartily cursed him, about an hour ago he arrived, splashed all over from head to foot, booted up to the waist, and looking as if he had been excommunicated: 'Very well, Mr. Scoundrel,' said I, 'this is just like you; you must be waited for to the very last minute, and it is a miracle that you are arrived at all.' 'Yes, faith,' said he, 'it is a miracle. You are always grumbling: I had the finest suit in the world made for you, which the Duke de Guise himself was at the trouble of ordering.' 'Give it me, then, scoundrel,' said I. 'Sir,' said he, 'if I did not employ a dozen embroiderers upon it, who did nothing but work day and night, I am a rascal: I never left them one moment.' 'And where is it, traitor?' said I: 'do not stand here prating, while I should be dressing.' 'I had,' continued he, 'packed it up, made it tight, and folded it in such a manner that all the rain in the world could never have been able to reach it; and I rid post, day and night, knowing your impatience, and that you were not to be trifled with.' 'But where is it?' said I. 'Lost, Sir,' said he, clasping his hands. 'How! lost,' said I, in surprise. 'Yes, lost, perished, swallowed up: what can I say more?' 'What, was the packet boat cast away then?' said I. 'Oh! indeed, Sir, a great deal worse, as you shall see,' answered he: 'I was within half a league of Calais yesterday morning, and I was resolved to go by the seaside, to make greater haste; but, indeed, they say very true, that nothing is like the highway; for I got into a quicksand, where I sunk up to the chin.' 'A quicksand,' said I, 'near Calais?' 'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'and such a quicksand, that, the devil take me, if they saw anything but the top of my head when they pulled me out: as for my horse, fifteen men could scarce get him out; but the portmanteau, where I

had unfortunately put your clothes, could never be found: it must be at least a league underground.'

"This, Sire," continued the Chevalier de Grammont, "is the adventure, and the relation which this honest gentleman has given me of it. I should certainly have killed him, but I was afraid of making Miss Hamilton wait, and I was desirous of giving your Majesty immediate advice of the quicksand, that your couriers may take care to avoid it."

"How!" said the queen, bursting out a laughing, "a chaplain in your livery! he surely was not a priest?" "Pardon me, Madam," said he, "and the first priest in the world for dancing the Biscayan jig." "Chevalier," said the king, "pray tell us the history of your chaplain Poussatin."

"Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "the Prince de Condé besieged Lerida. The place in itself was nothing; but Don Gregorio Brice, who defended it, was something. He was one of those Spaniards of the old stamp, as valiant as the Cid, as proud as all the Guzmans put together, and more gallant than all the Abencerrages of Grenada: he suffered us to make our first approaches to the place, without the least molestation. The Marshal de Grammont, whose maxim it was, that a governor who at first makes a great blustering, and burns his suburbs in order to make a noble defense, generally makes a very bad one, looked upon Gregorio de Brice's politeness as no good omen for us; but the prince, covered with glory, and elated with the campaigns of Rocroy, Norlinguen, and Fribourg, to insult both the place and the governor, ordered the trenches to be mounted at noonday by his own regiment, at the head of which marched four and twenty fiddlers, as if it had been to a wedding.

"Night approaching, we were all in high spirits: our violins were playing soft airs, and we were comfortably regaling ourselves: God knows how we were joking about the poor governor and his fortifications, both of which we promised ourselves to take in less than twenty-four hours. This was going on in the trenches, when we heard an ominous cry from the ramparts, repeated two or three times, of 'Alerte on the walls!' This cry was followed by a discharge of cannon and musketry, and this discharge by a vigorous sally, which, after having filled up the trenches, pursued us as far as our grand guard.

"The next day, Gregorio Brice sent by a trumpet a present

of ice and fruit to the Prince de Condé, humbly beseeching his highness to excuse his not returning the serenade which he was pleased to favor him with, as unfortunately he had no violins; but that, if the music of last night was not disagreeable to him, he would endeavor to continue it as long as he did him the honor to remain before the place. The Spaniard was as good as his word; and as soon as we heard 'Alerte on the walls,' we were sure of a sally, that cleared our trenches, destroyed our works, and killed the best of our officers and soldiers. The prince was so piqued at it that, contrary to the opinion of the general officers, he obstinately persisted in carrying on a siege, which was like to ruin his army, and which he was at last forced to quit in a hurry.

"As our troops were retiring, Don Gregorio, far from giving himself those airs which governors generally do on such occasions, made no other sally than sending a respectful compliment to the prince. Signor Brice set out not long after for Madrid, to give an account of his conduct, and to receive the recompense he had merited. Your Majesty, perhaps, will be desirous to know what reception poor Brice met with, after having performed the most brilliant action the Spaniards could boast of in all the war—he was confined by the Inquisition."

"How!" said the queen dowager, "confined by the Inquisition for his services!" "Not altogether for his services," said the Chevalier; "but, without any regard to his services, he was treated in the manner I have mentioned, for a little affair of gallantry, which I shall relate to the king presently."

"The campaign of Catalonia being thus ended, we were returning home, not overloaded with laurels; but, as the Prince de Condé had laid up a great store on former occasions, and as he had still great projects in his head, he soon forgot this trifling misfortune: we did nothing but joke with one another during the march, and the prince was the first to ridicule the siege: we made some of those rhymes on Lerida, which were sung all over France, in order to prevent others more severe; however, we gained nothing by it, for notwithstanding we treated ourselves freely in our own ballads, others were composed in Paris, in which we were ten times more severely handled. At last we arrived at Perpignan upon a holyday: a company of Catalans, who were dancing in the middle of the street, out of respect to the prince came to dance under his windows: Monsieur Poussatin, in a little black jacket, danced

in the middle of this company as if he was really mad : I immediately recognized him for my countryman from his manner of skipping and frisking about : the prince was charmed with his humor and activity. After the dance, I sent for him, and inquired who he was. 'A poor priest, at your service, my lord,' said he : 'my name is Poussatin, and Bearn is my native country : I was going into Catalonia to serve in the infantry, for, God be praised, I can march very well on foot ; but, since the war is happily concluded, if your lordship pleases to take me into your service, I would follow you everywhere, and serve you faithfully.' 'Monsieur Poussatin,' said I, 'my lordship has no great occasion for a chaplain ; but since you are so well disposed towards me, I will take you into my service.'

"The Prince de Condé, who was present at this conversation, was overjoyed at my having a chaplain. As poor Poussatin was in a very tattered condition, I had no time to provide him with a proper habit at Perpignan ; but giving him a spare livery of one of the Marshal de Grammont's servants, I made him get up behind the prince's coach, who was like to die with laughing every time he looked at poor Poussatin's uncanonical mien in a yellow livery.

"As soon as we arrived at Paris, the story was told to the queen, who at first expressed some surprise at it : this, however, did not prevent her from wishing to see my chaplain dance ; for in Spain it is not altogether so strange to see ecclesiastics dance, as to see them in livery.

"Poussatin performed wonders before the queen and retired with a great deal of applause, and some louis d'or.

"Some time afterwards I procured a small benefice in the country for my chaplain, and I have since been informed that Poussatin preached with the same ease in his village as he danced at the wedding of his parishioners."

The king was exceedingly diverted at Poussatin's history ; and the queen was not much hurt at his having been put in livery.

* * * * *

The nearer the Chevalier de Grammont approached the court of France, the more did he regret his absence from that of England ; not but that he expected a gracious reception at the feet of his master, whose anger no one provoked with impunity ; but who likewise knew how to pardon, in such a manner as to make the favor he conferred in every respect to be felt.

Who, except Squire Feraulas, has ever been able to keep a register of all the thoughts, sighs, and exclamations of his illustrious master? For my own part, I should never have thought that the attention of the Count de Grammont, which is at present so sensible to inconveniences and dangers, would have ever permitted him to entertain amorous thoughts upon the road, if he did not himself dictate to me what I am now writing.

But let us speak of him at Abbeville. The postmaster was his old acquaintance: his hotel was the best provided of any between Calais and Paris; and the Chevalier de Grammont, alighting, told Termes he would drink a glass of wine during the time they were changing horses. It was about noon; and, since the preceding night, when they had landed at Calais, until this instant, they had not eaten a single mouthful. Termes, praising the Lord, that natural feelings had for once prevailed over the inhumanity of his usual impatience, confirmed him as much as possible in such reasonable sentiments.

Upon their entering the kitchen, where the Chevalier generally paid his first visit, they were surprised to see half a dozen spits loaded with game at the fire, and every other preparation for a magnificent entertainment. The heart of Termes leaped for joy: he gave private orders to the hostler to pull the shoes off some of the horses, that he might not be forced away from this place before he had satisfied his craving appetite.

Soon after, a number of violins and hautboys, attended by all the mob of the town, entered the court. The landlord being asked the reason of these great preparations, acquainted the Chevalier de Grammont that they were for the wedding of one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the neighborhood, with one of the handsomest girls in the whole province; that the entertainment was to be at his house; and that, if his lordship chose to stop, in a very short time he would see the new-married couple arrive from the church, since the music was already come. He was right in his conjectures; for these words were scarce out of his mouth, when three uncommonly large coaches, loaded with lackeys, as tall as Swiss, with most gaudy liveries, all covered with lace, appeared in the court, and disembarked the whole wedding company. Never was country magnificence more naturally displayed: rusty tinsel, tarnished lace, striped silks, little eyes, and full swelling breasts appeared on every side.

If the first sight of the procession surprised the Chevalier

de Grammont, faithful Termes was no less astonished at the second. The little that was to be seen of the bride's face appeared not without beauty ; but no judgment could be formed of the remainder : four dozen of patches, at least, and ten ringlets of hair, on each side, most completely concealed her from all human eyes ; but it was the bridegroom who most particularly attracted the Chevalier de Grammont's attention.

He was as ridiculously dressed as the rest of the company, except a coat of the greatest magnificence, and of the most exquisite taste. The Chevalier de Grammont, walking up to him to examine his dress, began to commend the embroidery of his coat. The bridegroom thought himself much honored by this examination, and told him he bought it for one hundred and fifty louis, at the time he was paying his addresses to his wife. "Then you did not get it made here?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "No," replied the other ; "I bought it of a London merchant, who had ordered it for an English lord." The Chevalier de Grammont, who now began to perceive in what manner the adventure would end, asked him if he should recollect the merchant if he saw him again. "Recollect him!" replied the other, "I surely ought ; for I was obliged to sit up drinking with him all night at Calais, as I was endeavoring to beat down the price." Termes had vanished out of sight as soon as ever this coat appeared, though he little supposed that the cursed bridegroom would have any conversation concerning it with his master.

The Chevalier's thoughts were some time wavering between his inclination to laugh, and a desire of hanging Master Termes ; but the long habit of suffering himself to be robbed by his domestics, together with the vigilance of the criminal, whom his master could not reproach with having slept in his service, inclined him to clemency ; and yielding to the importunities of the country gentleman, in order to confound his faithful servant, he sat down to table, to make the thirty-seventh of the company.

A short time after, he desired one of the waiters to call for a gentleman whose name was Termes. He immediately appeared ; and as soon as the master of the feast saw him, he rose from table, and offering him his hand, "Welcome, my friend," said he ; "you see that I have taken good care of the coat which you sold me with so much reluctance, and that I have kept it for a good purpose."

Termes, having put on a face of brass, pretended not to know him, and pushed him back with some degree of rudeness. "No, no," said the other, "since I was obliged to sit up with you the whole night, in order to strike the bargain, you shall pledge me in the bride's health." The Chevalier de Grammont, who saw that Termes was disconcerted, notwithstanding his impudence, said to him with a smile, "Come, come, my good London merchant, sit down, as you are so civilly invited: we are not so crowded at table but that there will be room enough for such an honest gentleman as yourself." At these words five and thirty of the guests were in motion to receive this new visitor. The bride alone, out of an idea of decorum, remained seated; and the audacious Termes, having swallowed the first shame of this adventure, began to lay about him at such a rate, as if it had been his intention to swallow all the wine provided for the wedding, if his master had not risen from the table as they were taking off four and twenty soups, to serve up as many other dishes in their stead.

The company were not so unreasonable as to desire a man who was in such haste to remain to the end of a wedding dinner; but they all got up when he arose from table, and all that he could obtain from the bridegroom was, that the company should not attend him to the gate of the inn: as for Termes, he wished they had not quitted him till the end of their journey, so much did he dread being left alone with his master.

They had advanced some distance from Abbeville, and were proceeding on in the most profound silence, when Termes, who expected an end to it in a short time, was only solicitous in what manner it might happen, whether his master would attack him with a torrent of invectives, and certain epithets which were most justly his due, or whether, in an insulting ironical manner, he might make use of such commendations as were most likely to confound him; but finding, instead of either, that he remained in sullen silence, he thought it prudent rather to prevent the speech the Chevalier was meditating, than to suffer him to think longer about it; and, accordingly, arming himself with all his effrontery, "You seem to be very angry, Sir," said he, "and I suppose you think you have reason for being so; but the devil take me, if you are not mistaken in reality."

"How! traitor! in reality?" said the Chevalier de Gram-

mont: "it is then because I have not had thee well threshed, as thou hast for a long time merited." "Look ye, Sir," replied Termes, "you always run into a passion, instead of listening to reason! Yes, Sir, I maintain that what I did was for your benefit." "And was not the quicksand likewise for my service?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "Have patience, if you please," pursued the other: "I know not how that simpleton of a bridegroom happened to be at the customhouse when my portmanteau was examined at Calais; but these silly cuckolds thrust in their noses everywhere. As soon as ever he saw your coat, he fell in love with it. I immediately perceived he was a fool; for he fell down upon his knees, beseeching me to sell it him. Besides being greatly rumpled in the portmanteau, it was all stained in front by the sweat of the horses; I wonder how the devil he has managed to get it cleaned; but, faith, I am the greatest scoundrel in the world, if you would ever have put it on. In a word, it cost you one hundred and forty louis d'ors, and seeing he offered me one hundred and fifty for it: 'My master,' said I, 'has no occasion for this tinsel bauble to distinguish him at the ball; and, although he was pretty full of cash when I left him, how know I in what situation he may be upon my return? there is no certainty at play.' To be brief, Sir, I got ten louis d'ors for it more than it cost you: this you see is all clear profit: I will be accountable to you for it, and you know that I am sufficiently substantial to make good such a sum. Confess now, do you think you would have appeared to greater advantage at the ball, if you had been dressed out in that damned coat, which would have made you look just like the village bridegroom to whom we sold it? and yet, how you stormed at London when you thought it lost; what fine stories you told the king about the quicksand; and how churlish you looked, when you first began to suppose that this country looby wore it at his wedding!"

What could the Chevalier reply to such uncommon impudence? If he indulged his resentment, he must either have most severely bastinadoed him, or he must have discarded him, as the easiest escape the rogue could expect; but he had occasion for him during the remainder of his journey; and, as soon as he was at Paris, he had occasion for him for his return.

PERSIAN LETTERS.

BY MONTESQUIEU.

[CHARLES DE SECONDAT, BARON MONTESQUIEU, was born near Bordeaux, January 18, 1689. He was hereditary president of the Parliament of Bordeaux, and an active public-spirited magistrate; in private he made scientific researches. In 1721 he wrote the "Persian Letters," a witty analysis of French society, under the guise of a Persian traveler. He sold his office in 1726; traveled five years to study institutions; in 1734 issued "Causes of the Greatness of the Romans and of their Decline"; his most famous work, "The Spirit of Laws" in 1748; a "Defense" of it in 1750; "Lysimaque," a political dialogue, "Arsace et Ismenie," a romance, and an essay on "Taste" in the "Encyclopedia." He died February 10, 1755.]

RICA TO —.

I SAW a strange thing yesterday, although it is common enough at Paris.

All the people assemble in the evening after dinner, and play at a sort of performance which I have heard called comedy. The main action takes place on a platform styled a theater. On both sides of it are seen little recesses named boxes, in which men and women play in dumb show scenes that are not unlike those to which we are accustomed in Persia.

In one place a languishing dame sighs forth her pangs; in another, a lady, with sparkling eyes and impassioned air, regards her lover with an ardor which he returns with interest. Every passion is reflected on their features, and expressed with an eloquence that is not the less fiery for being mute. The actresses, as a rule, are but half clad, though their modesty generally induces them to wear a muff, in order to hide their arms. A crowd of people stand in the lower part of the theater, who laugh at those above them, and those above them laugh in turn at them.

But the persons who take the most trouble of all are certain young men, who are selected for the purpose because the vigor natural to their time of life enables them to bear fatigue. They are obliged to be everywhere; they pass through ways known to them alone, mounting with astounding agility from story to story; they are now upstairs, now downstairs, now in this box, now in that; they dive, so to speak, are lost, reappear. Often they leave one theater, and are seen immediately in another. There are old men even who engage in the

same antics as the others, and, considering that most of them carry crutches, their miraculous activity is well calculated to excite surprise. At last, some of the parties retire to halls where private comedies are played : they begin with profound salutations, which are followed by embraces. I am told the slightest acquaintance gives a man the right to squeeze another man to death : it would seem the place inspires tenderness. Indeed it is said that the princesses who are also present are far from cruel ; and, if we except two or three hours of the day when they are rather morose, it may be affirmed that the rest of the time they are tractable enough, and that their moroseness is a kind of intoxication that quits them easily.

All the incidents I have just written to you about are reproduced, in pretty much the same form, at another place called the Opera : the only difference is, that what is spoken at the one, is sung at the other.

UBSEK TO IBSEN

AT SMYRNA.

The women of Persia are more beautiful than the women of France, but the latter are prettier. It is hard not to feel love in the presence of the former, and delight in that of the latter : the first are more tender and modest, the second more vivacious and spirited.

The regular life which the women of Persia lead is the potent cause of their beauty ; they neither gamble nor sit up late ; they drink no wine, and almost never expose themselves to the atmosphere. It must be acknowledged that life in the seraglio is more conducive to health than to pleasure ; it is a calm, untroubled life ; everything in it is connected with subordination and duty ; even its pleasures are serious and its joys austere, and are all in themselves significant of authority and dependence.

Even the men in Persia have not the same gayety as Frenchmen ; you never find amongst them that freedom of spirit and that air of contentment which is here the prerogative of all states and of all conditions.

It is still worse in Turkey ; there families may be discovered that, from father to son, have never laughed since the foundation of the monarchy.

The gravity of Asiatics springs from the absence of intercourse ; they never see one another except when forced by the exigencies of ceremony. Friendship, that sweet tie of the heart which sustains us in the trials of life, is to them almost unknown ; they stay within their houses, where the same companions always await them, so that each family is, as it were, isolated from all the others.

One day, when I was discussing the subject with a man of this country, he said to me : “ Nothing disgusts me more with your customs than the fact that you have to live with slaves whose hearts and minds are on a level with their ignoble condition. These base creatures weaken the virtuous sentiments you inherit from nature, and as they are around you from childhood, they must even destroy them.

“ For just try to look at the matter with unprejudiced eyes ; what sort of a training can be expected from a wretch who regards the guardianship of another man’s wives as his sole title to honor, and for whom the vilest of employments is a source of pride ; whose very fidelity, his solitary virtue, is utterly degrading, because its motives are envy, jealousy, and despair ; who, spurned by either sex, burns to be avenged on both, and consents to be tyrannized over by the stronger, in order that he may afflict the weaker ; who derives, from his imperfection, ugliness, and deformity, all the authority of his position, and is esteemed only because he is unworthy of being so ? ”

PARIS, the 14th of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

USBK TO GEMSID, HIS COUSIN,

DERVISH OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS MONASTERY OF TAURIS.

What is your opinion of the Christians, sublime dervish ? Do you believe that at the day of judgment they will, like the unbelieving Turks, serve as asses for the Jews, and be ridden by the latter at full speed down into hell ? I know well they cannot enter the abode of the prophets, and that the great Ali was not sent on a mission to them. But because they have been so unfortunate as never to find a mosque in their country, do you think they are, therefore, to be condemned to eternal tortures, and that God will punish them for not practicing a religion of which they never heard ? Permit me to tell you that I have often questioned these Christians, and have asked them

what idea they had formed of the illustrious Ali, the most perfect of all men; I have discovered that they were unaware of the existence of any such person.

Consequently, they do not resemble those infidels whom our holy prophets put to the sword because they refused to believe in the miracles of heaven; their position would rather appear to be that of the unfortunates who lived in the darkness of idolatry before the divine light illuminated the countenance of our great prophet.

Besides, if their religion be closely examined, it will be found to contain imperfectly developed germs of our dogmas. I have often admired the secret operations of Providence, which would seem to have adopted this plan of preparing them for a general conversion. A work by one of their doctors, entitled "Polygamy Triumphant," has been brought to my notice, wherein the writer proves that polygamy is appointed for all Christians. Their baptism bears a likeness to our legal ablutions; and their error consists in the efficacy they attribute to the first ablution, for they believe that it renders subsequent ones unnecessary. Like us, their priests and monks pray seven times a day. They also look forward to a paradise, where, by means of the resurrection of the body, they will enjoy numberless delights. Like us, they observe regular fasts and mortifications, by which they expect to dispose the divine mercy in their favor. They worship the good angels, and fear the bad. They have a sacred confidence in the miracles wrought by God through the medium of his servants. Like us, they acknowledge the insufficiency of their merits and the need of an intercessor with God. I see Mahometanism everywhere, although I do not find Mahomet anywhere. In spite of all obstacles, truth will triumph, and always pierce the darkness that surrounds it.

PARIS, the 20th of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

USBK TO RHEDI

AT VENICE.

Coffee is very much in use in Paris; there are a great many public resorts where it may be drunk. In some of these houses gossip is the order of the day, in others chess. There is one place where the coffee is prepared in such fashion that it renders

those who imbibe it witty ; at least, every one who leaves believes that he is four times wittier than when he entered.

I confess, though, I am rather disgusted with those talented personages ; for instead of making themselves useful to their country, they waste their abilities on the most childish trifles. For example, when I arrived in Paris, I found them quite excited over the most trivial question imaginable : it was that of the reputation of a Greek poet, as to the place of whose birth and the time of whose death the world has remained in ignorance for two thousand years. Both parties acknowledge that he was an excellent poet ; the dispute turned solely on the degree of his excellence, and each had his own standard of measurement ; but some of these dispensers of fame had a higher one, some a lower ; and now you have the whole ground of the quarrel. It surely was spirited enough ; the most insulting remarks were interchanged with great cordiality ; some of the retorts were so acrimonious that the manner of the debate was to me as great a source of wonder as the matter. "If any one," said I to myself, "were harebrained enough to attack the reputation of some honest citizen in presence of the defenders of this Greek poet, he would meet with an unpleasant surprise ; for I have no doubt that a zeal so sensitive with regard to the fame of the dead would blaze up at once in defense of the living ! But however that may be," I added, "Heaven defend me from attracting in my direction the enmity of the censors of a poet who, though he has lain two thousand years in the tomb, is not safe from their implacable hatred ! Their fury is now expended on the air ; what would it be if animated by the presence of a living foe ?"

The persons to whom I have referred dispute in the vulgar tongue, and must be distinguished from another kind of controversialists who use a barbarous language that of itself seems to increase the rage and obstinacy of the combatants. There are quarters where these people may be seen contending like a confused mass of soldiers in black regimentals engaged in some hand-to-hand encounter. Subtle distinctions are their food ; obscure reasonings and false inferences their very life. Their trade, although, at first sight, one might imagine its followers would die of hunger, really brings them in some return. We have had the spectacle of an entire nation, expelled from their own country, crossing the seas in order to settle in France, and carrying with them no other means of providing for the neces-

sities of existence except a formidable talent for disputation. Adieu.

PARIS, the last day of the moon of Zilhage, 1713.

USBEC TO IBSEN

AT SMYRNA.

The King of France is old. In our history we have no example of a monarch who has reigned so long. It is said he possesses in a very high degree the talent of compelling obedience; his ability is equally displayed in the government of his family, his court, and his state. He has evidently a high opinion of Oriental policy, for he has been heard to say that of all the governments in the world that of the Turks and that of our august sultan pleased him the best.

I have studied his character, and have discovered contradictions in it which I find impossible to harmonize; for example, he has a minister who is only eighteen, and a mistress who is eighty; he loves his religion, but cannot endure those who tell him that its duties must be rigorously observed; although he flies from the uproar of cities and leads a most retired life, everything he does from morning to night is with the view of having the world speak of him; he loves trophies and victories, yet is as much alarmed at the appearance of a good general at the head of his armies as he might be expected to be if he saw him at the head of an army of his enemies.

He is, I imagine, the only example on record of a man who is at once burdened with more riches than a prince could ever hope for, and the victim of such poverty as would reduce a private individual to despair.

He loves to bestow favors on his subjects; but the obsequious diligence, or rather busy indolence, of his courtiers is rewarded with as much munificence as the laborious campaigns of his captains. He is often more inclined to advance the man who undresses him or who hands him his napkin at table, than he is to exalt the general who captures cities and wins battles. He does not believe that the greatness of a sovereign should be limited in the distribution of graces, and never considers whether the recipient of his bounty is a man of merit, because he thinks his selection of him is enough of itself to render him deserving; accordingly, he has been known to confer a small pension on an

officer who has run two leagues from the enemy, and a lucrative government on one who had run four.

He is magnificent in all things, but particularly in his buildings. There are more statues in the gardens of his palace than there are citizens in a great city. His bodyguard is as numerous as that of the sovereign before whom all other monarchs lie prostrate; his armies are as large, his resources as great, and his finances as inexhaustible.

PARIS, the 7th of the moon of Maharram, 1713.

RICA TO IBBEN

AT SMYRNA.

It is a weighty subject of discussion among men whether to leave women their freedom or to deprive them of it is the more advantageous. It seems to me that much may be said on both sides. While Europeans affirm that to render those we love miserable is anything but the indication of a generous spirit, we Asiatics reply that to renounce the supremacy which nature has given us over women is a symptom of degradation in men. If they tell us that such a superfluity of wives shut up in one house is embarrassing, we retort that ten wives who obey are less embarrassing than one who doesn't. If in turn we urge the objection that Europeans can only be happy with wives that are faithful to them, they answer that the vaunted fidelity of our wives cannot prevent the disgust ever on the watch for satiated passion; that they are too absolutely ours; that a possession so undisturbed, if it leaves nothing to be feared, leaves nothing to be desired; and that a little coquetry, like salt, arouses desire and prevents corruption. It would take, perhaps, a wiser man than me to solve the difficulty; for if the Asiatics adopt the proper means to quiet their jealousy, the Europeans may be equally judicious in not having any.

"After all," say they, "though we may be unfortunate as husbands, we can always find compensation as lovers. A man might justly complain of the infidelity of his wife, if there were only three persons in the world; but, when a fourth can be found, the balance of the account is restored."

Another topic of discussion is whether the law of nature subjects women to men: "No," said a very gallant philosopher to me the other day, "Nature never dictated such a law; the

authority we exercise over them owes its existence to tyranny ; they allow us to use it, because their disposition is milder than ours, and they, consequently, have more humanity and reason. These advantages, which ought to have given them the superiority, if we had been reasonable, have deprived them of it, because we are not so.

“Now, if it is true that our power over women is purely tyrannical, it is not less true that theirs over us is natural, having its source in beauty, which nothing can resist. Our power is not the same in every country ; but that of beauty is universal. Why should we be specially privileged ? Because we are the stronger ; such a reason would be absolutely unjust. We use every possible means to depress their courage ; if they were educated as we are, their intellectual capacity would be found fully equal to ours ; test them by the gifts they have been allowed to cultivate, and then tell me which sex is the stronger.”

It must be confessed, although such a thing is abhorrent to our customs, that, among the most refined nations, women have always had authority over their husbands. Such authority was established by law among the Egyptians in honor of Isis, and among the Babylonians in honor of Semiramis. It was said of the Romans that they commanded all nations, but obeyed their wives. I speak not of the Sauromates, who were actually the slaves of their wives, because they were too barbarous to be quoted as an example.

You see, my dear Ibben, how I accommodate myself to the argumentative methods of this country, where the most extraordinary opinions are zealously supported, and everything reduced to a paradox. The prophet has settled the question, and regulated the prerogatives of both sexes. “Wives,” says he, “should honor their husbands, husbands should honor their wives ; but the former are a degree higher in the scale of creation.”

PARIS, the 26th of the moon of Gemmadi 2, 1713.

USBK TO RHEDI

AT VENICE.

I meet with people here who are constantly disputing about religion, and, at the same time, apparently contending as to who shall observe it least.

While these persons cannot be described as better Christians than others, they have no title to be called better citizens either. This latter defect has impressed me strongly ; for, whatever a man's religion may be, the observance of the laws, love of mankind, and respect and affection for one's parents must be essential elements in it.

In fact, ought not the chief object of every religious man to be to please the Divine Power that has established the religion he professes? But the surest method of succeeding in this respect is undoubtedly to comply with the laws of society and fulfill our duties towards humanity. For if we are persuaded of the truth of the religion in which we live, we must be equally persuaded that God loves men, since He has established a religion for the purpose of rendering them happy. Now if He loves men, we are sure of pleasing Him, if we love them also ; and this love of ours will consist in the practice of all the duties of charity and humanity towards them, and in our avoidance of every breach of the law under which they live.

We are far likelier to please God in this way than by the observance of any particular ceremony ; for ceremonies in themselves have no inherent goodness ; they are only relatively good, and depend for their value on the supposition that God has ordained them. This is a subject that must give rise to endless discussion and to much self-deception as well ; for the ceremonies of one religion must be selected from amongst those of two thousand.

NARGUM, PERSIAN ENVOY IN MUSCOVY,

TO USBEK AT PARIS.

I have been informed in letters from Ispahan that you had left Persia and were actually in Paris. How is it that I learn such news from others and not from yourself?

The orders of the King of Kings have kept me for five years in this country, where I have terminated several important negotiations.

You know that the czar is the only Christian prince whose interests are connected with ours, because he is, like us, an enemy of the Turks.

His empire is more extensive than ours, for it is reckoned that the distance between Moscow and the last of his possessions in the Chinese frontiers is two thousand leagues.

He is the absolute master of the property and lives of his subjects, who are all slaves, with the exception of four families. The lieutenant of the prophets, the King of Kings, whose footstool is the heavens, does not exercise a more formidable sway.

Any one acquainted with the horrible climate of Muscovy would never imagine that to be exiled from it was a very severe penalty; still, whenever a great man is disgraced, he is banished to Siberia.

Just as the law of our prophet forbids us to drink wine, so the law of their prince forbids the Muscovites.

Their way of receiving their guests is not at all Persian. As soon as a stranger enters a house, the husband presents his wife to him; the stranger is expected to kiss her as a mark of courtesy to the husband.

Although fathers usually stipulate in the marriage contract that the husband shall not whip their daughters, yet you have no idea how fond the Muscovite women are of being beaten. They think they have lost the affection of their husband if he does not now and then give them a sound whipping; any other conduct would argue unpardonable indifference on his part. The following is a letter a woman wrote lately to her mother:—

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am the most unfortunate woman in the world. I do everything I can to win the love of my husband, but without success. On yesterday, although I had a thousand things to attend to in the house, I went outside and stayed away all day. I was sure he would give me a good thrashing on my return, but he never said a word. My sister is treated in quite a different manner: the life is nearly cudgeled out of her every day; if she looks at a man, her husband knocks her down on the spot; that tells you how fond they are of each other, and in what harmony they live.

So, naturally, she is as proud as a peacock; but she shall not look down upon me much longer; I am determined to make my husband love me, no matter what the consequences. I'll make him that mad that he'll have to show me some token of affection, whether he likes it or not. No one shall say that I am never beaten, and live in my own house without any one ever minding me. I will scream out in such a way, if he gives me the least little tap, that everybody will be sure things are as they ought to be, and if the neighbors come to my aid I will strangle them. I want you, my dear mother, to tell my husband how scandalously he is behaving to me. My father, who is a gentleman, never behaved so; in fact, I remember thinking, when I was a girl, that he loved you just a little too much. I embrace you, my dear mother.

The Muscovites are not allowed to leave their country, even to travel. Being thus separated from other nations by the laws of their own, they are the more firmly attached to all their ancient customs, because they do not see how they can have any others.

But their present ruler has wished to change all this ; he has had a lively quarrel with them on the subject of their beards ; the monks and clergy, with whom he has also a dispute, have stood up for their ignorance valiantly.

He makes every effort to spread the arts among his subjects, and is trying to extend the fame of his people throughout Europe and Asia,—a people until now almost unknown to the world, and only conscious of its own existence.

Restless and excited, he wanders through his vast dominions, leaving everywhere the impress of his natural severity.

Then he abandons them, as if they were too small to contain him, and goes rambling through Europe in search of other provinces and kingdoms.

I embrace you, my dear Usbek, and beg you to send me news of yourself.

Moscow, the 2d of the moon of Chalval, 1713.

USBK TO —.

A man of great intellect is difficult to please in society ; he selects very few acquaintances, and is bored by that numerous class which he is pleased to term bad company. He cannot hinder this feeling of distaste from finding outward expression, and, consequently, has many enemies.

Sure that he can make himself agreeable when he wishes, he very often neglects to do so.

He is inclined to criticise, because he sees more things than others and feels them more keenly.

He almost always ruins his fortune, because his intellect places a great many more methods of doing this within his reach.

He fails in his enterprises, because he is too venturesome. His faculty of extended vision leads him to see objects at too great distances, even if it is not taken into account that, when his mind forms a plan, he is less struck by the difficulties it entails than by the means of conquering them he will find in his own resources.

He neglects small details, on which, however, depends the success of almost all great enterprises.

The man of moderate abilities, on the other hand, turns everything to account: he sees clearly that trifles are not to be neglected.

He is usually the object of universal approval. People feel as much delight in according it to him as in withholding it from the man of genius. While every one assails the latter, to whom nothing is pardoned, everything the former does is interpreted in his favor: vanity takes his side.

But if the man of genius has so many difficulties to contend with, what shall we say of the man of science?

I never think of the subject without recalling a letter from one of them to a friend of his. Here it is.

MONSIEUR, — I am a man who spends all his nights in observing through telescopes thirty feet long those bodies which revolve above our heads, and, when I wish to have some recreation, I take my little microscopes and examine a maggot or a mite.

I am not rich, and have only one room. I do not dare to make a fire, because I keep my thermometer in it, which the additional warmth would cause to rise. Last winter I thought I should die of the cold; and yet, although my thermometer, which was at the lowest degree, warned me that my hands were about to freeze, I was not disturbed in the least: now I have the consolation of having an exact knowledge of all the most insensible changes in the weather during the past year.

I hold very little intercourse with people, and know very few amongst all those I see. But there is a man in Stockholm, another in Leipsic, and another in London, whom I have never seen, and doubtless never shall see, with whom I correspond so regularly that I never let a post pass without writing to them.

However, although I am not acquainted with a single person in my neighborhood, my reputation is so bad that I shall, in the end, be forced to leave it. I was rudely insulted five years ago, by a woman living near me, for dissecting a dog, which she claimed belonged to her. The wife of a butcher, who happened to be present, took her part, and, while the former was outrageously abusing me, the latter pelted me with stones, as well as Doctor —, who was with me, and who received terrible blows on the os frontal and occipital, whereby his mind was very much shaken.

Ever since, when a dog strays away from the end of the street, it is at once decided that he has passed through my hands. A worthy *bourgeois* who had lost her pet, which she loved, she said,

better than her children, came the other day and fainted in my room, and not finding it, summoned me before a magistrate. I believe I shall never be freed from the pertinacious malice of these women, whose shrill voices stun me incessantly with funeral orations on all the automata that have died during the last ten years.

I am, etc.

Every learned man was formerly accused of magic. I am not astonished at this. Each said to himself, "I have brought my natural talents to as high a pitch of perfection as they can reach; yet a certain scholar has surpassed me: clearly there must be some sorcery in this."

Now that these sorts of accusations have fallen into discredit, another course has been adopted, and a learned man can seldom avoid the reproach of irreligion or heresy. It does not matter whether he is held guiltless by the people or not; the wound is made, and will never entirely heal. It will be always a sore spot with him. Perhaps, thirty years after, an adversary will say to him, unobtrusively: "God forbid I should assert that the accusation was true! Still you have been put on your defense." And in this way his very justification is turned against him.

If he write a history, though it may give evidence of loftiness of mind and purity of heart, he is the victim of endless persecution. He will be hauled before the magistrate on account of his version of some fact that occurred a thousand years ago; and as his pen is not for sale, it will be attempted to make it a prisoner.

Yet such scholars are more to be envied than those miscreants who abandon their faith for a trifling pension; who scarcely gain a single obolus by all their impostures; who overturn the constitution of the state, diminish the rights of one power, increase those of another, give to princes what they wrest from the people, revive obsolete rights, flatter the passions that are fashionable in their time and the vices that are seated on the throne, imposing on posterity the more shamelessly that it has less means of nullifying their testimony.

But it is not enough for an author to have to endure these insults; it is not enough for him to be in a condition of perpetual anxiety as to the success of his work. That work which has cost him so much sees the light at last. It brings down upon him attacks from every direction. And how was he to

avoid them? He had an opinion; he has maintained it in his writings: little knew he that a man two hundred leagues away from him had stated the exact contrary; and so war is declared.

Still, if he could hope to obtain a certain degree of reputation! — No. He is at most esteemed by those who have devoted themselves to the same department of knowledge in which he has been engaged. A philosopher has a sovereign contempt for a man whose head is stuffed with facts; and he, in his turn, is regarded as a visionary by the person who has a good memory.

As for those who make profession of a scornful ignorance, they would wish all mankind to be buried in the same oblivion reserved for themselves.

A man who lacks a certain talent compensates himself by despising it: he removes the obstacle placed between him and merit, and thereby finds himself on an equality with the person whose labors he dreads.

Finally, the doubtful reputation which an author may gain is acquired at the sacrifice of every pleasure and the loss of health besides.

PARIS, the 20th of the moon of Chahban, 1720.



MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULD.

[FRANÇOIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, Prince de Marcillac, a distinguished French courtier and man of letters, was born at Paris, September 15, 1613. At sixteen he entered the army, and for a time at court aided Anne of Austria in her intrigues against Richelieu. Disappointed at receiving no advancement, he subsequently joined the Frondeurs; fought with conspicuous bravery in the siege of Paris; and at the battle of the Faubourg Saint Antoine (1652) was severely wounded in the head. In consequence of his participation in the Fronde he was banished to his estates at Verteuil, and was not permitted to return to court until 1659. He died at Paris, March 17, 1680. His literary fame rests upon his "Reflections, or Moral Sentences and Maxims," and "Memoirs of the Regency of Anne of Austria" (surreptitiously published in 1662), in which he gives a simple but masterly account of the political events of his time.]

THE desire of appearing to be persons of ability often prevents our being so.

Some weak people are so sensible of their weakness as to be able to make a good use of it.

Few men are able to know all the ill they do.

We should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world were witness to the motives which produce them.

There is nearly as much ability requisite to know how to make use of good advice, as to know how to act for one's self.

We may give advice ; but we cannot give conduct.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

Whatever we may pretend, interest and vanity are the usual sources of our afflictions.

There are in affliction several kinds of hypocrisy : we weep, to acquire the reputation of being tender ; we weep, in order to be pitied ; we weep, that we may be wept over ; we even weep, to avoid the scandal of not weeping.

We arrive novices at the different ages of life ; and want experience, though we have had many years to gain it.

Age does not necessarily confer experience ; nor does even precept ; nor anything but an intercourse and acquaintance with things. And we frequently see those who have wanted opportunities to indulge their juvenile passions in youth, go preposterous lengths in old age, with all the symptoms of youth except ability.

We judge so superficially of things, that common words and actions, spoken and done in an agreeable manner, with some knowledge of what passes in the world, often succeed beyond the greatest ability.

When great men suffer themselves to be subdued by the length of their misfortunes, they discover that the strength of their ambition, not of their understanding, was that which supported them. They discover too, that, allowing for a little vanity, heroes are just like other men.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things commonly become incapable of great ones.

Few things are impracticable in themselves ; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

In every profession, every individual affects to appear what

he would willingly be esteemed ; so that we may say, the world is composed of nothing but appearances.

We like better to see those on whom we confer benefits, than those from whom we receive them.

Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations ; many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones ; but there is hardly any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.

A man often imagines he acts, when he is acted upon ; and while his mind aims at one thing, his heart insensibly gravitates towards another.

In love there are two sorts of constancy : one arises from our continually finding in the favorite object fresh motives to love : the other from our making it a point of honor to be constant.

In misfortunes we often mistake dejection for constancy ; we bear them without daring to look on them, as cowards suffer themselves to be killed without resistance.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

We are always afraid of appearing before the person we love, when we have been coquetting elsewhere.

We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves.

Cunning and treachery proceed from want of capacity.

It is as easy to deceive ourselves without *our* perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without *their* perceiving it.

In love, deceit almost always outstrips distrust.

We are sometimes less unhappy in being deceived than in being undeceived by those we love.

Before we passionately wish for anything, we should examine into the happiness of its possessor.

Were we perfectly acquainted with any object, we should never passionately desire it.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

We are so used to disguise ourselves to others, that at last we become disguised even to ourselves.

Whatever distrust we may have of the sincerity of other people, we always believe that they are more ingenuous with ourselves than with anybody else.

A man who finds not satisfaction in himself, seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

It is easier to appear worthy of the employments we are not possessed of, than of those we are.

Those who endeavor to imitate us we like much better than those who endeavor to equal us. Imitation is a sign of esteem, but competition of envy.

We often glory in the most criminal passions; but the passion of envy is so shameful that we never dare to own it.

Jealousy is, in some sort, rational and just—it aims at the preservation of a good which belongs, or which at least we think belongs, to us; whereas envy is a frenzy that cannot bear the good of others.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, and coquetry by true love.

Our envy always outlives the felicity of its object.

Nothing is so contagious as example: never is any considerable good or ill done that does not produce its like. We imitate good actions through emulation; and bad ones through a malignity in our nature, which shame concealed, and example sets at liberty.

We are often more agreeable through our faults than through our good qualities.

The greatest faults are those of great men.

We are not bold enough to say in general that we have no faults, and that our enemies have no good qualities; but in particulars we seem to think so.

We boast of faults that are the opposites to those we really have; thus, if we are irresolute, we glory in being thought obstinate.

We easily excuse in our friends those faults that do not affect us.

Few cowards know the extent of their fears.

We should have but little pleasure were we never to flatter ourselves.

He who lives without folly is not so wise as he imagines.

As we grow old, we grow more foolish and more wise.

Whatever difference may appear in men's fortunes, there is nevertheless a certain compensation of good and ill, that makes all equal.

Fortune breaks us of many faults which reason cannot.

Fortune is ever deemed blind by those on whom she bestows no favors.

We should manage our fortune like our constitution; enjoy it when good, have patience when bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.

The reason we are so changeable in our friendships is, that it is difficult to know the qualities of the heart, and easy to know those of the head.

It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend than to be deceived by him.

None deserve the name of good, who have not spirit enough, at least, to be bad.

A fool has not stuff enough to make a good man.

A good grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

The reason of the misreckoning in expected returns of gratitude is, that the pride of the giver and receiver can never agree about the value of the obligation.

None are either so happy or so unhappy as they imagine.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us even beneath those we hate.

Everybody speaks well of his heart, but no one dares to speak well of his head.

The head is always the dupe of the heart.

The head cannot long act the part of the heart.

Fancy sets the value on the gifts of fortune.

Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.

It is a mistake to imagine that the violent passions only, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as it is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

Idleness, timidity, and shame often keep us within the bounds of duty; whilst virtue seems to run away with the honor.

In jealousy there is less love than self-love.

Jealousy is the greatest of evils, and the least pitied by those who occasion it.

A readiness to believe ill without examination is the effect of pride and laziness. We are willing to find people guilty, and unwilling to be at the trouble of examining into the accusation.

Weakness often gets the better of those ills which reason could not.

Women in love more easily forgive great indiscretions than small infidelities.

We find it more difficult to overlook the least infidelity to ourselves than the greatest to others.

Interest puts in motion all the virtues and vices.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.

No disguise can long *conceal* love where it is, nor *feign* it where it is not.

To judge of love by most of its effects, one would think it more like hatred than kindness.

Love lends his name to many a correspondence wherein he is no more concerned than the doge in what is done at Venice.

The pleasure of loving is, to love; and we are much happier in the passion we feel, than in that we excite.

To fall in love is much easier than to get rid of it.

We forgive as long as we love.

In love, we often doubt of what we most believe.

Love, all agreeable as he is, pleases yet more by the manner in which he shows himself.

A man of sense may love like a madman, but never like a fool.

Why have we memory sufficient to retain the minutest circumstances that have happened to us; and yet not enough to remember how often we have related them to the same person?

It is a sign of an extraordinary merit, when those who most envy it are forced to praise it.

Merit has its season, as well as fruit.

Censorious as the world is, it oftener does favor to false merit than injustice to true.

Old age is a tyrant, which forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

Opportunities make us known to ourselves and others.

The duration of our passions is no more in our power than the duration of our lives.

The passions are the only orators that always succeed. They are, as it were. Nature's art of eloquence, fraught with infallible rules. Simplicity, with the aid of the passions, persuades more than the utmost eloquence without it.

In the heart of man there is a perpetual succession of the passions; so that the destruction of one is almost always the production of another.

Passions often beget their opposites; avarice produces prodigality, and prodigality avarice: men are often constant through weakness, and bold through fear.

So much injustice and self-interest enter into the composition of the passions, that it is very dangerous to obey their dictates; and we ought to be on our guard against them even when they seem most reasonable.

Absence destroys small passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers, and kindles fires.

We are by no means aware how much we are influenced by our passions.

While the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, it is more susceptible of a new one than when entirely at rest.

Penetration has an air of divination : it pleases our vanity more than any other quality of the mind.

He who is pleased with nobody is much more unhappy than he with whom nobody is pleased.

Pride always indemnifies itself ; and takes care to be no loser, even when it renounces vanity.

Pride is equal in all men ; and differs but in the means and manner of showing itself.

It seems as if nature, who has so wisely adapted the organs of our bodies to our happiness, had with the same view given us pride, to spare us the pain of knowing our imperfections.

Pride will not owe, and self-love will not pay.

Our pride is often increased by what we retrench from our other faults.

We promise according to our hopes, and perform according to our fears.

Prudence and love are inconsistent ; in proportion as the latter increases, the other decreases.

The shame that arises from praise which we do not deserve, often makes us do things we should never otherwise have attempted.

There are reproaches that praise, and praises that reproach.

Ambition to merit praise fortifies our virtue. Praise bestowed on wit, valor, and beauty contributes to their augmentation.

It is with some good qualities as with the senses : they are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as are deprived of them.

We want strength to act up to our reason.

We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.

Whatever ignominy we may have incurred, it is almost always in our power to reëstablish our reputation.

How can we expect that another should keep our secret, when it is more than we can do ourselves?

We are so prepossessed in our own favor, that we often mistake for virtues those vices that have some resemblance to them, and which are artfully disguised by self-love.

Nothing is so capable of diminishing our self-love as the observation that we disapprove at one time of what we approve at another.

Self-love never reigns so absolutely as in the passion of love : we are always ready to sacrifice the peace of those we adore, rather than lose the least part of our own.

The self-love of some people is such, that, when in love, they are more taken up with their passion than its object.

A desire to talk of ourselves, and to set our faults in whatever light we choose, makes the main of our sincerity.

We commonly slander more through vanity than malice.

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body ; for when we seem secure from passions, we are no less in danger of their infection than we are of falling ill, when we appear to be well.

There are relapses in the distempers of the soul, as well as in those of the body ; thus we often mistake for a cure what is no more than an intermission, or a change of disease.

The flaws of the soul resemble the wounds of the body ; the scar always appears, and they are in danger of breaking open again.

The excessive pleasure we find in talking of ourselves ought to make us apprehensive that it gives but little to our auditors.

We had rather speak ill of ourselves than not speak at all.

We give up our interest sooner than our taste.

Our self-love bears with less patience the condemnation of our taste than of our opinion.

Our enemies, in their judgment of us, come nearer the truth than we do ourselves.

Perfect valor and perfect cowardice are extremes men seldom

arrive at. The intermediate space is prodigious, and contains all the different species of courage, which are as various as men's faces and humors. There are those who expose themselves boldly at the beginning of an action; and who slacken and are disheartened at its duration. There are others who aim only at preserving their honor, and do little more. Some are not equally exempt from fear at all times alike. Others give occasionally into a general panic: others advance to the charge because they dare not stay in their posts. There are men whom habitual small dangers encourage, and fit for greater. Some are brave with the sword, and fear bullets; others defy bullets, and dread a sword. All these different kinds of valor agree in this, that night, as it augments fear, so it conceals good or bad actions, and gives every one the opportunity of sparing himself. There is also another more general discretion: for we find those who do most, would do more still, were they sure of coming off safe: so that it is very plain that the fear of death gives a damp to courage.

Perfect valor consists in doing without witnesses all we should be capable of doing before the whole world.

Most men sufficiently expose themselves in war to save their honor, but few so much as is necessary even to succeed in the design for which they thus expose themselves.

No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger.

A wise man had rather avoid an engagement than conquer.

It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable.

If vanity really overturns not the virtues, it certainly makes them totter.

The most violent passions have their intermissions: vanity alone gives us no respite.

The reason why the pangs of shame and jealousy are so sharp, is this: vanity gives us no assistance in supporting them.

Vanity makes us do more things against inclination than reason.

When our vices have left us, we flatter ourselves that *we* have left *them*.

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.

The mind, between idleness and constancy, fixes on what is easy and agreeable to it. This habit always sets bounds to our inquiries. No man was ever at the trouble to stretch his genius as far as it would go.

Most women yield more through weakness than passion; whence it happens that enterprising, rather than amiable, men commonly succeed best with them.

In their first desires women love the lover, afterwards the passion.



THE MANLY HEART.

By GEORGE WITHER.

[1588-1667.]

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtledove or pelican,
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget mine own?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best;
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?



SENTIMENTS BY JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

[JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE, French moralist and satirist, was born at Paris in 1645, studied law, and for some years filled an administrative position in Normandy. Through Bossuet's influence he was appointed tutor to the young Duke of Bourbon, grandson of the great Condé, and remained attached to the house of Condé until his death at Versailles in May, 1696. In 1693 he was admitted to the French Academy. His "Caractères de Théophraste" (1688) was written in imitation of Theophrastus, and consisted of maxims, reflections, and character portraits of men and women of his own day. The ninth edition, containing over eleven hundred "caractères," was in press at the time of La Bruyère's death. In the "Dialogues on Quietism," a severe attack is made on Fénelon.]

FRIENDSHIP may exist between a man and a woman, quite apart from any influence of sex. Yet a woman always looks upon a man, and so a man regards a woman. This intimacy is neither pure friendship nor pure love. It is a sentiment which stands alone.

Love is born suddenly, without deliberation, either through temperament or weakness: some grace or beauty attracts, determines us. Friendship, on the contrary, grows by degrees

through time and long familiar acquaintance. How many years of affection, kindness, and good service it takes to do what a lovely face or a beautiful hand will often do in a moment!

Time, which strengthens friendship, weakens love.

Perfect friendship is more rare than excessive love.

Love and friendship exclude each other.

We never love truly except once, and that is the first time. The attachments which succeed are more voluntary.

Sudden love lasts longest.

He who loves so passionately that he wishes he could love a thousand times more than he loves already, yields only to him who loves more than he would love.

Granted that in the intensity of a great passion it is possible to love another more than one's self, who has the truest pleasure — he who loves, or he who is beloved?

He who loves deeply finds a sweet revenge in acting so that his beloved one shall appear ungrateful.

Hatred is not so remote from friendship as antipathy.

In friendship we confide our secrets: in love they escape us.

In friendship we perceive only those faults which may be prejudicial to our friends; in those we love we see no faults, except those from which we suffer ourselves.

Friendship does not cool without cause; love diminishes for no other reason than that we have been too well beloved.

The beginning, as the end, of love is manifested by our anxiety to be alone.

Our desire is that all the good fortune of those we love, or, if that is impossible, all their evil fortune, should come to them from our hands.

It is happier by comparison to mourn one we love than to live with one we hate.

However disinterested we may be with regard to those we love, we must sometimes force ourselves to give them pleasure by accepting their gifts. He who is capable of receiving a gift delicately displays as much generosity as he who gives.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving appropriately.

If it is true that pity and compassion are drawn from us by a kind of selfish fear lest we should ever be in the same circumstances, how does it happen that the unfortunate extract so little help from us in their misery?

However unpleasant it may be to feel ourselves responsible for the maintenance of an indigent person, we seldom relish the better fortune which at last withdraws him from our patronage. In the same way, the pleasure which we feel in the exaltation of a friend is counterbalanced by the slight annoyance of seeing him become our equal or superior. He does not suit us so well thus, for we like to have dependents who do not cost us anything. We wish good fortune for our friends; but when it comes, our first feeling is not one of pure delight.

To live with our enemies as if they might one day be our friends, and with our friends as if they might be our enemies, is neither in accordance with the nature of hatred or the rules of friendship. It may be a good political maxim, but it is a bad moral one.

We ought not to make enemies of those who, if better known, might rank among our friends. We ought to choose as friends persons of such honor and probity that, should they ever cease to be our friends, they would never abuse our confidence, nor give us cause to fear them as enemies.

He who knows how to wait for what he desires will not despair if he happens to have to do without it. On the other hand, he who impatiently longs for a thing has been too much engrossed with the thought of it to feel that success rewards him for all his anxiety.

The things most wished for never happen; or if they do, they come at such a time or in such circumstances as spoil the enjoyment of them.

We must laugh before we are happy, for fear we should die before we have ever laughed at all.

It is hard for a proud man to forgive one who has found him out in some fault and who has good reason to complain of him: his resentment is never healed till he has regained his advantage by putting the other in the wrong.

As we become more and more attached to those we oblige, so we cordially dislike those to whom we have given great offense.

It is as difficult to stifle the resentment of an injury at first, as it is to preserve the feeling after a certain length of time.

It is weakness which makes us hate an enemy and wish to be revenged, and it is laziness which pacifies us and makes us not pursue revenge.

A man will allow himself to be governed as much through indolence as from weakness.

There is no use attempting suddenly to control a man, and especially in matters of importance to him and his. It requires some address to prevent him feeling that you are trying to gain a moral power over him; shame or caprice would move him to resist the restraint. Let him first be guided in little things, and from thence the progress to greater things is certain. Even if at first your influence is only such as will persuade him to go to the country, or to return to town, it will end in your dictating the terms of the will by which his son is disinherited.

The best and most agreeable conversation is that in which the heart has more influence than the head.

There are certain sublime sentiments, certain grand and noble acts, which are called forth more by our moral strength than by innate goodness.

There is scarcely any excess in the world so commendable as an excess of gratitude.

He must be a dull person indeed whom neither love, hate, nor necessity can inspire with wit.



CHORUS OF ANGELS.

By JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

(Translated by Sir John Bowring.)

[JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL, the great Dutch poet and dramatist, known as "the Dutch Shakespeare," was born at Cologne, November 17, 1587. His parents, who were Anabaptists, had fled to Cologne from Antwerp to avoid the



CHORUS OF ANGELS

From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

persecution of the Spanish government, and removed to Amsterdam in 1597. The son carried on his father's business of hosier, to which, however, his wife chiefly attended, and thus secured him leisure for his literary work. In 1657 he became a bankrupt, owing to bad management of his affairs by his eldest son, and the next year was forced to accept a clerkship in the public loan office, retiring with a pension in 1668 on account of old age. Among his dramatic works are: Translations or imitations of classic plays; the original dramas "Palamedes," "Gysbrecht van Aemstel," "Mary Stuart," "Jephtha"; and the dramatic poem "Lucifer," his most powerful work. He also excelled as a lyric poet. He died at Amsterdam in 1679.]

Who sits above heaven's heights sublime,
 Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
 Beyond eternity or time
 Or the vast round of viewless space:
 Who on Himself alone depends,
 Immortal, glorious, but unseen,
 And in his mighty being blends
 What rolls around or flows within.
 Of all we know not, all we know,
 Prime source and origin, a sea
 Whose waters poured on earth below
 Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.
 His power, love, wisdom, first exalted
 And wakened from oblivion's birth
 Yon starry arch, yon palace vaulted,
 Yon heaven of heavens, to smile on earth.
 From His resplendent majesty
 We shade us, 'neath our sheltering wings,
 While awe-inspired and tremblingly
 We praise the glorious King of Kings,
 With sight and sense confused and dim.
 O name, describe the Lord of Lords!
 The seraphs' praise shall hallow Him:—
 Or is the theme too vast for words?

RESPONSE.

'Tis God! who pours the living glow
 Of light, creation's fountain head:
 Forgive the praise, too mean and low,
 Or from the living or the dead!
 No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken,
 No space can hold that awful Name;
 The aspiring spirit's wing is broken;—
 Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same.

Language is dumb, — Imagination,
 Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall;
 They are irreverent profanation,
 And thou, O God! art all in all.
 How vain on such a thought to dwell!
 Who knows Thee? Thee, the All-unknown?
 Can angels be thy oracle,
 Who art, who art Thyself alone?
 None, none can trace Thy course sublime,
 For none can catch a ray from Thee,
 The Splendor and the Source of Time,
 The Eternal of Eternity!
 The light of light outpoured conveys
 Salvation in its flight elysian,
 Brighter than even Thy mercy's rays; —
 But vainly would our feeble vision
 Aspire to Thee. From day to day
 Age steals on us, but meets Thee never:
 Thy power is life's support and stay, —
 We praise Thee, sing Thee, Lord! forever.
 Holy! holy! holy! Praise,
 Praise be His in every land!
 Safety in His presence stays,
 Sacred is His high command.



THE DEBATE IN PANDEMONIUM.

By JOHN MILTON.

(From "Paradise Lost.")

[JOHN MILTON: English poet; born in London, December 9, 1608; died in London, November 8, 1674. He was graduated from Cambridge, 1629; was Latin secretary, 1649–1660. He became totally blind in 1652. At the Restoration he was proscribed and his works were ordered burnt by the hangman; but after a time he was left unmolested and spent the last years of his life in quiet literary labors. "Paradise Lost" was issued in 1666, "Paradise Regained" in 1671, and "Samson Agonistes" in 1671. His masque of "Comus" was published in 1634, "Lycidas" in 1637, "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso" in 1645. Among his prose works the "Areopagitica" (1644), advocating the freedom of the press, his work on Divorce, and his "Defense of the English People" (1654) are most famous. His sonnets in the Italian manner are among the finest in the English language.]

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,



JOHN MILTON

From a painting by Thomas Faed. Engraving published by Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Ltd., 6, Pall Mall, S.W.

Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heaven, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displayed.

“Powers and Dominions, Deities of heaven,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right and the fixed laws of heaven
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund’rer’s aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.”

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptered king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th’ Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less

Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear; of God, or hell, or worse,
He recked not; and these words thereafter spake:

“My sentence is for open war; of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling’ring here,
Heaven’s fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once,
O’er heaven’s high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th’ ascent is easy then;
Th’ event is feared; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned,
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus

We should be quite abolished and expire.
What fear we then ? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire ? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential ; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being.
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing ; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne :
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane ;
A fairer person lost not heaven ; he seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit :
But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels ; for his thoughts were low ;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful : yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began :

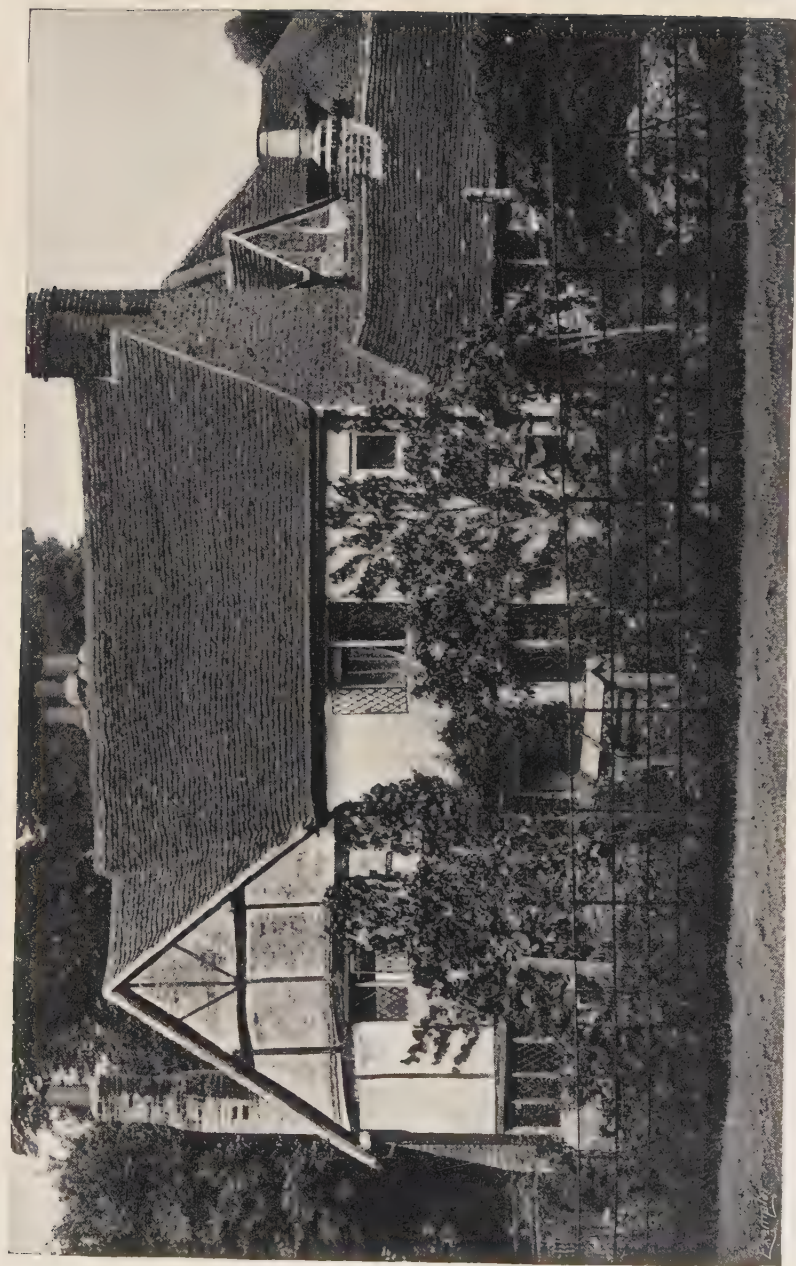
"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge ? The towers of heaven are filled
With armed watch ; that render all access
Impregnable ; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy

All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mold
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more: sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we then?'
Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?' Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;

There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven,
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far removed
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished: whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or inured not feel;
Or changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counseled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:

“Either to disenthroned the King of heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: Him to unthroned we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heaven’s bound, unless heaven’s Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose He should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sov’reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place so e’er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven’s all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must’ring their rage, and heaven resembles hell!
As He our darkness, cannot we His light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden luster, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heaven show more?



MILTON'S COTTAGE AT CHALFONT ST. GILES, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, WHERE HE STAYED DURING THE
PLAGUE OF LONDON

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance
Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:

"Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing style be called
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire. Doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath doomed
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt

From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron scepter rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foiled with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not), another world, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favored more
Of Him who rules above; so was His will
Pronounced among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtilty. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defense who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved

By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven
The puny inhabitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:
"Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighboring arms
And opportune excursion we may chance
Reënter heaven: or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottomed infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,

Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy isle? What strength, what art can **then**
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict sentries and stations thick
 Of angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
 The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and **each**
 In other's count'nance read his own dismay
 Astonished; none among the choice and prime
 Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
 So hardy, as to proffer or accept
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:

"O Progeny of heaven, empyreal Thrones,
 With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seized us, though undismayed: long is the **way**
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
 Our prison strong; this huge convex of **fire**,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
 Barred over us prohibit all egress.
 These passed, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
 Threatens him, plunged in that abortive **gulf**.
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
 And this imperial sov'reignty, adorned
 With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
 And judged of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honor, due **alike**



PANDEMONIUM

From a fresco in the Orvieto Cathedral

To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of heaven though fallen! intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they feared;
And so refused might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Toward him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in heaven:
Nor failed they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own; for neither do the spirits damned
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope

Of heavenly grace; and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if, which might induce us to accord,
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
 In order came the grand infernal peers;
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seemed
 Alone th' antagonist of heaven, nor less
 Then hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme
 And Godlike imitated state: him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed
 With bright emblazonry and horrent arms.
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpet's regal sound the great result:
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
 By heralds' voice explained: the hollow abyss
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
 With deaf'ning shout returned them loud acclaim.



WITH FIRE AND SWORD.¹

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

[HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, the foremost living Polish novelist, was born of Lithuanian parents at Vola Okrzejska in the Lukowschen, in 1846. After pursuing his studies at the University of Warsaw, he adopted a wandering existence, and in 1876 proceeded to America, where he spent considerable time in southern California, and wrote for the Warsaw papers numerous stories and impressions of travel. He subsequently returned to Poland and took up literature as a profession. Nearly all of his works have been translated into English, and enjoy great popularity in the United States and England. The most important are: "Children of the Soil"; "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," forming a trilogy of historical novels; "Quo Vadis," a tale of the time of Nero; "Yanko the Musician"; "Without Dogma"; "Hania."]

THE DEATH OF THE TRAITORS.

AT the house of the inspector of weights and measures, in the outskirts of Hassan Pasha, at the Saitch, sat two Zaporoz-

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jians at a table, fortifying themselves with spirits distilled from millet, which they dipped unceasingly from a wooden tub that stood in the middle of the table. One of them, already old and quite decrepit, was Philip Zakhar. He was the inspector. The other, Anton Tataarchuk, ataman of the Chigirin kuren, was a man about forty years old, tall, with a wild expression of face and oblique Tartar eyes. Both spoke in a low voice, as if fearing that some one might overhear them.

"But it is to-day?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, almost immediately," answered Tataarchuk. "They are waiting for the koshevoi and Tugai Bey, who went with Hmelnitski himself to Bazaluk, where the horde is quartered. The Brotherhood is already assembled on the square, and the kuren atamans will meet in council before evening. Before night all will be known."

"It may have an evil end," muttered old Philip Zakhar.

"Listen, inspector! But did you see that there was a letter to me also?"

"Of course I did, for I carried the letters myself to the koshevoi, and I know how to read. Three letters were found on the Pole, — one to the koshevoi himself, one to you, the third to young Barabash. Every one in the Saitch knows of this already."

"And who wrote? Don't you know?"

"The prince wrote to the koshevoi, for his seal was on the letter; who wrote to you is unknown."

"God guard us!"

"If they don't call you a friend of the Poles openly, nothing will come of it."

"God guard us!" repeated Tataarchuk.

"It is evident that you have something on your mind."

"Pshaw! I have nothing on my mind."

"The koshevoi, too, may destroy all the letters, for his own head is concerned. There was a letter to him as well as to you."

"He may."

"But if you have done anything, then" — here the old inspector lowered his voice still more — "go away!"

"But how and where?" asked Tataarchuk, uneasily. "The koshevoi has placed guards on all the islands, so that no one may escape to the Poles and let them know what is going on. The Tartars are on guard at Bazaluk. A fish couldn't squeeze through, and a bird couldn't fly over."

"Then hide in the Saitch, wherever you can."

"They will find me, — unless you hide me among the barrels in the bazaar? You are my relative."

"I wouldn't hide my own brother. If you are afraid of death, then drink; you won't feel it when you are drunk."

"Maybe there is nothing in the letters."

"Maybe."

"Here is misfortune, misfortune!" said Tatarchuk. "I don't feel that I have done anything. I am a good fellow, an enemy to the Poles. But though there is nothing in the letter, the devil knows what the Pole may say at the council. He may ruin me."

"He is a severe man; he won't say anything."

"Have you seen him to-day?"

"Yes; I rubbed his wounds with tar, I poured spirits and ashes into his throat. He will be all right. He is an angry fellow! They say that at Hortitsa he slaughtered the Tartars like swine, before they captured him. Set your mind at rest about the Pole."

The sullen sound of the kettledrums which were beaten on the Koshevoi's square interrupted further conversation. Tatarchuk, hearing the sound, shuddered and sprang to his feet. Excessive fear was expressed by his face and movements.

"They are beating the summons to council," said he, catching his breath. "God save us! And you, Philip, don't speak of what we have been saying here. God save us!"

Having said this, Tatarchuk, seizing the tub with the liquor, brought it to his mouth with both hands, and drank, — drank as though he wished to drink himself to death.

"Let us go!" said the inspector.

The sound of the drums came clearer and clearer.

They went out. The field of Hassan Pasha was separated from the square by a rampart surrounding the encampment proper, and by a gate with lofty towers on which were seen the muzzles of cannon fixed there. In the middle of the field stood the house of the inspector of weights and measures, and the cabins of the shop atamans, and around a rather large space were shops in which goods were stored. These shops were in general wretched structures made of oak planks, which Hortitsa furnished in abundance, fastened together with twigs and reeds. The cabins, not excepting that of the inspector, were mere huts, for only the roofs were raised

above the ground. The roofs were black and smoked; for when there was fire in the cabin the smoke found exit, not only through the smoke hole, but through every cranny in the roof, and one might suppose that it was not a cabin at all, but a pile of branches and reeds covering a tar pit. No daylight entered these cabins; therefore a fire of pitch pine and oak chips was kept up. The shops, a few dozen in number, were divided into camp shops which belonged to individual camps, and those of strangers in which during time of peace Tartars and Wallachians traded, — the first in skins, Eastern fabrics, arms, and every kind of booty; the second, chiefly in wine. But the shops for strangers were rarely occupied, since in that wild nest trade was changed most frequently to robbery, from which neither the inspectors nor the shop atamans could restrain the crowds.

Among the shops stood also thirty-eight camp drinking shops; and before them always lay, on the sweepings, shavings, oak sticks, and heaps of horse manure, Zaporojians, half dead from drinking, — some sunk in a stony sleep; others with foam in their mouths, in convulsions or delirium tremens; others half drunk, howling Cossack songs, spitting, striking, kissing, cursing Cossack fate or weeping over Cossack sorrow, walking upon the heads and breasts of those lying around. Only during expeditions against the Tartars or the upper country was sobriety enforced, and at such times those who took part in an expedition were punished with death for drunkenness. But in ordinary times, and especially in the bazaar, all were drunk, — the inspector, the camp ataman, the buyers, and the sellers. The sour smell of unrectified spirits, mixed with the odor of tar, fish, smoke, and horse hides, filled the air of the whole place, which in general, by the variety of its shops, reminded one of some little Turkish or Tartar town. Everything was for sale that at any time had been seized as plunder in the Crimea, Wallachia, or on the shores of Anatolia, — bright fabrics of the East, satins, brocades, velvets, cotton cloths, ticking, linen, iron and brass guns, skins, furs, dried fish, cherries, Turkish sweetmeats, church vessels, brass crescents taken from minarets, gilded crosses torn from churches, powder and sharp weapons, spear staffs, and saddles. In that mixture of objects and colors moved about people dressed in remnants of the most varied garments, in the summer half naked, always half wild,

discolored with smoke, black, rolled in mud, covered with wounds, bleeding from the bites of gigantic gnats which hovered in myriads over Chertomelik, and eternally drunk, as has been stated above.

At that moment the whole of Hassan Pasha was more crowded with people than usual; the shops and drinking places were closed, and all were hastening to the square of the Saitch, on which the council was to be held. Philip Zakhar and Anton Tatarchuk went with the others; but Tatarchuk loitered, and allowed the crowd to precede him. Disquiet grew more and more evident on his face. Meanwhile they crossed the bridge over the fosse, passed the gate, and found themselves on the broad fortified square, surrounded by thirty-eight large wooden structures. These were the kurens, or rather the buildings of the kurens,—a kind of military barracks in which the Cossacks lived. These kurens were of one structure and measure, and differed in nothing unless in the names, borrowed from the various towns of the Ukraine, from which the regiments also took their names. In one corner of the square stood the council house, in which the atamans used to sit under the presidency of the koshevoi. The crowd, or the so-called "Brotherhood," deliberated under the open sky, sending deputations every little while, and sometimes bursting in by force to the council house and terrorizing those within.

The throng was already enormous on the square, for the ataman had recently assembled at the Saitch all the warriors scattered over the islands, streams, and meadows; therefore the Brotherhood was more numerous than on ordinary occasions. Since the sun was near its setting, a number of tar barrels had been ignited already; and here and there were kegs of spirits which every kuren had set out for itself, and which added no small energy to the deliberations. Order between the kurens was maintained by the essauls, armed with heavy sticks to restrain the councilors, and with pistols to defend their own lives, which were frequently in danger.

Philip Zakhar and Tatarchuk went straight to the council house; for one as inspector, and the other as kuren ataman, had a right to a seat among the elders. In the council room there was but one small table, before which sat the army secretary. The atamans and the koshevoi had seats on skins by the walls; but at that hour their places were not yet occupied.

The koshevoi walked with great strides through the room ; the kuren atamans, gathering in small groups, conversed in low tones, interrupted from time to time by more audible oaths. Tatarchuk, noticing that his acquaintances and even friends pretended not to see him, at once approached young Barabash, who was more or less in a position similar to his own. Others looked at them with a scowl, to which young Barabash paid no attention, not understanding well the reason. He was a man of great beauty and extraordinary strength, thanks to which he had the rank of kuren ataman. He was notorious throughout the whole Saitch for his stupidity, which had gained him the nickname of "Dunce Ataman" and the privilege of being laughed at by the elders for every word he uttered.

"Wait awhile ; maybe we shall go in the water with a stone around the neck," whispered Tatarchuk to him.

"Why is that?" asked Barabash.

"Don't you know about the letters?"

"The plague take his mother ! Have I written any letters?"

"See how they frown at us !"

"If I give it to one of them in the forehead, he won't look that way, for his eyes will jump out."

Just then shouts from the outside announced that something had happened. The doors of the council house opened wide, and in came Hmelnitski with Tugai Bey. They were the men greeted so joyfully. A few months before Tugai Bey, as the most violent of the Tartars and the terror of the men from below, was the object of extreme hatred in the Saitch. Now the Brotherhood hurled their caps in the air at the sight of him, as a good friend of Hmelnitski and the Zaporojians.

Tugai Bey entered first, and then Hmelnitski, with the baton in his hand as hetman of the Zaporojian armies. He had held that office since his return from the Crimea with reënforcements from the Khan. The crowd at that time raised him in their hands, and bursting open the army treasury, brought him the baton, the standard, and the seal which were generally borne before the hetman. He had changed, too, not a little. It was evident that he bore within himself the terrible power of the whole Zaporojie. This was not Hmelnitski the wronged, fleeing to the steppe through the Wilderness, but Hmelnitski the hetman, the spirit of blood, the giant, the avenger of his own wrongs on millions of people.

Still he did not break the chains ; he only imposed new

and heavier ones. This was evident from his relations with Tugai Bey. This hetman, in the heart of the Zaporojie, took a place second to the Tartar, and endured with submission Tartar pride and treatment contemptuous beyond expression. It was the attitude of a vassal before his lord. But it had to be so. Hmelnitski owed all his credit with the Cossacks to the Tartars and the favor of the Khan, whose representative was the wild and furious Tugai Bey. But Hmelnitski knew how to reconcile with submission the pride which was bursting his own bosom, as well as to unite courage with cunning; for he was a lion and a fox, an eagle and a serpent. This was the first time since the origin of the Cossacks that the Tartar had acted as master in the center of the Saitch; but such were the times that had come. The Brotherhood hurled their caps in the air at sight of the Pagan. Such were the times that had been accepted.

The deliberations began. Tugai Bey sat down in the middle of the room on a large bundle of skins, and putting his legs under him, began to crack dry sunflower seeds and spit out the husks in front of himself. On his right side sat Hmelnitski, with the baton; on his left the koshevoi; but the atamans and the deputation from the Brotherhood sat farther away near the walls. Conversation had ceased; only from the crowd outside, debating under the open sky, came a murmur and dull sound like the noise of waves. Hmelnitski began to speak:—

“Gentlemen, with the favor, attention, and aid of the serene Tsar of the Crimea, the lord of many peoples and relative of the heavenly hosts; with the permission of his Majesty the gracious King Vladislav, our lord, and the hearty support of the brave Zaporojian armies,—trusting in our innocence and the justice of God, we are going to avenge the terrible and savage deeds of injustice which, while we had strength, we endured like Christians, at the hands of the faithless Poles, from commissioners, starostas, crown agents, from all the nobility, and from the Jews. Over these deeds of injustice you, gentlemen, and the whole Zaporojian army have shed many tears, and you have given me this baton that I might find the speedy vindication of our innocence and that of all our people. Esteeming this appointment as a great favor from you, my wellwishers, I went to ask of the serene Tsar that aid which he has given. But being ready and willing to move, I was

grieved not a little when I heard that there could be traitors in the midst of us, entering into communication with the faithless Poles, and informing them of our work. If this be true, then they are to be punished according to your will and discretion. We ask you, therefore, to listen to the letters brought from our enemy, Prince Vishnyevetski, by an envoy who is not an envoy but a spy, who wants to note our preparations and the good will of Tugai Bey, our friend, so as to report them to the Poles. And you are to decide whether he is to be punished as well as those to whom he brought letters, and of whom the koshevoi, as a true friend of me, of Tugai Bey, and of the whole army, gave prompt notice."

Hmelnitski stopped. The tumult outside the windows increased every moment. Then the army secretary began to read, first, the letter of the prince to the koshevoi ataman, beginning with these words: "We, by the grace of God, prince and lord in Lubni, Khorol, Pryluki, Gadyatch, etc., voevoda in Russia, etc., starosta, etc." The letter was purely official. The prince, having heard that forces were called in from the meadows, asked the ataman if that were true, and summoned him at once to desist from such action for the sake of peace in Christian lands; and in case Hmelnitski disturbed the Saitch, to deliver him up to the commissioners on their demand. The second letter was from Pan Grodzitski, also to the chief ataman; the third and fourth from Zatsvilikhovski and the old colonel of Cherkasi to Tatarchuk and Barabash. In all these there was nothing that could bring the persons to whom they were addressed into suspicion. Zatsvilikhovski merely begged Tatarchuk to take the bearer of his letter in care, and to make everything he might want easy for him.

Tatarchuk breathed more freely.

"What do you say, gentlemen, of these letters?" inquired Hmelnitski.

The Cossacks were silent. All their councils began thus, till liquor warmed up their heads, since no one of the atamans wished to raise his voice first. Being rude and cunning people, they did this principally from a fear of being laughed at for folly, which might subject the author of it to ridicule or give him a sarcastic nickname for the rest of his life; for such was the condition in the Saitch, where amidst the greatest rudeness the sense of the ridiculous and the dread of sarcasm were wonderfully developed.

The Cossacks remained silent. Hmelnitski raised his voice again.

"The koshevoi ataman is our brother and sincere friend. I believe in the koshevoi as I do in my own soul. And if any man were to speak otherwise, I should consider him a traitor. The koshevoi is our old friend and a soldier."

Having said this, he rose to his feet and kissed the koshevoi.

"Gentlemen," said the koshevoi, in answer, "I bring the forces together, and let the hetman lead them. As to the envoy, since they sent him to me, he is mine; and I make you a present of him."

"You, gentlemen of the delegation, salute the koshevoi," said Hmelnitski, "for he is a just man, and go to inform the Brotherhood that if there is a traitor, he is not the man; he first stationed a guard, he gave the order to seize traitors escaping to the Poles. Say, gentlemen, that the koshevoi is not the traitor, that he is the best of us all."

The deputies bowed to their girdles before Tugai Bey, who chewed his sunflower seeds the whole time with the greatest indifference; then they bowed to Hmelnitski and the koshevoi, and went out of the room.

After a while joyful shouts outside the windows announced that the deputies had accomplished their task.

"Long life to our koshevoi! long life to our koshevoi!" shouted hoarse voices, with such power that the walls of the building seemed to tremble to their foundations.

At the same time was heard the roar of guns and muskets. The deputies returned and took their seats again in the corner of the room.

"Gentlemen," said Hmelnitski, after quiet had come in some degree outside the windows, "you have decided wisely that the koshevoi is a just man. But if the koshevoi is not a traitor, who is the traitor? Who has friends among the Poles, with whom do they come to an understanding, to whom do they write letters, to whom do they confide the person of an envoy? Who is the traitor?"

While saying this, Hmelnitski raised his voice more and more, and directed his ominous looks toward Tatarchuk and young Barabash, as if he wished to point them out expressly.

A murmur rose in the room; a number of voices began to cry, "Barabash and Tatarchuk!" Some of the kuren atamans

stood up in their places, and among the deputies was heard the cry, "To destruction !"

Tatarchuk grew pale, and young Barabash began to look with astonished eyes at those present. His slow mind struggled for a time to discover what was laid to his charge ; at length he said :—

"The dog won't eat meat !"

Then he burst out into idiotic laughter, and after him others. And all at once the majority of the kuren atamans began to laugh wildly, not knowing themselves why. From outside the windows came shouts, louder and louder ; it was evident that liquor had begun to heat their brains. The sound of the human wave rose higher and higher.

But Anton Tatarchuk rose to his feet, and turning to Hmelnitski, began to speak :—

"What have I done to you, most worthy *hetman* of the Zaporojie, that you insist on my death ? In what am I guilty before you ? The commissioner Zatsvilikhovski has written a letter to me,—what of that ? So has the prince written to the *koshevoi*. Have I received a letter ? No ! And if I had received it, what should I do with it ? I should go to the secretary and ask to have it read ; for I do not know how to write or to read. And you would always know what was in the letter. The Pole I don't know by sight. Am I a traitor, then ? Oh, brother Zaporojians ! Tatarchuk went with you to the Crimea ; when you went to Wallachia, he went to Wallachia ; when you went to Smolensk, he went to Smolensk,—he fought with you, brave men, lived with you, and shed his blood with you, was dying of hunger with you ; so he is not a Pole, not a traitor, but a Cossack,—your own brother ; and if the *hetman* insists on his death, let the *hetman* say why he insists. What have I done to him ? In what have I shown my falsehood ? And do you, brothers, be merciful, and judge justly."

"Tatarchuk is a brave fellow ! Tatarchuk is a good man !" answered several voices.

"You, Tatarchuk, are a brave fellow," said Hmelnitski ; "and I do not persecute you, for you are my friend, and not a Pole,—a Cossack, our brother. If a Pole were the traitor, then I should not be grieved, should not weep ; but if a brave fellow is the traitor, my friend the traitor, then my heart is heavy, and I am grieved. Since you were in the Crimea and in Wallachia and at Smolensk, then the offense is the greater ;

because now you were ready to inform the Poles of the readiness and wishes of the Zaporojian army. The Poles wrote to you to make it easy for their man to get what he wanted ; and tell me, worthy atamans, what could a Pole want ? Is it not my death and the death of my good friend Tugai Bey ? Is it not the destruction of the Zaporojian army ? Therefore you, Tatarchuk, are guilty ; and you cannot show anything else. And to Barabash his uncle the colonel of Cherkasi wrote,—his uncle, a friend to Chaplinski, a friend to the Poles, who secreted in his house the charter of rights, so the Zaporojian army should not obtain it. Since it is this way,—and I swear, as God lives, that it is no other way,—you are both guilty ; and now beg mercy of the atamans, and I will beg with you, though your guilt is heavy and your treason clear.”

From outside the windows came, not a sound and a murmur, but as it were the roar of a storm. The Brotherhood wished to know what was doing in the council room, and sent a new deputation.

Tatarchuk felt that he was lost. He remembered that the week before he had spoken in the midst of the atamans against giving the baton to Hmelnitski, and against an alliance with the Tartars. Cold drops of sweat came out on his forehead ; he understood that there was no rescue for him now. As to young Barabash, it was clear that in destroying him Hmelnitski wished to avenge himself on the old colonel of Cherkasi, who loved his nephew deeply. Still Tatarchuk did not wish to die. He would not have paled before the saber, the bullet, or the stake ; but a death such as that which awaited him pierced him to the marrow of his bones. Therefore, taking advantage of a moment of quiet which reigned after the words of Hmelnitski, he screamed in a terrified voice :—

“In the name of Christ, brother atamans, dear friends, do not destroy an innocent man ! I have not seen the Pole, I have not spoken with him ! Have mercy on me, brothers ! I do not know what the Pole wanted of me ; ask him yourselves ! I swear by Christ the Savior, the Holy Most Pure, Saint Nicholas the wonder-worker, by Michael the archangel, that you are destroying an innocent man !”

“Bring in the Pole !” shouted the chief inspector.

“The Pole this way ! the Pole this way !” shouted the kuren atamans.

Confusion began. Some rushed to the adjoining room in

which the prisoner was confined, to bring him before the council. Others approached Tatarchuk and Barabash with threats. Gladki, the ataman of the Mirgorod kuren, first cried, "To destruction!" The deputies repeated the cry. Chernota sprang to the door, opened it, and shouted to the assembled crowd:—

"Worthy Brotherhood, Tatarchuk is a traitor, Barabash is a traitor; destruction to them!"

The multitude answered with a fearful howl. Confusion continued in the council room; all the atamans rose from their places; some cried, "The Pole! the Pole!" others tried to allay the disturbance. But while this was going on the doors were thrown wide open before the weight of the crowd, and to the middle of the room rushed in a mass of men from the square outside. Terrible forms, drunk with rage, filled the space, seething, waving their hands, gnashing their teeth, and exhaling the smell of spirits. "Death to Tatarchuk, and Barabash to destruction! Give up the traitors! To the square with them!" shouted the drunken voices. "Strike! kill!" and hundreds of hands were stretched out in a moment toward the hapless victims.

Tatarchuk offered no resistance; he only groaned in terror. But young Barabash began to defend himself with desperate strength. He understood at last that they wanted to kill him. Terror, despair, and madness were seen on his face; foam covered his lips, and from his bosom came forth the roar of a wild beast. Twice he tore himself from the hands of his executioners, and twice their hands seized him by the shoulders, by the breast, by the beard and hair. He struggled, he bit, he belowed, he fell on the ground, and again rose up bleeding and terrible. His clothes were torn, his hair was pulled out of his head, an eye knocked out. At last, pressed to the wall, his arm was broken; then he fell. His executioners seized his feet, and dragged him with Tatarchuk to the square. There, by the light of tar barrels and the great fires, the final execution began. Several thousand people rushed upon the doomed men and tore them, howling and struggling among themselves to get at the victims. They were trampled under foot; bits of their bodies were torn away. The multitude struggled around them with that terrible convulsive motion of furious masses. For a moment bloody hands raised aloft two shapeless lumps, without the semblance of human form; then again

they were trampled upon the earth. Those standing farther away raised their voices to the sky,—some crying out to throw the victims into the water, others to beat them into a burning tar barrel. The drunken ones began to fight among themselves. In the frenzy two tubs of alcohol were set on fire, which lighted up the hellish scene with trembling blue flames; from heaven the moon looked down on it also,—the moon, calm, bright, and mild. In this way the Brotherhood punished its traitors.

In the council chamber, the moment the Cossacks dragged Tatarchuk and young Barabash through the doors there was quiet, and the atamans occupied their former places near the wall; for a prisoner was led forth from the adjoining closet.

The shade fell upon his face; in the half-light could be seen only the tall figure, with simple and haughty bearing, though with hands bound together. But Gladki threw a bundle of twigs on the fire, and in a moment a bright flame shot up and covered with a clear light the face of the prisoner, who turned to Hmelnitski.

When he saw him Hmelnitski started. The prisoner was Pan Yan.

Tugai Bey spat out husks of sunflower seeds, and muttered in Russian:—

“I know that Pole; he was in the Crimea.”

“Destruction to him!” cried Gladki.

“Destruction!” repeated Chernota.

Hmelnitski mastered his surprise, but turned his eyes to Gladki and Chernota, who under the influence of that glance grew quiet; then turning to the koshevoi, he said: “And I know him too.”

“Whence do you come?” asked the koshevoi of Pan Yan.

“I was coming with an embassy to you, koshevoi ataman, when robbers fell upon me at Hortitsa, and, in spite of customs observed among the wildest people, killed my men, and, regarding neither my office of envoy nor my birth, wounded me, insulted me, and brought me here as a prisoner; for which my lord, Prince Yeremi Vishnyevetski, will know how to demand of you account, koshevoi ataman.”

“And why did you dissemble? Why did you crush the head of a brave man? Why did you kill four times as many people as your own number? And you came with a letter to me to observe our preparations and report them to the Poles!

We know also that you had letters to traitors in the Zaporojian army, so as to plan with them the destruction of that whole army; therefore you will be received, not as an envoy, but as a traitor, and punished with justice."

"You deceive yourself, koshevoi, and you, self-styled hetman," said the lieutenant, turning to Hmelnitski. "If I brought letters, every envoy does the same when he goes to strange places; for he takes letters from acquaintances to acquaintances, so that through them he may have society. And I came here with a letter from the prince, not to contrive your destruction, but to restrain you from deeds which are an unendurable outrage to the Commonwealth, and which in the end will bring ruin on you and the whole Zaporojian army. For on whom do you raise your godless hands? Against whom do you, who call yourselves defenders of Christianity, form an alliance with Pagans? Against the king, against the nobility, and the whole Commonwealth. You therefore, not I, are traitors; and I tell you that unless you efface your crimes with obedience and humility, then woe to you! Are the times of Pavlyuk and Nalivaika so remote? Has their punishment left your memory? Remember, then, that the patience of the Commonwealth is exhausted, and the sword is hanging over your heads."

"Oh, you son of Satan!" shouted the koshevoi. "You bark to squeeze out and escape death; but your threatening and your Polish Latin won't help you."

Other atamans began to gnash their teeth and shake their sabers; but Skshetuski raised his head still higher, and said:—

"Do not think, atamans, that I fear death, or that I defend my life, or that I am exhibiting my innocence. Being a noble, I can be tried only by equals. Here I am standing, not before judges, but before bandits,—not before nobility, but before serfdom,—not before knighthood, but before barbarism; and I know well I shall not escape my death, with which you will fill the measure of your iniquity. Before me are death and torment; but behind me the power and vengeance of the Commonwealth, in presence of which you are all trembling."

Indeed the lofty stature, the grandeur of his speech, and the name of the Commonwealth made a deep impression. The atamans looked at one another in silence. After a while it seemed to them that not a prisoner, but the terrible messenger of a mighty people, was standing before them.

Tugai Bey murmured : "That is an angry Pole!"

"An angry Pole!" said Hmelnitski.

A violent knocking at the door stopped further conversation. On the square the remains of Tatarchuk and Barabash had been disposed of; and the Brotherhood sent a new deputation. A number of Cossacks, bloody, panting, covered with sweat, drunk, entered the room. They stood near the door, and stretching forth their hands still steaming with blood, began to speak.

"The Brotherhood bow to the elders," — here they bowed to their girdles, — "and ask that the Pole be given them to play with, as they played with Barabash and Tatarchuk."

"Let them have the Pole!" cried Chernota.

"No," cried others, "let them wait! He is an envoy!"

"To destruction with him!" answered a number of voices.

Then all were silent, waiting for the answer of the koshevoi and Hmelnitski.

"The Brotherhood ask; and if he is not given, they will take him themselves," said the deputies.

Skshetuski seemed lost beyond redemption, when Hmelnitski inclined to the ear of Tugai Bey and whispered: —

"He is your captive. The Tartars took him, he is yours. Will you let him be taken from you? He is a rich nobleman, and besides Prince Yeremi will ransom him with gold."

"Give up the Pole!" cried the Cossacks, with increasing violence.

Tugai Bey straightened himself in his seat and stood up. His countenance changed in a moment; his eyes dilated like the eyes of a wild cat, they began to flash fire. Suddenly he sprang like a tiger in front of the Cossacks who were demanding the prisoner.

"Be off, clowns, infidel dogs, slaves, pig eaters!" bellowed he, seizing by the beard two of the Zaporojians and pulling them with rage. "Be off, drunkards, brutes, foul reptiles! You have come to take my captive, but this is the way I'll treat you." So saying, he pulled some by the beard; at last he threw one down and began to stamp on him with his feet. "On your faces, slaves! I will send you into captivity, I will trample the whole Saitch under foot as I trample you! I will send it up in smoke, cover it with your carcasses."

The deputies drew back in fear; their terrible friend had shown what he could do.

And, wonderful thing in Bazaluk, there were only six thousand of the horde! It is true that behind them stood the Khan and all the power of the Crimea; but in the Saitech itself there were several thousand Cossacks besides those whom Hmelnitski had already sent to Tomakovka, — but still not one voice was raised in protest against Tugai Bey. It might be that the method with which the terrible murza had defended his captive was the only one practicable, and that it brought conviction at once to the Zaporojians, to whom the aid of the Tartars was at that time indispensable.

The deputation went out on the square, shouting to the crowd that they would not play with the Pole, for he was Tugai Bey's captive and Tugai Bey said he himself was wild! "He has pulled our beards!" cried they. On the square they began immediately to repeat: "Tugai Bey is wild!" "Is wild!" cry the crowd, plaintively, — "is wild, is wild!" In a few minutes a certain shrill voice began to sing near the fire: —

"Hei, hei!
Tugai Bey
Is wild, roaring wild.
Hei, hei!
Tugai Bey,
Don't get wild, my friend!"

Immediately thousands of voices repeated: "Hei, hei! Tugai Bey!" And at once rose one of those songs which afterward spread over the whole Ukraine, as if the wind had carried it, and was sung to the sound of lyre and teorban.

But suddenly the song was interrupted; for through the gates, from the side of Hassan Pasha, rushed a number of men, who broke through the crowd, shouting, "Out of the way! out of the way!" and hastened with all speed to the council house. The atamans were preparing to go out when these new guests fell into the room.

"A letter to the hetman!" shouted an old Cossack. "We are from Chigirin. We have rushed on night and day with the letter. Here it is!"

Hmelnitski took the letter from the hands of the Cossack, and began to read. Suddenly his face changed; he stopped the reading, and said with a piercing voice: —

"Atamans! The Grand Hetman Pototski sends his son Stephen with his army against us. War!"

In the room there rose a wonderful sound, — uncertain whether of joy or amazement. Hmelnitski stepped forward into the middle of the room, and put his hand on his hip ; his eyes flashed lightning, his voice was awful and commanding : —

“Atamans, to the kurens ! Fire the cannon from the tower ! Break the liquor barrels ! We march at daybreak to-morrow !”

From that moment the common council ceased, the rule of atamans and the preponderance of the Brotherhood were at an end. Hmelnitski assumed unlimited power. A little while before, through fear that his voice might not be obeyed, he was forced to destroy his opponents by artifice, and by artifice defend the prisoner. Now he was lord of life and death for them all.

So it was ever. Before and after expeditions, even if the hetman was chosen, the multitude still imposed its will on the atamans and the koshevoi, for whom opposition was coupled with danger. But when the campaign was declared, the Brotherhood became an army subject to military discipline, the atamans officers, and the hetman a dictator in command. Therefore, when they heard the orders of Hmelnitski, the atamans went at once to their kurens. The council was at an end.

Soon the roar of cannon from the gates leading from Hassan Pasha to the square of the Saitch shook the walls of the room, and spread with gloomy echoes through all Chertomelik, giving notice of war.

It opened also an epoch in the history of two peoples ; but that was unknown to the drunken Cossacks as well as to the Zaporojian hetman himself.

ZAGLOBA AND HELENA.

Helena was wakened by the barking of dogs. Opening her eyes, she saw in the distance before her a great shady oak, an inclosure, and a well sweep. She roused her companion at once : “Oh, wake up !”

Zagloba opened his eyes. “What is this ? Where are we ?”
“I don’t know.”

“Wait a moment ! This is a Cossack wintering place.”

“So it appears to me.”

“Herdsmen live here, no doubt. Not too pleasant company ! And these dogs howl as if wolves had bitten them.

There are horses and men at the inclosure. No help for it; we must ride up to them, lest they pursue us if we pass. You must have been asleep."

"I was."

"One, two, three, four horses saddled, — four men there at the inclosure. Well, that is no great force. True, they are herdsmen. They are doing something in a hurry. Hallo there, men, come this way!"

The four Cossacks approached immediately. They were, in fact, herders who watched horses in the steppe during the summer. Zagloba noticed at once that only one of them had a saber and a gun. The other three were armed with horse jaws fastened to staves, but he knew that such herdsmen were often dangerous to travelers.

When all four approached, they gazed from under their brows at the newcomers; in their bronzed faces could not be found the least trace of welcome. "What do you want?" asked they, without removing their caps.

"Glory to God!" said Zagloba.

"For the ages of ages! What do you want?"

"Is it far to Syrovati?"

"We don't know of any Syrovati."

"And what is this place called?"

"Gusla."

"Give our horses water."

"We have no water; it is dried up. But where do you ride from?"

"From Krivaya Rudá."

"Where are you going?"

"To Chigirin."

The herdsmen looked at one another. One of them, black as a bug and crooked-eyed, began to gaze intently at Zagloba. At last he asked: "Why did you leave the high-way?"

"It was hot there."

The crooked-eyed man put his hand on the reins of Zagloba's horse: "Come down from the horse, come down! You have nothing to go to Chigirin for."

"How so?" asked Zagloba, quietly.

"Do you see that young fellow there?" asked crooked-eye, pointing to one of the herdsmen.

"I do."

"He has come from Chigirin. They are slaughtering Poles there."

"And do you know, fellow, who is following us to Chigirin?"

"Who?"

"Prince Yeremi."

The insolent face of the herdsman dropped in a moment. All, as if by command, removed their caps.

"Do you know, you trash!" continued Zagloba, "what the Poles do to those who slaughter? They hang them. And do you know how many men Prince Yeremi has, and do you know that he is no farther than two or three miles from here? And how have you received us, you dog souls! What stuff you tell!—the well is dried up, you have no water for horses! Ah, basilisks! I'll show you!"

"Oh, don't be angry, Pan! The well is dried up. We go to the Kagamlik with our horses, and bring water for ourselves. But say the word and we will run for water."

"Oh, I can get on without you! I will go with my attendant. Where is the Kagamlik?" inquired he, sternly.

"About a mile and a quarter from here," said the crooked-eyed man, pointing to a line of reeds.

"And must I return this way, or can I go along the bank?"

"Go by the bank. The river turns to the road about a mile from here."

"Dash ahead, young man!" said Zagloba, turning to Helena. The pretended youth turned his horse and galloped on.

"Listen!" said Zagloba, turning to the herdsman. "If the vanguard comes up, say that I went to the road along the river."

"I will."

A quarter of an hour later Zagloba was riding again by the side of Helena.

"I invented the prince for them in season," said he, blinking with his cataract-covered eye. "Now they will stay all day waiting for the vanguard. They shuddered at the mere name of the prince."

"I see you have such ready wit that you will save us from every trouble," said Helena, "and I thank God for sending me such a guardian."

These words went to the heart of the noble. He smiled, stroked his beard, and said:—

"Well, hasn't Zagloba a head on his shoulders? Cunning

as Ulysses ! and I must tell you, had it not been for that cunning, the crows would have eaten me long ago. Can't help it, I must save myself. They believed easily that the prince was coming, for it is probable that he will appear to-morrow or next day in this neighborhood with a fiery sword like an archangel. And if he should only strike Bogun somewhere on the road, I would make a vow to walk barefoot to Chenstokhova. Even if those herdsmen did not believe, the very mention of the power of the prince was enough to restrain them from attacks on our lives. Still I tell you that their impudence is no good sign to us, for it means that the peasants here have heard of the victories of Hmelnitski, and will become more and more insolent every moment. We must keep therefore to the waste places and visit few villages, for they are dangerous. We have got into such a snare that, as I live, it would be hard to invent a worse one."

Alarm again seized Helena. Wishing to get some word of hope from Zagloba, she said : " But you will save me and yourself this time ? "

" Of course," said the old fox ; " the head is given to think about the body. I have become so attached to you that I will struggle for you as for my own daughter. But, to tell the truth, the worst is that we don't know where to take refuge, for Zólotonosha is no safe asylum."

" I know surely that my cousins are there."

" They are, or they are not ; they may have left there and returned to Rozlogi by a different road from the one we are traveling. I count more on the garrison, if there is only half a regiment in the castle. But here is the Kagamlik and plenty of reeds. We will cross to the other side, and instead of going with the current toward the road, we will go upstream to elude pursuit. It is true that we shall go toward Rozlogi, but not far."

" We shall approach Brovarki," said Helena, " from which there is a road to Zólotonosha."

" That is better. Stop your horse ! "

They watered the horses. Zagloba, leaving Helena carefully hidden in the reeds, went to look for a ford. He found one easily, for it was only a few yards from the place to which they had come, — just where the herdsmen used to drive their horses through the river, which was shallow enough, but the bank was inconvenient because overgrown with reeds and soft.

When they had crossed the river they hurried upstream and rode without resting till night. The road was bad; for the Kagamlik had many tributary streams, which spreading out toward the mouth formed swamps and soft places. Every little while it was necessary to look for fords, or to push through reeds difficult of passage for mounted travelers. The horses were tired and barely able to drag their legs along; at times they stumbled so badly that it seemed to Zagloba they could hold out no longer. At last they came out on a lofty dry bank covered with oaks. But it was night already, and very dark. Further movement was impossible, for in the darkness it was easy to stumble into deep swamps and perish. Zagloba therefore decided to wait till morning.

He unsaddled the horses, fettered and let them out to graze; then he gathered leaves for a bed, spread the saddlecloths over them, and covering both with a burka, said to Helena:—

“Lie down and sleep, for you have nothing better to do. The dew will wash your eyes, and that is good. I will put my head on the saddle too, for I don’t feel a bone in my body. We will not make a fire, for the light would attract herdsmen. The night is short, and we will move on at daybreak. We doubled on our tracks like hares, not advancing much, it is true; but we have so hidden the trail that the devil who finds us will puff. Good night!”

“Good night!”

The slender young Cossack knelt down and prayed long with eyes raised to the stars. Zagloba took the saddle on his shoulders and carried it to some distance, where he sought out a place to sleep. The bank was well chosen for a halting place; it was high and dry, also free from mosquitoes. The thick leaves of the oak trees might furnish a passable protection from rain.

Helena could not sleep for a long time. The events of the past night rose at once in her memory as vividly as life. In the darkness appeared the faces of her murdered aunt and cousins. It seemed to her that she was shut up in the chamber with their bodies, and that Bogun would come in a moment. She saw his pale face and his dark sable brows contracted with pain, and his eyes fixed upon her. Unspeakable terror seized her. But will she really see on a sudden through the darkness around her two gleaming eyes?

The moon, looking for a moment from behind the clouds,

whitened with a few rays the oaks, and lent fantastic forms to the stumps and branches. Land rails called in the meadows, and quails in the steppes; at times certain strange and distant cries of birds or beasts of the night came to them. Nearer was heard the snorting of their horses, who eating the grass and jumping in their fetters went farther and farther from the sleepers. But all those sounds quieted Helena, for they dissipated the fantastic visions and brought her to reality; told her that that chamber which was continually present before her eyes, and those corpses of her friends, and that pale Bogun, with vengeance in his looks, were an illusion of the senses, a whim of fear, nothing more. A few days before, the thought of such a night under the open sky in the desert would have frightened her to death; now, to gain rest, she was obliged to remember that she was really on the bank of the Kagamlik, and far from home.

The voices of the quails and land rails lulled her to sleep. The stars twinkled whenever the breeze moved the branches, the beetles sounded in the oak leaves; she fell asleep at last. But nights in the desert have their surprises too. Day was already breaking, when from a distance terrible noises came to Helena's ears,—howling, snorting, later a squeal so full of pain and terror that the blood stopped in her veins. She sprang to her feet, covered with cold sweat, terror-stricken, and not knowing what to do. Suddenly Zagloba shot past her. He rushed without a cap, in the direction of the cry, pistol in hand. After a while his voice was heard: "U-ha! u-ha!" a pistol shot, then all was silent. It seemed to Helena as if she had waited an age. At last she heard Zagloba below the bank.

"May the dogs devour you, may your skins be torn off, may the Jews wear you in their collars!"

Genuine despair was in the voice of Zagloba.

"What has happened?" inquired Helena.

"The wolves have eaten our horses."

"Jesus, Mary! both of them?"

"One is eaten, the other is maimed so that he cannot stand. They didn't go more than three hundred yards, and are lost."

"What shall we do now?"

"What shall we do? Whittle out sticks for ourselves and sit on them. Do I know what we shall do? Here is pure despair. I tell you, the devil has surely got after us, — which

is not to be wondered at, for he must be a friend of Bogun, or his blood relation. What are we to do? May I turn into a horse if I know, — you would then at least have something to ride on. I am a scoundrel if ever I have been in such a fix.”

“Let us go on foot.”

“It is well for your ladyship to travel in peasant fashion, with your twenty years, but not for me with my circumference. I speak incorrectly, though, for here any clown can have a nag, only dogs travel on foot. Pure despair, as God is kind to me! Of course we shall not sit here, we shall walk on directly; but when we are to reach Zólotonosha is unknown to me. If it is not pleasant to flee on horseback, it is sorest of all on foot. Now the worst thing possible has happened to us. We must leave the saddles and carry on our own shoulders whatever we put between our lips.”

“I will not allow you to carry the burden alone; I too will carry whatever is necessary.”

Zagloba was pleased to see such resolution in Helena.

“I should be either a Turk or a Pagan to permit you. Those white hands and slender shoulders are not for burdens. With God’s help I will manage; only I must rest frequently, for, always too abstemious in eating and drinking, I have short breath now. Let us take the saddlecloths to sleep on and some provisions; but there will not be much of them, since we shall have to strengthen ourselves directly.”

Straightway they began the strengthening, during which Pan Zagloba, abandoning his boasted abstemiousness, busied himself about long breath. Near midday they reached a ford through which men and wagons passed from time to time, for on both banks there were marks of wheels and horses’ tracks.

“Maybe that is the road to Zólotonosha.”

“There is no one to ask.”

Zagloba had barely stopped speaking, when voices reached their ears from a distance.

“Wait!” whispered Zagloba, “we must hide.”

The voices continued to approach them.

“Do you see anything?” inquired Helena.

“I do.”

“Who are coming?”

“A blind old man with a lyre. A youth is leading him. Now they are taking off their boots. They will come to us through the river.”

After a time the splashing water indicated that they were really crossing. Zagloba and Helena came out of the hiding place.

"Glory be to God!" said the noble, aloud.

"For the ages of ages!" answered the old man. "But who are you?"

"Christians. Don't be afraid, grandfather!"

"May Saint Nicholas give you health and happiness!"

"And where are you coming from, grandfather?"

"From Brovarki."

"And where does this road lead to?"

"Oh, to farmhouses and villages."

"It doesn't go to Zólotonosha?"

"Maybe it does."

"Is it long since you left Brovarki?"

"Yesterday morning."

"And were you in Rozlogi?"

"Yes. But they say that the knights came there, that there was a battle."

"Who said that?"

"Oh, they said so in Brovarki. One of the servants of the princess came, and what he told was terrible!"

"And you didn't see him?"

"I? I see no man, I am blind."

"And this youth?"

"He sees, but he is dumb. I am the only one who understands him."

"Is it far from here to Rozlogi, for we are going there?"

"Oh, it is far!"

"You say, then, that you were in Rozlogi?"

"Yes, we were."

"So!" said Zagloba; and suddenly he seized the youth by the shoulder. "Ha! scoundrels, criminals, thieves! you are going around as spies, rousing the serfs to rebellion. Here, Fedor, Oleksa, Maksim, take them, strip them naked, and hang or drown them; beat them, — they are rebels, spies, — beat, kill them!"

He began to pull the youth about and to shake him roughly, shouting louder and louder every moment. The old man threw himself on his knees, begging for mercy; the youth uttered sounds of terror peculiar to the dumb, and Helena looked with astonishment at the attack.

"What are you doing?" inquired she, not believing her own eyes.

But Zagloba shouted, cursed, moved hell, summoned all the miseries, misfortunes, and diseases, threatened with every manner of torment and death.

The princess thought that his mind had failed.

"Go away!" cried he to her; "it is not proper for you to see what is going to take place here. Go away, I tell you!"

He turned to the old man. "Take off your clothes, you clown! If you don't, I'll cut you to pieces."

When he had thrown the youth to the ground Zagloba began to strip him with his own hands. The old man, frightened, dropped his lyre, his bag, and his coat as quickly as he could.

"Throw off everything or you will be killed!" shouted Zagloba.

The old man began to take off his shirt.

Helena, seeing whither matters were tending, hurried away, and as she fled she heard the curses of Zagloba.

After she had gone some distance she stopped, not knowing what to do. Near by was the trunk of a tree thrown down by the wind; she sat on this and waited. The noises of the dumb youth, the groans of the old man, and the uproar of Zagloba came to her ears.

At last all was silent save the twittering of birds and the rustle of leaves. After a time the heavy steps of a man panting were heard. It was Zagloba. On his shoulders he carried the clothing stripped from the old man and the youth, in his hands two pairs of boots and a lyre. When he came near he began to wink with his sound eye, to smile, and to puff. He was evidently in perfect humor.

"No herald in a court would have shouted as I have," said he, "until I am hoarse; but I have got what I wanted. I let them go naked as their mother bore them. If the Sultan doesn't make me a pasha, or hospodar of Wallachia, he is a thankless fellow, for I have made two Turkish saints. Oh, the scoundrels! they begged me to leave them at least their shirts. I told them they ought to be grateful that I left them their lives. And see here, young lady! Everything is new, — the coats and the boots and the shirts. There must be nice order in that Commonwealth, in which trash dress so richly. But they were at a festival in Brovarki, where they collected no small amount of money and bought everything new at the fair. Not a single

noble will plow out so much in this country as a minstrel will beg. Therefore I abandon my career as a knight, and will strip grandfathers on the highway, for I see that in this manner I shall arrive at fortune more quickly."

"For what purpose did you do that?" asked Helena.

"Just wait a minute, and I will show you for what purpose."

Saying this, he took half the plundered clothing and went into the reeds which covered the bank. After a time the sounds of a lyre were heard in the rushes, and there appeared, not Pan Zagloba, but a real "grandfather" of the Ukraine, with a cataract on one eye and a gray beard. The "grandfather" approached Helena, singing with a hoarse voice:—

"Oh, bright falcon, my own brother,
High dost thou soar,
And far dost thou fly!"

The princess clapped her hands, and for the first time since her flight from Rozlogi a smile brightened her beautiful face.

"If I did not know that it was you, I should never have recognized you."

"Well," said Zagloba, "I know you have not seen a better mask at a festival. I looked into the Kagamlik myself; and if ever I have seen a better-looking grandfather, then hang me. As for songs, I have no lack of them. What do you prefer? Maybe you would like to hear of Marusia Boguslava, of Bondarivna, or the death of Sierpahova; I can give you that. I am a rogue if I can't get a crust of bread among the worst knaves that exist."

"Now I understand your action, why you stripped the clothing from those poor creatures,—because it is safer to go over the road in disguise."

"Of course," said Zagloba; "and what do you suppose? Here, east of the Dnieper, the people are worse than anywhere else; and now when they hear of the war with the Zaporojians, and the victories of Hmel'nitski, no power will keep them from rebellion. You saw those herdsmen who wanted to get our skins. If the hetmans do not put down Hmel'nitski at once, the whole country will be on fire in two or three days, and how should I take you through bands of peasants in rebellion? And if you had to fall into their hands, you would better have remained in Bogun's."

"That cannot be ! I prefer death," interrupted Helena.

"But I prefer life ; for death is a thing from which you cannot rise by any wit. I think, however, that God sent us this old man and the youth. I frightened them with the prince and his whole army as I did the herdsmen. They will sit in the reeds naked for three days from terror, and by that time we shall reach Zólotonosha in disguise somehow. We shall find your cousins and efficient aid ; if not, we will go farther to the hetmans, — and all this in safety, for grandfathers have no fear of peasants and Cossacks. We might take our heads in safety through Hmelnitski's camp. But we have to avoid the Tartars, for they would take you as a youth into captivity."

"Then must I too disguise myself?"

"Yes ; throw off your Cossack clothes, and disguise yourself as a peasant youth, — though you are rather comely to be a clodhopper's child, as I am to be a grandfather ; but that is nothing. The wind will tan your face, and my stomach will fall in from walking. I shall sweat away all my thickness. When the Wallachians burned out my eye, I thought that an absolutely awful thing had come upon me ; but now I see it is really an advantage, for a grandfather not blind would be suspected. You will lead me by the hand, and call me Onufri, for that is my minstrel name. Now dress up as quickly as you can, since it is time for the road, which will be so long for us on foot."

Zagloba went aside, and Helena began at once to array herself as a minstrel boy. Having washed in the river, she cast aside the Cossack coat, and took the peasant's svitka, straw hat, and knapsack. Fortunately the youth stripped by Zagloba was tall, so that everything fitted Helena well.

Zagloba, returning, examined her carefully, and said : —

"God save me ! more than one knight would willingly lay aside his armor if he only had such an attendant as you ; and I know one hussar who would certainly. But we must do something with that hair. I saw handsome boys in Stamboul, but never one so handsome as you are."

"God grant my beauty may work no ill for me !" said Helena. But she smiled ; for her woman's ear was tickled by Zagloba's praise.

"Beauty never turns out ill, and I will give you an example of this ; for when the Turks in Galáts burned out one of my

eyes, and wanted to burn out the other, the wife of the Pasha saved me on account of my extraordinary beauty, the remnants of which you may see even yet."

"But you said that the Wallachians burned your eye out."

"They were Wallachians, but had become Turks, and were serving the Pasha in Galáts."

"They didn't burn even one of your eyes out."

"But from the heated iron a cataract grew on it. It's all the same. What do you wish to do with your tresses?"

"What! I must cut them off?"

"You must. But how?"

"With your saber."

"It is well to cut a head off with this sword, but hair—I don't know how."

"Well, I will sit by that log and put my hair across it, you can strike and cut it off; but don't cut my head off!"

"Oh, never fear! More than once have I shot the wick from candles when I was drunk, without cutting the candle. I will do no harm to you, although this act is the first of its kind in my life."

Helena sat near the log, and throwing her heavy dark hair across it, raised her eyes to Zagloba. "I am ready," said she; "cut!"

She smiled somewhat sadly; for she was sorry for those tresses, which near the head could hardly be clasped by two hands. Zagloba had a sort of awkward feeling. He went around the trunk to cut more conveniently, and muttered:—

"Pshaw, pshaw! I would rather be a barber and cut Cossack tufts. I seem to be an executioner going to my work; for it is known to you that they cut the hair off witches, so that the devils shouldn't hide in it and weaken the power of torture. But you are not a witch; therefore this act seems disgraceful to me,—for which if Pan Skshetuski does not cut my ears, then I'll pay him. Upon my word, shivers are going along my arm. At least, close your eyes!"

"All ready!" said Helena.

Zagloba straightened up, as if rising in his stirrups for a blow. The metallic blade whistled in the air, and that moment the dark tresses slipped down along the smooth bark to the ground.

"All over!" said Zagloba, in his turn.

Helena sprang up, and immediately the short-cut hair fell

in a dark circle around her face, on which blushes of shame were beating,—for at that period the cutting of a maiden's hair was considered a great disgrace; therefore it was on her part a grievous sacrifice, which she could make only in case of extreme necessity. In fact, tears came to her eyes; and Zagloba, angry at himself, made no attempt to comfort her.

"It seems to me that I have ventured on something dishonorable, and I repeat to you that Pan Skshetuski, if he is a worthy cavalier, is bound to cut my ears off. But it could not be avoided, for your sex would have been discovered at once. Now at least we can go on with confidence. I inquired of the old man too about the road, holding a dagger to his throat. According to what he said, we shall see three oaks in the steppe; near them is the Wolf's Ravine, and along the ravine lies the road through Demiánovka to Zólotonosha. He said that wagoners go by the road, and it would be possible to sit with them in the wagons. You and I are passing through a grievous time, which I shall ever remember; for now we must part with the saber, since it befits neither the minstrel nor his boy to have marks of nobility about their persons. I will push it under this tree. God may permit me to find it here some other day. Many an expedition has this saber seen, and it has been the cause of great victories. Believe me, I should be commander of an army now were it not for the envy and malice of men who accused me of a love for strong drinks. So is it always in the world,—no justice in anything! When I was not rushing into destruction like a fool, and knew how to unite prudence with valor like a second Cunctator, Pan Zatsvilikhovski was the first to say that I was a coward. He is a good man, but he has an evil tongue. The other day he gnawed at me because I played brother with the Cossacks; but had it not been for that you would not have escaped the power of Bogun."

While talking, Zagloba thrust the saber under the tree, covered it with plants and grass, then threw the bag and lyre over his shoulder, took the staff pointed with flint stones, waved his hands a couple of times, and said:—

"Well, this is not bad. I can strike a light in the eyes of some dog or wolf with this staff and count his teeth. The worst of all is that we must walk; but there is no help. Come!"

They went on,—the dark-haired youth in front, the old man following. The latter grunted and cursed; for it was hot

for him to travel on foot, though a breeze passed over the steppe. The breeze burned and tanned the face of the handsome boy. Soon they came to the ravine, at the bottom of which was a spring which distilled its pure waters into the Kagamlik. Around that ravine not far from the river three strong oaks were growing on a mound; to these our wayfarers turned at once. They came also upon traces of the road, which looked yellow along the steppe from flowers which were growing on droppings of cattle. The road was deserted; there were neither teamsters, nor far spots on the ground, nor gray oxen slowly moving. But here and there lay the bones of cattle torn to pieces by wolves and whitening in the sun. The wayfarers went on steadily, resting only under the shade of oak groves. The dark-haired boy lay down to slumber on the green turf, and the old man watched. They passed through streams also; and when there was no ford they searched for one, walking for a distance along the shore. Sometimes, too, the old man carried the boy over in his arms, with a power that was wonderful in a man who begged his bread. But he was a sturdy minstrel! Thus they dragged on till evening, when the boy sat down by the wayside at an oak forest and said:—

“My breath is gone, I have spent my strength; I can walk no farther, I will lie down here and die.”

The old man was terribly distressed. “Oh, these cursed wastes, — not a house nor a cottage by the roadside, nor a living soul! But we cannot spend the night here. Evening is already falling, it will be dark in an hour, — and just listen!”

The old man stopped speaking, and for a while there was deep silence. But it was soon broken by a distant dismal sound which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth; it did really come from the ravine, which lay not far from the road.

“Those are wolves,” said Zagloba. “Last night we had horses, — they ate them; this time they will get at our own persons. I have, it is true, a pistol under my svitka; but I don’t know whether my powder would hold out for two charges, and I should not like to be the supper at a wolf’s wedding. Listen! Another howl!”

The howling was heard again, and appeared to be nearer.

“Rise, my child!” said the old man; “and if you are unable to walk, I will carry you. What’s to be done? I see that I have a great affection for you, which is surely because living in a wifeless condition I am unable to leave legitimate

descendants of my own ; and if I have illegitimate they are heathen, for I lived a long time in Turkey. With me ends the family of Zagloba, with its escutcheon 'In the Forehead.' You will take care of my old age, but now you must get up and sit on my shoulders."

"My feet have grown so heavy that I cannot move."

"You were boasting of your strength. But stop! stop! As God is dear to me, I hear the barking of dogs. That's it. Those are dogs, not wolves. Then Demiánovka, of which the old minstrel told me, must be near. Praise be to God in the highest! I had thought not to make a fire on account of the wolves ; for we should have surely gone to sleep, we are so tired. Yes, they are dogs. Do you hear?"

"Let us go on," said Helena, whose strength returned suddenly.

They had barely come out of the wood when smoke from a number of cottages appeared at no great distance. They saw also three domes of a church, covered with fresh shingles, which shone yet in the dusk from the last gleams of the evening twilight. The barking of dogs seemed nearer, more distinct each moment.

"Yes, that is Demiánovka ; it cannot be another place," said Zagloba. "They receive minstrels hospitably everywhere ; maybe we shall find supper and lodging, and perhaps good people will take us farther. Wait a moment! this is one of the prince's villages ; there must be an agent living in it. We will rest and get news. The prince must be already on the way. Rescue may come sooner than you expect. Remember that you are a mute. I began at the wrong end when I told you to call me Onufri, for since you are a mute you cannot call me anything. I shall speak for you and for myself, and, praise be to God! I can use peasants' speech as well as Latin. Move on, move on! Now the first cottage is near. My God! when will our wanderings come to an end? If we could get some warmed beer, I should praise the Lord God for even that."

Zagloba ceased, and for a time they went on in silence together ; then he began to talk again.

"Remember that you are dumb. When they ask you about anything, point to me and say, 'Hum, hum, hum! niyá, niyá!' I have seen that you have much wit, and besides, it is a question of our lives. If we should chance on a regiment belonging to the hetmans or the prince, then we would tell who we

are at once, especially if the officer is courteous and an acquaintance of Pan Skshetuski. It is true that you are under the guardianship of the prince, and you have nothing to fear from soldiers. Oh ! what fires are those bursting out in the glen ? Ah, there are blacksmiths — there is a forge ! But I see there is no small number of people at it. Let us go there.”

In the cleft which formed the entrance to the ravine there was a forge, from the chimney of which bundles and bunches of golden sparks were thrown out; and through the open doors and numerous chinks in the walls sparkling light burst forth, intercepted from moment to moment by dark forms moving around inside. In front of the forge were to be seen in the evening twilight a number of dark forms standing together in knots. The hammers in the forge beat in time, till the echo was heard all about ; and the sound was mingled with songs in front of the forge, with the buzz of conversation and the barking of dogs. Seeing all this, Zagloba turned immediately into the ravine, touched his lyre, and began to sing:—

“Hei ! on the mountain
Reapers are seen,
Under the mountain,
The mountain green,
Cossacks are marching on.”

Singing thus, he approached the crowd of people standing in front of the forge. He looked around. They were peasants, for the most part drunk. Nearly all of them had sticks in their hands ; on some of these sticks were scythes, double-edged and pointed. The blacksmiths in the forge were occupied specially in the making of these points and the bending of the scythes.

“Ah, grandfather ! grandfather !” they began to call out in the crowd.

“Glory be to God !” said Zagloba.

“For the ages of ages !”

“Tell me, children, is this Demiánovka ?”

“Yes, it is Demiánovka. But why do you ask ?”

“I ask because men told me on the way,” continued the grandfather, “that good people dwell here, that they will take in the old man, give him food and drink, let him spend the night, and give him some money. I am old ; I have traveled a long road, and this boy here cannot go a step farther. He,

poor fellow, is dumb ; he leads me because I am sightless. I am a blind unfortunate. God will bless you, kind people. Saint Nicholas, the wonder-worker, will bless you. Saint Onufri will bless you. In one eye there is a little of God's light left me ; in the other it is dark forever. So I travel with my lyre. I sing songs, and I live like the birds on what falls from the hands of kind people."

"And where are you from, grandfather?"

"Oh, from afar, afar ! But let me rest, for I see here by the forge a bench. And sit down, poor creature !" said he, showing the bench to Helena. "We are from Ladava, good people, and left home long, long ago ; but to-day we come from the festival in Brovarki."

"And have you heard anything good there?" asked an old peasant with a scythe in his hand.

"We heard, we heard, but whether it is anything good we don't know. Many people have collected there. They spoke of Hmelnitski, — that he had conquered the hetman's son and his knights. We heard, too, that the peasants are rising against the nobles on the Russian bank."

Immediately the crowd surrounded Zagloba, who, sitting by Helena, struck the strings of the lyre from time to time.

"Then you heard, father, that the people are rising?"

"I did ; for wretched is our peasant lot."

"But they say there will be an end to it?"

"In Kieff they found on the altar a letter from Christ, saying there would be fearful and awful war and much blood-spilling in the whole Ukraine."

The half-circle in front of the bench on which Zagloba sat contracted still more.

"You say there was a letter?"

"There was, as I am alive. About war and the spilling of blood. But I cannot speak further, for the throat is dried up within me, poor old man !"

"Here is a measure of gorailka for you, father ; and tell us what you have heard in the world. We know that minstrels go everywhere and know everything. There have been some among us already. They said that the black hour would come from Hmelnitski on the lords. We had these scythes and pikes made for us, so as not to be the last ; but we don't know whether we should begin now or should wait for a letter from Hmelnitski."

Zagloba emptied the measure, smacked his lips, thought awhile, and then said: "Who tells you it is time to begin?"

"We want to begin ourselves."

"Begin! begin!" said numerous voices. "If the Zaporozhians have beaten the lords, then begin!"

The scythes and pikes quivered in strong hands, and gave out an ominous clatter. Then followed a moment of silence, but the hammers in the forge continued to beat. The future killers waited for what the old man would say. He thought and thought; at last he asked:—

"Whose people are you?"

"Prince Yeremi's."

"And whom will you kill?"

The peasants looked at one another.

"Him?" asked the old man.

"We couldn't manage him."

"Oh, you can't manage him, children, you can't manage him! I was in Lubni, and I saw that prince with my own eyes. He is awful! When he shouts the trees tremble in the woods, and when he stamps his foot a ravine is made. The king is afraid of him, the hetmans obey him, and all are terrified at him. He has more soldiers than the Khan or the Sultan. Oh, you can't manage him, children, you can't manage him! He is after you, not you after him. And I know what you don't know yet, that all the Poles will come to help him; and where there is a Pole, there is a saber."

Gloomy silence seized the crowd; the old man struck his lyre again, and raising his face toward the moon, continued:—

"The prince is coming, he is coming, and with him as many beautiful plumes and banners as there are stars in heaven or thistles on the steppe. The wind flies before him and groans; and do you know, my children, why the wind groans? It groans over your fate. Mother Death flies before him with a scythe, and strikes; and do you know what she strikes at? She strikes at your necks."

"O Lord, have mercy on us!" said low, terrified voices.

Again nothing was heard but the beating of hammers.

"Who is the prince's agent here?" asked the old man.

"Pan Gdeshinski."

"And where is he?"

"He ran away."

"Why did he run away?"

"He ran away, for he heard that they were making scythes and pikes for us. He got frightened and ran away."

"So much the worse, for he will tell the prince about you."

"Why do you croak, grandfather, like a raven?" asked an old peasant. "We believe that the black hour is coming on the lords; and there will be neither on the Russian nor Tartar bank lords or princes, — only Cossacks, free people; there will be neither land rent, nor barrel tax, nor mill tax, nor transport tax, nor any more Jews, for thus does it stand in the letter from Christ which you yourself spoke of. And Hmelnitski is as strong as the prince. Let them go at it!"

"God grant!" said the old man. "Oh, bitter is our peasant lot! It was different in old times."

"Who owns the land? The prince. Who owns the steppe? The prince. Who owns the woods? The prince. Who has the cattle? The prince. And in old times it was God's woods and God's steppe; whoever came first, took it, and was bound to no man. Now everything belongs to the lords and princes."

"All belongs to you, my children; but I tell you one thing you yourselves know, that you can't manage the prince here. I tell you this, — whoever wants to slay lords, let him not stay here till Hmelnitski has tried his hand on the prince, but let him be off to Hmelnitski, and right away, to-morrow, for the prince is on the road already. If Pan Gdeshinski brings him to Demiánovka, the prince won't leave one of you alive; he will kill the last man of you. Make your way to Hmelnitski. The more of you there, the easier for Hmelnitski to succeed. Oh, but he has heavy work before him! The hetmans in front of him, the armies of the king without number, and then the prince more powerful than the hetmans. Hurry on, children, to help Hmelnitski and the Zaporojians; for they, poor men, won't hold out unless you help, and they are fighting against the lords for your freedom and property. Hurry! You will save yourselves from the prince and you will help Hmelnitski."

"He speaks the truth!" cried voices in the crowd.

"He speaks well!"

"A wise grandfather!"

"Did you see the prince on the road?"

"See him I didn't, but I heard in Brovarki that he had left Lubni, that he is burning and slaying; and where he finds even one pike before him, he leaves only the sky and the earth behind."

"Lord, have mercy on us !"

"And where are we to look for Hmelnitski ?"

"I came here, children, to tell you where to look for Hmelnitski. Go, my children, to Zólotonosha, then to Trakhtimiroff, and there Hmelnitski will be waiting for you. There people are collecting from all the villages, houses, and cottages ; the Tartars will come there too. Go ! Unless you do, the prince will not leave you to walk over the earth."

"And you will go with us, father ?"

"Walk I will not, for the ground pulls down my old legs. But get ready a telega, and I will ride with you. Before we come to Zólotonosha I will go on ahead to see if there are Polish soldiers. If there are, we will pass by and go straight to Trakhtimiroff. That is a Cossack country. But now give me something to eat and drink, for I am hungry, and this lad here is hungry, too. We will start off in the morning, and along the road I will sing to you of Pan Pototski and Prince Yeremi. Oh, they are terrible lions ! There will be great bloodshed in the Ukraine. The sky is awfully red, and the moon just as if swimming in blood. Beg, children, for the mercy of God, for no one will walk long in God's world. I have heard also that vampires rise out of their graves and howl."

A vague terror seized the crowd of peasants ; they began to look around involuntarily, make the sign of the cross and whisper among themselves. At last one cried out : —

"To Zólotonosha !"

"To Zólotonosha !" repeated all, as if there in particular were refuge and safety.

"To Trakhtimiroff !"

"Death to the Poles and lords !"

All at once a young Cossack stepped forward, shook his pike, and cried : "Fathers, if we go to Zólotonosha to-morrow, we will go to the manager's house to-night."

"To the manager's house !" cried a number of voices at once.

"Burn it up ! take the goods !"

But the minstrel, who held his head drooping on his breast, raised it and said : —

"Oh, children, do not go to the manager's house, and do not burn it, or you will suffer. The prince may be close by, he is going along with his army ; he will see the fire, he will

come, and there will be trouble. Better give me something to eat and show me a place to rest. And do you keep your peace ! ”

“ He tells the truth ! ” said a number of voices.

“ He tells the truth, and, Maksim, you are a fool ! ”

“ Come, father, to my house for bread and salt and a cup of mead, and rest on the hay till daylight,” said an old peasant, turning to the minstrel.

Zagloba rose, and pulled the sleeve of Helena’s svitka. She was asleep.

“ The boy is tired to death ; he fell asleep under the very sound of the hammers,” said Zagloba. But in his soul he thought : “ Oh, sweet innocence, thou art able to sleep amidst pikes and knives ! It is clear that angels of heaven are guarding thee, and me in thy company.”

He roused her, and they went on toward the village, which lay at some distance. The night was calm and quiet ; the echo of the striking hammers followed them. The old peasant went ahead to show the way in the darkness ; and Zagloba, pretending to say his prayers, muttered in a monotone : —

“ O God, have mercy on us, sinners — Do you see, Princess — O Holy Most Pure — what would have happened to us without this peasant disguise ? — As it is on earth, so in heaven — We shall get something to eat, and to-morrow ride to Zóloto-nosha instead of going on foot — Amen, amen, amen ! — Bogun may come upon our tracks, for our tracks will not deceive him ; but it will be late, for we shall cross the Dnieper at Próhorovka — Amen ! — May black death choke them, may the hangman light their way ! Do you hear, Princess, how they are howling at the forge ? — Amen ! — Terrible times have come on us, but I am a fool if I don’t rescue you even if we have to flee to Warsaw itself.”

“ What are you muttering there, brother ? ” asked the peasant.

“ Oh, nothing ! I am praying for your health. Amen, amen ! ”

“ Here is my cottage.”

“ Glory be to God ! ”

“ For the ages of ages ! ”

“ I beg you to eat my bread and salt.”

“ God will reward you.”

A little later the minstrel had strengthened himself power-

fully with mutton and a good portion of mead. Next morning early, he moved on with his attendant lad, in a comfortable telega, toward Zólotonosha, escorted by a number of mounted peasants armed with pikes and scythes.

They went through Kovraiets, Chernobái, and Krapivna. The wayfarers saw that everything was seething; the peasants were arming at all points, the forges were working from morning till night, and only the terrible name and power of Prince Yeremi still restrained the bloody outburst. West of the Dnieper the tempest was let loose in all its fury. News of the defeat at Korsún had spread over all Russia with the speed of lightning, and every living soul was rushing forth.



LIBERTY OF PRINTING.

By JOHN MILTON.

(From the "Areopagitica.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 3226.]

UNLESS wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

Seeing therefore that those books, and those in great abun-

dance, which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine, cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning and of all ability in disputation; and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned, from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed; and that evil manners are as perfectly learned without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped, and evil doctrine not with books can propagate, except a teacher guide, which he might also do without writing and so beyond prohibiting, I am not able to unfold how this cautious enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate. Besides another inconvenience, if learned men be the first receivers out of books and dispreaders both of vice and error, how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves, above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness? And again, if it be true that a wise man like a good refiner can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading, we should, in the judgment of Aristotle not only, but of Solomon and of our Savior, not vouchsafe him good precepts, and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books, as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture.

'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity, and next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve, out of the grounds already laid, that to all men such books are not temptations nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want. The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the licensing that

sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive, which is what I promised to deliver next: that this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed, and hath almost prevented me by being clear already while thus much hath been explaining. See the ingenuity of Truth, who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her. It was the task which I began with, to show that no nation, or well-instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing; and it might be answered that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered; to which I return that, as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, so if it had been difficult to find out there wanted not among them long since who suggested such a course, which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgment, that it was not the not knowing, but the not approving, which was the cause of their not using it.

Plato, a man of high authority indeed, but least of all for his Commonwealth, in the book of his laws, which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy with making many edicts to his airy burgomasters, which they who otherwise admire him wish had been rather buried and excused in the genial cups of an academic night-sitting; by which laws he seems to tolerate no kind of learning but by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions, to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own Dialogues would be abundant. And there also enacts that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written, until the judges and law keepers had seen it and allowed it. But that Plato meant this law peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident. Why was he not else a lawgiver to himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates, both for the wanton epigrams and dialogues which he made, and his perpetual reading of Sophron Mimus and Aristophanes, books of grossest infamy, and also for commending the latter of them, though he were the malicious libeler of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant Dionysius, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place; and so neither he himself nor any magistrate or city ever imitated that course, which, taken apart from those

other collateral injunctions, must needs be vain and fruitless. For if they fell upon one kind of strictness, unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavor they knew would be but a fond labor : to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open.

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest ; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house ; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals, that whisper softness in chambers ? The windows also, and the balconies, must be thought on : there are shrewd books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale ; who shall prohibit them ? Shall twenty licensers ? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads, even to the bal-latry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadias and his Montemayors. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony ? Who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting ? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harbored ? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country ? who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further ? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company ?

These things will be, and must be ; but how they shall be less hurtful, how less enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a State. To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian polities, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition ; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this,

which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing, as will make us all both ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate ; but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the Commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute ; these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness, for certain, are the bane of a Commonwealth ; but here the great art lies to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to welldoing, what grammercy to be sober, just, or continent ?

Many there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues ! When God gave him reason, He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing ; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience or love or gift which is of force : God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his eyes ; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did He create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue ? They are not skillful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin ; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all in such a universal thing as books are ; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left : ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so ; such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point.

Suppose we could expel sin by this means ; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue ; for the matter of them both is the same ; remove that, and ye remove them

both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who though He command us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us even to a profuseness all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigor contrary to the manner of God and of Nature, by abridging or scanting those means which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth. It would be better done to learn that the law must needs be frivolous which goes to restrain things uncertainly and yet equally working to good and to evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious.

And albeit whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, traveling, or conversing, may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are, yet grant the thing to be prohibited were only books, it appears that this order hitherto is far insufficient to the end which it intends. Do we not see, not once or oftener, but weekly, that continued Court libel against the Parliament and City, printed, as the wet sheets can witness, and dispersed among us for all that licensing can do? Yet this is the prime service a man would think, wherein this order should give proof of itself. If it were executed, you'll say. But certain, if execution be remiss or blindfold now and in this particular, what will it be hereafter and in other books? If then the order shall not be vain and frustrate, behold a new labor, Lords and Commons! Ye must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged, after ye have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned and which not, and ordain that no foreign books be delivered out of custody till they have been read over. This office will require the whole time of not a few overseers, and those no vulgar men. There be also books which are partly useful and excellent, partly culpable and pernicious; this work will ask as many more officials to make expurgations and expunctions, that the commonwealth of learning be not damnified. In fine, when the multitude of books increase upon their hands, ye must be fain to catalogue all those printers who are found frequently offending, and forbid the importation of their whole suspected typography. In a word, that this ;

order may be exact, and not deficient, ye must reform it perfectly according to the model of Trent and Seville, which I know ye abhor to do. Yet though ye should condescend to this, which God forbid, the order still would be but fruitless and defective to that end whereto ye meant it. If to prevent sects and schisms, who is so unread or so uncatechised in story, that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance, and preserving their doctrine unmixed for many ages only by unwritten traditions? The Christian faith, for that was once a schism, is not unknown to have spread all over Asia ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing. If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitional rigor that hath been executed upon books.

Another reason, whereby to make it plain that this order will miss the end it seeks, consider by the quality which ought to be in every licenser. It cannot be denied but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious; there may be else no mean mistakes in the censure of what is passable or not, which is also no mean injury. If he be of such worth as behooves him, there cannot be a more tedious and displeasing journey work, a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets, oftentimes huge volumes. There is no book that is acceptable unless at certain seasons; but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times, and in a hand scarce legible, whereof three pages would not down at any time in the fairest print, is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time and his own studies, or is but of a sensible nostril, should be able to endure. In this one thing I crave leave of the present licensers to be pardoned for so thinking, who doubtless took this office up looking on it through their obedience to the Parliament, whose command perhaps made all things seem easy and unlaborious to them; but that this short trial hath wearied them out already, their own expressions and excuses to them who make so many journeys to solicit their license are testimony enough. Seeing therefore those who now possess the employment by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it, and that no man of worth, none that is not a

plain unthrift of his own hours, is ever likely to succeed them, except he mean to put himself to the salary of a press corrector, we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary. This is what I had to show wherein this order cannot conduce to that end whereof it bears the intention.

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities and distribute more equally Church revenues, that then all learning would be forever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy, nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind, then know that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferule to come under the fescue of an imprimatur? if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the Commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industri-

ous, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends ; after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that wrote before him ; if in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of book writing, and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers ; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book ? The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy ; so often then must the author trudge to his leave giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed, and many a jaunt will be made ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure ; meanwhile either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall.

And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction, of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humor which he calls his judgment ? when every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him : " I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist ; I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance ; who shall warrant me his judgment ? " " The State, sir," replies the stationer ; but has a quick return, " The State shall be my governors, but not my

critics ; they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author : this is some common stuff ; ” and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon, that such authorized books are but the language of the times. For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office and his commission enjoin him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already.

Nay, which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his lifetime and even to this day, come to their hands for license to be printed or reprinted, if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting with every low decrepit humor of their own, though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash ; the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser. And to what an author this violence hath been lately done, and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published, I could now instance, but shall forbear till a more convenient season. Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who have the remedy in their power, but that such iron molds as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly wise ; for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labors and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment, which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever ; much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares

as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and colters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges.

Had any one written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him, that he should never henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment. Whence to include the whole nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is; so much the more, whenas debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but inoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailer in their title. Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak estate of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser? That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend, whenas in those Popish places where the laity are most hated and despised, the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of license, nor that neither, whenas those corruptions which it seeks to prevent break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD HEATH.¹

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

(From "The Splendid Spur.")

[ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH, an English novelist and writer of short stories, was born in Cornwall, November 21, 1863. He is the eldest son of Thomas Quiller-Couch, and grandson of Jonathan Couch (1789-1870), a Cornish naturalist of some repute. From Clifton he went to Trinity College, Oxford, where he received a scholarship and distinguished himself by contributions to the *Oxford Magazine*. "Dead Man's Rock," a collection of short stories, appeared before its author had taken his degree. He removed to London and engaged in literary work and journalism until 1891, when he returned to Cornwall and established his residence at Fowey. Among his novels and short stories, dealing principally with Cornish life, may be mentioned: "The Astonishing History of Troy Town," "The Splendid Spur," "Naughts and Crosses," "The Blue Pavilions," "I Saw Three Ships," "The Delectable Duchy," and "The Wandering Heath."]

NIGHT came, and found us but midway between Temple and Launceston: for tho' my comrade stepp'd briskly beside me, 'twas useless to put Molly beyond a walk; and besides, the mare was new from her day's journey. This troubled me the less by reason of the moon (now almost at the full), and the extreme whiteness of the road underfoot, so that there was no fear of going astray. And Billy engaged that by sunrise we should be in sight of the King's troops.

"Nay, Jack," he said, when by signs I offered him to ride and tie: "never rode o' horseback but once, and then 'pon Parson Spinks his red mare at Bideford. Parson i' those days was courtin' the Widow Hambly, over to Torrington: an' I, that wanted to fare to Barnstaple, spent that mornin' an' better part o' th' afternoon, clawin' off Torrington. And th' end was the larboard halyards broke, an' the mare gybed, an' to Torrington I went before the wind, wi' an unseemly bloody nose. 'Lud!' cries the widow, 'tis the wrong man 'pon the right horse!' 'Pardon, mistress,' says I, 'the man is well enow, but 'pon the wrong horse, for sure.'"

Now and then, as we went, I would dismount and lead Molly by the bridle for a mile or so: and all the way to Launceston Billy was recounting his adventures since our parting. It appear'd that, after leaving me, they had come to Plymouth with a fair passage: but before they could unlade, had adver-

¹ From "The Splendid Spur," by A. T. Quiller Couch. By permission of Cassell & Co., Ltd. Price 6s.



JACK AND BILLY

(By permission of R. F. Fenno & Co.)

tisement of the Governor's design to seize all vessels then riding in the Sound, for purposes of war ; and so made a quick escape by night into Looe Haven, where they had the fortune to part with the best part of their cargo at a high profit. 'Twas while unlading here that Billy had a mind to pay a debt he ow'd to a cousin of his at Altarnun, and, leaving Matt. Soames in charge, had tramped northward through Liskeard to Launceston, where he found the Cornish forces, and was met by the news of the Earl of Stamford's advance in the northeast. Further, meeting, in Sir Bevill's troop, with some north coast men of his acquaintance, he fell to talking, and so learn'd about me and my ride toward Braddock, which (it seem'd) was now become common knowledge. This led him to seek Sir Bevill, with the result that you know : "for," as he wound up, "'tis a desirable an' rare delight to pay a debt an' see some fun, together."

We had some trouble at Launceston gate, where were a few burghers posted for sentries, and, as I could see, ready to take fright at their own shadows. But Billy gave the watchword ("One and All"), and presently they let us through. As we pass'd along the street we marked a light in every window almost, tho' 'twas near midnight ; and the people moving about behind their curtains. There were groups too in the dark doorways, gather'd there discussing, that eyed us as we went by, and answered Billy's *Good night, honest men!* very hoarse and doubtfully.

But when we were beyond the town, and between hedges again, I think I must have dozed off in my saddle. For, though this was a road full of sharp memories, being the last I had traveled with Delia, I have no remembrance to have felt them ; or, indeed, of noting aught but the fresh night air, and the constellation of the Bear blazing ahead, and Billy's voice resonant beside me.

And after this I can recall passing the tower of Marham Church, with the paling sky behind it, and some birds chattering in the carved courses : and soon (it seem'd) felt Billy's grip on my knee, and open'd my eyes to see his finger pointing.

We stood on a ridge above a hollow vale into which the sun, though now bright, did not yet pierce, but passing over to a high, conical hill beyond, smote level on line after line of white tents—the prettiest sight ! 'Twas the enemy there en-

camped on the top and some way down the sides, the smoke of their trampled watch fires still curling among the gorse bushes. I heard their trumpets calling and drums beating to arms; for though, glancing back at the sun, I judged it to be hardly past four in the morning, yet already the slopes were moving like an ant-hill — the regiments gathering, arms flashing, horsemen galloping to and fro, and the captains shouting their commands. In the distance this had a sweet and cheerful sound, no more disquieting than a plowboy calling to his team.

Looking down into the valley at our feet, at first I saw no sign of our own troops — only the roofs of a little town, with overmuch smoke spread above it, like a morning mist. But here also I heard the church bells clashing and a drum beating, and presently spied a gleam of arms down among the trees, and then a regiment of foot moving westward along the base of the hill. 'Twas evident the battle was at hand, and we quicken'd our pace down into the street.

It lay on the slope, and midway down we pass'd some watch fires burn'd out; and then a soldier or two running and fastening their straps; and last a little child, that seem'd wild with the joy of living amid great events, but led us pretty straight to the sign of "The Tree," which indeed was the only tavern.

It stood some way back from the street, with a great elm before the porch: where by a table sat two men, with tankards beside them, and a small company of grooms and soldiers standing round. Both men were more than ordinary tall and soldier-like: only the bigger wore a scarlet cloak very richly lac'd, and was shouting orders to his men; while the other, dress'd in plain buff suit and jack boots, had a map spread before him, which he studied very attentively, writing therein with a quill pen.

"What a plague have we here?" cries the big man, as we drew up.

"Recruits, if it please you, sir," said I, dismounting and pulling off my hat, tho' his insolent tone offended me.

"S'lid! The boy speaks as if he were a regiment," growls he, half aloud: "Canst fight?"

"That, with your leave, sir, is what I am come to try."

"And this rascal?" He turned on Billy.

Billy heard not a word, of course, yet answered readily: —

"Why, since your honor is so pleasantly minded — let it be cider."

Now the first effect of this, deliver'd with all force of lung, was to make the big man sit bolt upright and staring: recovering speech, however, he broke into a volley of blasphemous curses.

All this while the man in buff had scarce lifted his eyes off the map. But now he looks up — and I saw at the first glance that the two men hated each other.

“I think,” said he, quietly, “my Lord Mohun has forgot to ask the *gentleman's* name.”

“My name is Marvel, sir — John Marvel,” I answer'd him with a bow.

“Hey!” — and dropping his pen he starts up and grasps my hand — “Then 'tis you I have never thanked for His Gracious Majesty's letter.”

“The General Hopton?” cried I.

“Even so, sir. My lord,” he went on, still holding my hand and turning to his companion, “let me present to you the gentleman that in January sav'd your house of Bocconnoc from burning at the hands of the rebels — whom God confound this day!” He lifted his hat.

“Amen,” said I, as his lordship bowed, exceedingly sulky. But I did not value his rage, being hot with joy to be so beprais'd by the first captain (as I yet hold) on the royal side. Who now, not without a sly triumph, flung the price of Billy's cider on the table and, folding up his map, address'd me again: —

“Master Marvel, the fight to-day will lie but little with the horse — or so I hope. You will do well, if your wish be to serve us best, to leave your mare behind. The troop which my Lord Mohun and I command together is below. But Sir Bevill Grenville, who has seen and is interested in you, has the first claim: and I would not deny you the delight to fight your first battle under so good a master. His men are, with Sir John Berkeley's troop, a little to the westward: and if you are ready I will go some distance with you, and put you in the way to find him. My lord, may we look for you presently?”

The Lord Mohun nodded, surly enough: so, Billy's cider being now drunk and Molly given over to an hostler, we set out down the hill together, Billy shouldering a pipe and walking after with the groom that led Sir Ralph's horse. Be sure the General's courtly manner of speech set my blood tingling. I seem'd to grow a full two inches taller; and when, in the vale,

we parted, he directing me to the left, where through a gap I could see Sir Bevill's troop forming at some five hundred paces' distance, I felt a very desperate warrior indeed ; and set off at a run, with Billy behind me.

'Twas an open space we had to cross, dotted with gorse bushes ; and the enemy's regiments, plain to see, drawn up in battalia on the slope above, which here was gentler than to the south and west. But hardly had we gone ten yards than I saw a puff of white smoke above, then another, and then the summit ring'd with flame ; and heard the noise of it roaring in the hills around. At the first sound I pull'd up, and then began running again at full speed : for I saw our division already in motion, and advancing up the hill at a quick pace.

The curve of the slope hid all but the nearest : but above them I saw a steep earthwork, and thereon three or four brass pieces of ordnance glittering whenever the smoke lifted. For here the artillery was plying the briskest, pouring down volley on volley ; and four regiments at least stood mass'd behind, ready to fall on the Cornishmen ; who, answering with a small discharge of musketry, now ran forward more nimbly.

To catch up with them, I must now turn my course obliquely up the hill, where running was pretty toilsome. We were panting along, when suddenly a shower of sand and earth was dash'd in my face, spattering me all over. Half blinded, I look'd and saw a great round shot had plow'd a trench in the ground at my feet, and lay there buried.

At the same moment, Billy, who was running at my shoulder, plumps down on his knees and begins to whine and moan most pitiably.

"Art hurt, dear fellow?" asked I, turning.

"Oh, Jack, Jack — I have no stomach for this! A cool, wet death at sea I do not fear; only to have the great hot shot burning in a man's belly — 'tis terrifying. I *hate* a swift death! Jack, I be a sinner — I will confess: I lied to thee yesterday — never kiss'd the three maids I spoke of — never kiss'd but one i' my life, an' her a tap wench, that slapp'd my face for't, an' so don't properly count. I be a very boastful man!"

Now I myself had felt somewhat cold inside when the guns began roaring: but this set me right in a trice. I whipp'd a pistol out of my sash and put the cold ring to his ear: and he scrambled up, and was a very lion all the rest of the day.

But now we had again to change our course, for to my dis-

may I saw a line of sharpshooters moving down among the gorse bushes, to take the Cornishmen in flank. And 'twas lucky we had but a little way further to go ; for these skirmishers, thinking perhaps from my dress and our running thus that we bore some message, open'd fire on us : and tho' they were bad marksmen, 'twas ugly to see their bullets pattering into the turf, to right and left.

We caught up the very last line of the ascending troop — lean, hungry-looking men, with wan faces, but shouting lustily. I think they were about three hundred in all. "Come on, lad," called out a bearded fellow with a bandage over one eye, making room for me at his side ; "there's work for plenty more !" — and a minute after a shot took him in the ribs, and he scream'd out "Oh, my God !" and flinging up his arms, leap'd a foot in air and fell on his face.

Pressing up, I noted that the first line was now at the foot of the earthwork ; and, in a minute, saw their steel caps and crimson sashes swarming up the face of it, and their pikes shining. But now came a shock, and the fellow in front was thrust back into my arms. I reeled down a pace or two, and then, finding foothold, stood pushing. And next, the whole body came tumbling back on me, and down the hill we went flying, with oaths and cries. Three of the rebel regiments had been flung on us and by sheer weight bore us before them. At the same time the sharpshooters pour'd in a volley : and I began to see how a man may go through a battle, and be beat, without striking a blow.

But in the midst of this scurry I heard the sound of cheering. 'Twas Sir John Berkeley's troop (till now posted under cover of the hedges below) that had come to our support ; and the rebels, fearing to advance too far, must have withdrawn again behind their earthwork, for after a while the pressure eas'd a bit, and, to my amaze, the troop which but a minute since was a mere huddled crowd, formed in some order afresh, and once more began to climb. This time, I had a thick-set pikeman in front of me, with a big wen at the back of his neck that seem'd to fix all my attention. And up we went, I counting the beat of my heart that was already going hard and short with the work ; and then, amid the rattle and thunder of their guns, we stopp'd again.

I had taken no notice of it, but in the confusion of the first repulse the greater part of our men had been thrust past me, so

that now I found myself no further back than the fourth rank, and at the very foot of the earthwork, up the which our leaders were flung like a wave; and soon I was scrambling after them, ankle-deep in the sandy earth, the man with the wen just ahead, grinding my instep with his heel and poking his pike staff between my knees as he slipp'd.

And just at the moment when the top of our wave was cleaving a small breach above us, he fell on the flat of his pike, with his nose buried in the gravel and his hands clutching. Looking up I saw a tall rebel straddling above him with musket clubb'd to beat his brains out: whom with an effort I caught by the boot; and, the bank slipping at that instant, down we all slid in a heap, a jumble of arms and legs, to the very bottom.

Before I had the sand well out of my eyes, my comrade was up and had his pike loose; and in a twinkling, the rebel was spitted through the middle and writhing. 'Twas sickening: but before I could pull out my pistol and end his pain (as I was minded), back came our front rank atop of us again, and down they were driven like sheep, my companion catching up the dead man's musket and ammunition bag, and I followed down the slope with three stout rebels at my heels. "What will be the end of *this*?" thought I.

The end was that after forty yards or so, finding the foremost close upon me, I turn'd about and let fly with my pistol at him. He spun round twice and dropp'd: which I was wondering at (the pistol being but a poor weapon for aim) when I was caught by the arm and pull'd behind a clump of bushes handy by. 'Twas the man with the wen, and by his smoking musket I knew that 'twas he had fired the shot that killed my pursuer.

"Good turn for good turn," says he; "quick with thy other pistol!"

The other two had stopped doubtfully, but at the next discharge of my pistol they turn'd tail and went up the hill again, and we were left alone. And suddenly I grew aware that my head was aching fit to split, and lay down on the turf, very sick and ill.

My comrade took no notice of this, but, going for the dead man's musket, kept loading and firing, pausing now and then for his artillery to cool, and whistling a tune that runs in my head to this day. And all the time I heard shouts and cries

and the noise of musketry all around, which made me judge that the attack was going on in many places at once. When I came to myself 'twas to hear a bugle below calling again to the charge, and once more came the two troops ascending. At their head was a slight-built man, bareheaded, with the sun (that was by this high over the hill) smiting on his brown curls, and the wind blowing them. He carried a naked sword in his hand, and waved his men forward as cheerfully as though 'twere a dance and he leading out his partner.

"Who is that yonder?" asked I, sitting up and pointing.

"Bless thy innocent heart!" said my comrade, "dostn't thee know? 'Tis Sir Bevill."

* * * * *

'Twould be tedious to tell the whole of this long fight, which, beginning soon after sunrise, ended not till four in the afternoon, or thereabouts: and indeed of the whole my recollection is but of continual advance and repulse on that same slope. And herein may be seen the wisdom of our generals, in attacking while the main body of the enemy's horse was away: for had the Earl of Stamford possessed a sufficient force of dragoons to let slip on us at the first discomfiture, there is little doubt he might have ended the battle there and then. As it was, the horse stood out of the fray, theirs upon the summit of the hill, ours (under Colonel John Digby) on the other slope, to protect the town and act as reserve.

The foot, in four parties, was disposed about the hill on all sides; to the west — as we know — under Sir John Berkeley and Sir Bevill Grenville; to the south under General Hopton and Lord Mohun; to the east under the Colonels Tom Basset and William Godolphin; while the steep side to the north was stormed by Sir Nicholas Slanning and Colonel Godolphin, with their companies. And as we had but eight small pieces of cannon and were in numbers less than one to two, all we had to do was to march up the hill in face of their fire, catch a knock on the head, maybe, grin, and come on again.

But at three o'clock, we, having been for the sixth time beaten back, were panting under cover of a hedge, and Sir John Berkeley, near by, was writing on a drumhead some message to the camp, when there comes a young man on horseback, his face smear'd with dirt and dust, and rides up to him and Sir Bevill. 'Tw'as (I have since learn'd) to say that the powder

was all spent but a barrel or two; but this only the captains knew at the time.

"Very well, then," cries Sir Bevill, leaping up gayly. "Come along, boys—we must do it this time." And, the troop forming, once more the trumpets sounded the charge, and up we went. Away along the slope we heard the other trumpeters sounding in answer, and I believe 'twas a *sursum corda!* to all of us.

Billy Pottery was ranged on my right, in the first rank, and next to me, on the other side, a giant, near seven foot high, who said his name was Anthony Payne and his business to act as body servant to Sir Bevill. And he it was that struck up a mighty curious song in the Cornish tongue, which the rest took up with a will. 'Twas incredible how it put fire into them all: and Sir Bevill toss'd his hat into the air, and after him like schoolboys we pelted, straight for the masses ahead.

For now over the rampart came a company of red musketeers, and two of russet-clad pikemen, charging down on us. A moment, and we were crushed back: another, and the chant rose again. We were grappling, hand to hand, in the midst of their files.

But, good luck! what use is swordsmanship in a charge like this? The first redcoat that encounter'd me I had spitted through the lung, and, carried on by the rush, he twirled me round like a windmill. In an instant I was pass'd; the giant stepping before me and clearing a space about him, using his pike as if 'twere a flail. With a wrench I tugg'd my sword out and followed. I saw Sir Bevill, a little to the left, beaten to his knee, and carried toward me. Stretching out a hand I pull'd him on his feet again, catching, as I did so, a crack on the skull that would have ended me, had not Billy Pottery put up his pike and broke the force of it. Next, I remember gripping another redcoat by the beard and thrusting at him with shorten'd blade. Then the giant ahead lifted his pike high, and we fought to rally round it; and with that I seem'd caught off my feet and swept forward;—and we were on the crest.

Taking breath, I saw the enemy melting off the summit like a man's breath off a pane. And Sir Bevill caught my hand and pointed across to where, on the north side, a white standard embroider'd with gold griffins was mounting.

"'Tis dear Nick Slanning!" he cried; "God be prais'd—the day is ours for certain!"

SWEET DAY, SO COOL.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

[GEORGE HERBERT, English poet, brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1593. He was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, became public orator of the university, and, after spending several years at court in the hope of preferment, studied divinity and entered the church. About 1630 he was presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Bemerton, and here he wrote "The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations" (1633), of which, in 1670, more than twenty thousand copies had been sold. "A Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson" (1652) is his chief prose work. Herbert was a great favorite with James I., Bacon, and Bishop Andrewes, and numbered among his intimate friends Dr. Donne and Nicholas Ferrar. He died at Bemerton, 1633.]

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.



NOTABLE MEN AND SAYINGS OF ENGLAND.

BY THOMAS FULLER.

(From "The Worthies of England.")

[THOMAS FULLER, English divine and historian, was born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in 1608, and was educated at Cambridge. He became widely known as a preacher in the Savoy Church, London, and on the outbreak of the

Civil War joined the king at Oxford and acted as chaplain to Sir Ralph Hop-ton's men. After the Restoration he was reinstated in the preferments of which he had been deprived by the parliamentarians, and received the appointment of chaplain extraordinary to Charles II. His "Worthies of England" has both a literary and a historical value. Other writings are: "The History of the Holy War," "The Holy State and the Profane State," "A Pisgah-sight of Palestine," and "Church History of Britain." He died at London in 1661.]

FIRST we will dispatch that sole proverb of this county, Berkshire, viz. :—

"The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still."

Bray, a village well known in this county, so called from the Bibroces, a kind of ancient Britons inhabiting thereabouts. The vivacious vicar hereof living under King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling,—"Not so," said he, "for I always kept my principle, which is this, to live and die the vicar of Bray." Such many nowadays, who though they cannot turn the wind will turn their mills, and set them so, that wheresoever it bloweth their grist shall certainly be grinded.

Proceed we now to the proverbs general of England :—

England were but a fling,
Save for the crooked stick and the gray-goose wing.

"But a fling," that is, a slight, light thing, not to be valued, but rather to be cast away, as being but half an island. It is of no great extent. Philip the Second, king of Spain, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth called our English ambassadors unto him (whilst as yet there was peace betwixt the two crowns); and, taking a small map of the world, laid his little finger upon England (wonder not if he desired to finger so good a country); and then demanded of our English ambassador, "where England was?" Indeed, it is in greatness inconsiderable to the Spanish dominions.

"But for the crooked stick," etc. That is, use of archery. Never were the arrows of the Parthians more formidable to the Romans than ours to the French horsemen. Yea, remarkable is Divine Providence to England, that since arrows are

grown out of use, though the weapons of war be altered, the Englishman's hand is still in use as much as ever before ; for no country affords better materials of iron, saltpeter, and lead ; or better workmen to make them into guns, powder, and bullets ; or better marksmen to make use of them being so made : so that England is now as good with a straight iron, as ever it was with a crooked stick.

"England is the paradise of women, hell of horses, purgatory of servants."

For the first, *billa vera* ; women, whether maids, wives, or widows, finding here the fairest respect and kindest usage. Our common law is a more courteous carver for them than the civil law beyond the seas, allowing widows the thirds of their husbands' estates, with other privileges. The highest seats are granted them at all feasts ; and the wall (in crowding, most danger to the weakest ; in walking, most dignity to the worthiest), resigned to them. The indentures of maid-servants are canceled by their marriage, though the term be not expired ; which to young men in the same condition is denied. In a word, betwixt law and (law's corival) custom, they freely enjoy many favors ; and we men, so far from envying them, wish them all happiness therewith.

For the next, "England's being a hell for horses" ; Ignoramus ; as not sufficiently satisfied in the evidence alleged. Indeed, the Spaniard, who keeps his jennets rather for show than use, makes wantons of them. However, if England be faulty herein in their overviolent riding, racing, hunting, it is high time the fault were amended ; the rather, because "the good man regardeth the life of his beast."

For the last, "Purgatory for servants" ; we are so far from finding the bill, we cast it forth as full of falsehood. We have but two sorts, apprentices and covenant servants. The parents of the former give large sums of money to have their children bound for seven years, to learn some art or mystery ; which argueth their good usage as to the generality in our nation : otherwise it were madness for men to give so much money to buy their children's misery. As for our covenant servants, they make their own covenants ; and if they be bad, they may thank themselves. Sure I am, their masters, if breaking them, and abusing their servants with too little meat or sleep, too much work of correction (which is true also of apprentices) are liable by law to make them reparation.

Indeed, I have heard how, in the age of our fathers, servants were in far greater subjection than nowadays, especially since our civil wars have lately dislocated all relations; so that now servants will do whatsoever their masters enjoin them, so be it they think fitting themselves. For my own part, I am neither for the tyranny of the one, nor rebellion of the other, but the mutual duty of both.

As for Vernæ, slaves or vassals, so frequent in Spain and foreign parts, our land and laws (whatever former tenures have been) acknowledge not any for the present.

“A famine in England begins first at the horse manger.”

Indeed it seldom begins at the horse rack; for, though hay may be excessive dear, caused by a dry summer, yet winter grain (never impaired with a drought) is then to be had at reasonable rates. Whereas, if peas or oats, our horse grain (and the latter man’s grain, also generally in the north for poor people) be scarce, it will not be long ere wheat, rye, etc., mount in our markets. Indeed, if any grain be very dear, no grain will be very cheap soon after.

“The king of England is the king of devils.”

The German emperor is termed the “king of kings,” having so many free princes under him. The king of Spain, “king of men,” because they willingly yield their sovereign rational obedience. The king of France, “king of asses,” patiently bearing unconscionable burdens. But why the king of England “king of devils,” I either cannot, or do not, or will not understand. Sure I am, St. Gregory gave us better language when he said, “Angli velut Angeli,” for our fair complexions; and it is sad we should be devils by our black conditions.

“The English are the Frenchmen’s apes.”

This anciently hath been, and still is, charged on the English, and that with too much truth, for aught I can find to the contrary.

—— *dolebat,*
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

—— It is to us a pain
This should be said, and not gainsaid again.

We ape the French chiefly in two particulars: —

First, in their language (“which if Jack could speak, he would be a gentleman”), which some get by travel, others gain at home with Dame Eglinton in Chaucer: —

Entwined in her voice full seemly,
 And French she spake full feteously
 After the scole of Stratford at Bowe,
 For French of Paris was to her unknow.

Secondly, in their habits, accounting all our fineness in conformity to the French fashion, though following it at greater distance than the field pease in the country the rathripe pease in the garden. Disgraceful in my opinion, that, seeing the English victorious arms had twice charged through the bowels of France, we should learn our fashions from them to whom we taught obedience.

“The English glutton.”

Gluttony is a sin anciently charged on this nation, which we are more willing to excuse than confess, more willing to confess than amend. Some pretend the coldness of climate in excuse of our sharp appetites; and plead the plenty of the land (England being in effect all a great cook's shop, and no reason any should starve therein) for our prodigious feasts. They allege also that foreigners, even the Spaniards themselves, coming over hither, acquit themselves as good trencher-men as any; so that it seems want, not temperance, makes them so abstemious at home.

All amounts not to any just defense, excess being an ill expression of our thankfulness to God for his goodness. Nor need we with the Egyptians to serve up at the last course “a dead man's head” to mind us of our mortality, seeing a feast well considered is but a charnel house of fowl, fish, and flesh; and those few shellfish that are not killed to our hands are killed by our teeth. It is vain, therefore, to expect that dead food should always preserve life in the feeders thereupon.

Long beards heartless, painted hoods witless;
 Gay coats graceless, make England thriftless.

Though this hath more of libel than proverb therein, and is stark false in itself, yet it will truly acquaint us with the habits of the English in that age.

“Long beards heartless.” Our English did use nutrire coman, both on their head and beards, conceiving it made them more amiable to their friends, and terrible to their foes.

“Painted hoods witless.” Their hoods were stained with a kind of color, in a middle way betwixt dying and painting (whence Painters-stainers have their name), a mystery vehe-

mently suspected to be lost in our age. Hoods served that age for caps.

“Gay coats graceless.” Gallantry began then to be fashionable in England; and perchance those who here taxed them therewith would have been as gay themselves, had their land been as rich and able to maintain them.

This singsong was made on the English by the Scots, after they were flushed with victory over us in the reign of King Edward the Second. Never was the battle at Cannæ so fatal to the Romans as that at Sterling to the nobility of England; and the Scots, puffed up with their victory, fixed those opprobrious epithets of heartless, witless, graceless, upon us. For the first, we appeal to themselves, whether Englishmen have not good hearts, and, with their long beards, long swords. For the second, we appeal to the world, whether the wit of our nation hath not appeared as considerable as theirs in their writings and doings. For the third, we appeal to God, the only searcher of hearts, and trier of true grace. As for the fourth, thriftless, I omit it, because it sinks of itself, as a superstructure on a foundered and failing foundation.

All that I will add is this, that the grave, sage, and reduced Scottish men in this age are not bound to take notice of such expressions made by their ancestors; seeing, when nations are at hostile defiance, they will mutually endeavor each other's disgrace.

He that England will win,
Must with Ireland first begin.

This proverb importeth that great designs must be managed gradatim, not only by degrees, but due method. England, it seems, is too great a morsel for a foreign foe to be chopped up at once; and therefore it must orderly be attempted, and Ireland be first assaulted. Some have conceived, but it is but a conceit (all things being in the bosom of Divine Providence), that, had the Spanish Armada in eighty-eight fallen upon Ireland, when the well-affected therein were few and ill provided, they would have given a better account of their service to him who sent them. To rectify which error, the king of Spain sent afterward John de Aquila into Ireland, but with what success is sufficiently known. And if any foreign enemy hath a desire to try the truth of this proverb at his own peril, both England and Ireland lie for climate in the same posture they were before.

"In England a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

Not so in southern sandy counties, where a dry March is as destructive as here it is beneficial. How much a king's ransom amounteth unto, England knows by dear experience, when paying one hundred thousand pounds to redeem Richard the First, which was shared between the German emperor and Leopoldus, duke of Austria. Indeed, a general good redounds to our land by a dry March; for if our clay grounds be over-drowned in that month, they recover not their distemper that year.

However, this proverb presumeth seasonable showers in April following; or otherwise March dust will be turned into May ashes, to the burning up of grass and grain; so easily can God blast the most probable fruitfulness.

"England a good land, and a bad people."

This is a French proverb; and we are glad that they, being so much admirers and magnifiers of their own, will allow any goodness to another country.

This maketh the wonder the less, that they have so much endeavored to get a share in this good country, by their former frequent invasions thereof; though they could never, since the Conquest, peaceably possess a hundred yards thereof for twenty hours, whilst we for a long time have enjoyed large territories in France.

But this proverb hath a design to raise up the land, to throw down the people; gracing it to disgrace them. We Englishmen are, or should be, ready humbly to confess our faults before God, and no less truly than sadly to say of ourselves, "Ah, sinful nation!" However, before men, we will not acknowledge a visible badness above other nations. And the plain truth is, both France and England have need to mend, seeing God hath formerly justly made them by sharp wars alternately to whip one another.

"The High-Dutch pilgrims, when they beg, do sing; the Frenchmen whine and cry; the Spaniards curse, swear, and blaspheme; the Irish and English steal."

This is a Spanish proverb; and I suspect too much truth is suggested therein; the rather because the Spaniards therein spare not themselves, but impartially report their own black character. If any ask why the Italians are not here mentioned, seeing surely their pilgrims have also their peculiar humors,

know that Rome and Loretta, the staples of pilgrimages, being both in Italy, the Italians very seldom (being frugal in their superstition) go out of their own country.

Whereas stealing is charged on our English, it is confessed that our poor people are observed light-fingered; and therefore our laws are so heavy, making low felony highly penal, to restrain that vice most, to which our peasantry is most addicted.

I wish my country more true piety than to take such tedious and useless journeys; but, if they will go, I wish them more honesty than to steal; and the people by whom they pass, more charity than to tempt them to stealth, by denying them necessities in their journey.

THOMAS STUCKLEY. — Were he alive, he would be highly offended to be ranked under any other topic than that of princes; whose memory must now be content, and thankful too, that he will afford it a place amongst our soldiers.

He was a younger brother, of an ancient, wealthy, and worshipful family, nigh Ilfracombe in this county, being one of good parts; but valued the less by others, because overprized by himself. Having prodigally misspent his patrimony, he entered on several projects (the issue general of all decayed estates); and first pitched on the peopling of Florida, then newly found out in the West Indies. So confident his ambition, that he blushed not to tell Queen Elizabeth "that he preferred rather to be sovereign of a molehill, than the highest subject to the greatest king in Christendom;" adding, moreover, "that he was assured he should be a prince before his death." "I hope," said Queen Elizabeth, "I shall hear from you, when you are stated in your principality." "I will write unto you," quoth Stuckley. "In what language?" said the queen. He returned, "In the style of princes; To our dear Sister."

His fair project of Florida being blasted for lack of money to pursue it, he went over into Ireland, where he was frustrated of the preferment he expected, and met such physic that turned his fever into frenzy; for hereafter resolving treacherously to attempt what he could not loyally achieve, he went over into Italy.

It is incredible how quickly he wrought himself through the notice into the favor, through the court into the chamber, yea closet, yea bosom of Pope Pius Quintus; so that some wise

men thought his holiness did forfeit a parcel of his infallibility, in giving credit to such a glorioso, vaunting that with three thousand soldiers he would beat all the English out of Ireland.

The Pope, finding it cheaper to fill Stuckley's swelling sails with airy titles than real gifts, created him baron of Ross, viscount Murrough, earl of Wexford, marquis of Leinster; and then furnished this title-top-heavy general with eight hundred soldiers, paid by the king of Spain, for the Irish expedition.

In passage thereunto, Stuckley lands at Portugal, just when Sebastian the king thereof, with two Moorish kings, were undertaking a voyage into Africa. Stuckley, scorning to attend, is persuaded to accompany them. Some thought he wholly quitted his Irish design, partly because loath to be pent up in an island (the continent of Africa affording more elbowroom for his achievements); partly because so mutable his mind, he ever loved the last project (as mothers the youngest child) best. Others conceive he took this African in order to his Irish design; such his confidence of conquest, that his breakfast on the Turks would the better enable him to dine on the English in Ireland.

Landing in Africa, Stuckley gave counsel, which was safe, seasonable, and necessary; namely, that for two or three days they should refresh their land soldiers; whereof some were sick, and some were weak, by reason of their tempestuous passage. This would not be heard, so furious was Don Sebastian to engage; as if he would pluck up the bays of victory out of the ground, before they were grown up; and so, in the battle of Alcazer, their army was wholly defeated: where Stuckley lost his life.

A fatal fight, where in one day was slain,
Three kings that were, and one that would be fain.

This battle was fought anno 1578, where Stuckley, with his eight hundred men, behaved himself most valiantly, till overpowered with multitude.

I hope it will be no offense, next to this bubble of emptiness, and meteor of ostentation, to place a precious pearl, and magazine of secret merit, whom we come to describe.

GEORGE MONCK. — Some will say he being (and long may he be) alive, belongs not to your pen, according to your premised rules. But know, he is too high to come under the roof of

my regulations, whose merit may make laws for me to observe. Besides, it is better that I should be censured, than he not commended. Pass we by his high birth (whereof hereafter) and hard breeding in the Low Countries, not commencing a captain per saltum (as many in our civil wars), but proceeding by degrees from a private soldier, in that martial university. Pass we also by his employment in Ireland, and imprisonment in England, for the king; his sea service against the Dutch; posting to speak of his last performance; which, should I be silent, would speak of itself.

Being made governor of Scotland, no power or policy of Oliver Cromwell could fright or flatter him thence. Scotland was his castle, from the top whereof he took the true prospect of our English affairs. He perceived that, since the martyrdom of King Charles, several sorts of government (like the sons of Jesse before Samuel) passed before the English people; but "neither God nor our nation had chosen them." He resolved, therefore, to send for despised David out of a foreign field; as well assured that the English loyalty would never be at rest till fixed in the center thereof. He secured Scotland in faithful hands, to have all his foes before his face, and leave none behind his back.

He entered England with excellent foot, but his horse so lean, that they seemed tired at their first setting forth. The chiefest strength of his army consisted in the reputation of the strength thereof, and wise conduct of their general. The loyal English did rather gaze on, than pray for him, as ignorant of his intentions; and the apostle observeth "that the private man knoweth not how to say Amen to what is spoken in an unknown language."

Now the scales began to fall down from the eyes of the English nation (as from Saul, when his sight was received), sensible that they were deluded, with the pretenses of religion and liberty, into atheism and vassalage. They had learnt also from the soldiers (whom they so long had quartered) to cry out "one and all," each shire setting forth a remonstrance of their grievances, and refusing further payment of taxes.

Lambert cometh forth of London, abounding with more outward advantages than General Monck wanted; dragonlike, he breathed out naught but fire and fury, chiefly against the church and clergy. But he met with a Saint George who struck him neither with sword nor spear, but gave his army a



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

mortal wound, without wounding it. His soldiers dwindled away; and indeed a private person (Lambert at last was little more) must have a strong and long hand on his own account, to hold a whole army together.

The hinder part of the Parliament sitting still at Westminster plied him with many messengers and addresses. He returned an answer, neither granting nor denying their desires; giving them hope, too little to trust, yet too much to distrust him. He was an absolute riddle, and no plowing with his heifer to expound him. Indeed, had he appeared what he was, he had never been what he is, a deliverer of his country. But such must be as dark as midnight, who mean to achieve actions as bright as noonday.

Then he was put on the unwelcome office to pluck down the gates of London, though it pleased God that the odium did not light on him that acted, but those who employed him. Henceforward he sided effectually with the City; I say the City, which, if well or ill affected, was then able to make us a happy or unhappy nation.

Immediately followed that turn of our times, which all the world with wonder doth behold. But let us not look so long on second causes, as to lose sight of the principle, Divine Providence. Christ, on the cross, said to his beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother;" and said to her, "Behold thy son." Thus was he pleased effectually to speak to the hearts of the English, "Behold your sovereign;" which inspirited them with loyalty, and a longing desire of his presence; saying likewise to our gracious sovereign, "Behold thy subjects;" which increased his ardent affection to return; and now, blessed be God, both are met together, to their mutual comfort.

Since the honors which he first deserved have been conferred upon him, completed with the title of "the Duke of Albemarle, and Master of his Majesty's horse," etc. Nor must it be forgotten that he carried the scepter with the dove thereupon (the emblem of peace) at the king's coronation. But abler pens will improve these short memoirs into a large history.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. — "The sons of Heth said unto Abraham, Thou art a great prince amongst us; in the choice of our sepulchers bury thy dead; none shall withhold them from thee." So may we say to the memory of this worthy knight, "Repose yourself in this our catalogue, under what topic you

please, of statesman, seaman, soldier, learned writer, and what not?" His worth unlocks our closest cabinets, and provides both room and welcome to entertain him.

He was born at Budley in this county, of an ancient family, but decayed in estate, and he the youngest brother thereof. He was bred in Oriel College in Oxford, and thence coming to court, found some hopes of the queen's favors reflecting upon him. This made him write in a glass window, obvious to the queen's eye:—

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.

Her Majesty, either espying or being shown it, did underwrite:—

If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.

However, he at last climbed up by the stairs of his own desert. But his introduction into the court bore an elder date than this occasion: this Captain Raleigh, coming out of Ireland to the English court in good habit (his clothes being then a considerable part of his estate), found the queen walking, till, meeting with a plashy place, she seemed to scruple going thereon. Presently Raleigh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground; whereon the queen trod gently, rewarding him afterwards with many suits, for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth. Thus an advantageous admission into the first notice of a prince is more than half a degree to preferment.

It is reported of the women in the Balearic Islands, that, to make their sons expert archers, they will not, when children, give them their breakfast before they have hit the mark. Such the dealing of the queen with this knight, making him to earn his honor, and, by pain and peril, to purchase what places of credit or profit were bestowed upon him. Indeed it was true of him, what was said of Cato Uticensis, "that he seemed to be born to that only which he went about;" so dexterous was he in all his undertakings, in court, in camp, by sea, by land, with sword, with pen; witness in the last his "History of the World," wherein the only default (or defect rather) that it wanted one half thereof. Yet had he many enemies (which worth never wanteth) at court, his cowardly detractors, of whom Sir Walter was wont to say, "If any man accuseth me to my face, I will answer him with my mouth; but my tail is good enough to return an answer to such who traduceth me behind my back."

— CHILD (whose Christian name is unknown) was a gentleman, the last of his family, being of ancient extraction at Plimstock in this county, and great possessions. It happened that he, hunting in Dartmoor, lost both his company and way in a bitter snow. Having killed his horse, he crept into his hot bowels for warmth ; and wrote with his blood : —

He that finds and brings me to my tomb,
The land of Plimstock shall be his doom.

That night he was frozen to death ; and being first found by the monks of Tavistock, they with all possible speed hasted to inter him in their own abbey. His own parishioners of Plimstock, hearing thereof, stood at the ford of the river to take his body from them. But they must rise early, yea not sleep at all, who overreach monks in matter of profit. For they cast a slight bridge over the river, whereby they carried over the corpse, and interred it. In avowance whereof, the bridge (a more premeditated structure, I believe, in the place of the former extempore passage) is called Guils Bridge to this day. And know, reader, all in the vicinage will be highly offended with such who either deny or doubt the credit of this common tradition. And sure it is, that the abbot of Tavistock got that rich manor into his possession. The exact date of this Child's death I cannot attain.

THOMAS GODWIN was born at Oakingham in this county, and first bred in the free school therein. Hence he was sent to Magdalen College in Oxford, maintained there for a time by the bounty of Doctor Layton, Dean of York, till at last he was chosen fellow of the college. This he exchanged on some terms for the schoolmaster's place of Berkley in Gloucestershire, where he also studied physic, which afterwards proved beneficial unto him, when forbidden to teach school, in the reign of Queen Mary. Yea, Bonner threatened him with fire and fagot, which caused him often to obscure himself and remove his habitation. He was an eloquent preacher, tall and comely in person, qualities which much endeared him to Queen Elizabeth, who loved good parts well, but better when in a goodly person. For eighteen years together he never failed to be one of the select chaplains which preached in the Lent before her Majesty. He was first dean of Christ Church in Oxford, then dean of Canterbury, and at last bishop of Bath and Wells.

Being infirm with age, and diseased with the gout, he was necessitated, for a nurse, to marry a second wife, a matron of years proportionable to himself. But this was by his court enemies (which no bishop wanted in that age) represented to the queen, to his great disgrace. Yea, they traduced him to have married a girl of twenty years of age, until the good earl of Bedford, casually present at such discourse : "Madam," said he to her Majesty, "I know not how much the woman is above twenty ; but I know a son of hers is but little under forty."

SIR JOHN NORRIS must be resumed, that we may pay a greater tribute of respect to his memory. He was a most accomplished general, both for a charge which is the sword, and a retreat which is the shield of war. By the latter he purchased to himself immortal praise, when in France he brought off a small handful of English from a great armful of enemies ; fighting as he retreated, and retreating as he fought ; so that always his rear affronted the enemy ; a retreat worth ten victories got by surprise, which speak rather the fortune than either the valor or discretion of a general.

He was afterwards sent over with a great command into Ireland, where his success neither answered to his own care, nor others' expectation. Indeed, hitherto Sir John had fought with right-handed enemies in France and the Netherlands ; who was now to fight with left-handed foes, for so may the wild Irish well be termed (so that this great master of defense was now to seek a new guard), who could lie on the coldest earth, swim through the deepest water, run over what was neither earth nor water, I mean bogs and marshes. He found it far harder to find out than fight his enemies, they so secured themselves in fastnesses. Supplies, sown thick in promises, came up thin in performances, so slowly were succors sent unto him.

At last a great lord was made lieutenant of Ireland, of an opposite party to Sir John ; there being animosities in the court of Queen Elizabeth (as well as of later princes), though her general good success rendered them the less to the public notice of posterity. It grieved Sir John to the heart, to see one of an opposite faction should be brought over his head, insomuch that some conceive his working soul broke the cask of his body, as wanting a vent for his grief and anger ; for, going up into his chamber, at the first hearing of the news, he suddenly died, anno Domini 1597.

Queen Elizabeth used to call the Lady Margaret, his mother, her own crow, being (as it seemeth) black in complexion (a color which no whit unbecame the faces of her martial issue); and, upon the news of his death, sent this letter unto her, which I have transcribed from an authentic copy.

TO THE LADY NORRIS.

22d Sept. 1597.

MY OWN CROW, — Harm not yourself for bootless help, but show a good example to comfort your dolorous yokefellow. Although we have deferred long to represent to you our grieved thoughts, because we liked full ill to yield you the first reflection of misfortune, whom we have always rather sought to cherish and comfort; yet knowing now that necessity must bring it to your ear, and nature consequently must move both grief and passion in your heart, we resolved no longer to smother, neither our care for your sorrow, or the sympathy of our grief for your loss. Wherein, if it be true that society in sorrow works diminution, we do assure you by this true messenger of our mind that nature can have stirred no more dolorous affection in you as a mother for a dear son, than gratefulness and memory of his service past hath wrought in us his sovereign apprehension of our miss for so worthy a servant. But now that nature's common work is done, and he that was born to die hath paid his tribute, let that Christian discretion stay the flux of your immoderate grieving, which hath instructed you, both by example and knowledge, that nothing in this kind hath happened but by God's divine providence. And let these lines from your loving and gracious sovereign serve to assure you that there shall ever appear the lively character of our estimation of him that was, in our gracious care of you and yours that are left, in valuing rightly all their faithful and honest endeavors. More at this time we will not write of this unpleasant subject; but have dispatched this gent to visit both your lord and you, and to condole with you in the true sense of your love; and to pray that the world may see, what time cureth in a weak mind, that discretion and moderation helpeth in you in this accident, where there is so just cause to demonstrate true patience and moderation.

Your gracious and loving sovereign, E. R.

Now, though nothing more consolatory and pathological could be written from a prince, yet his death went so near to the heart of the lord, his ancient father, that he died soon after.

JOHN COURCY, baron of Stoke-Courcy, was the first Englishman who invaded and subdued Ulster in Ireland; therefore

deservedly created earl thereof. He was afterward surprised by Hugh Lacy (corival for his title), sent over into England, and imprisoned by King John in the Tower of London.

A French castle, being in controversy, was to have the title thereof tried by combat, the kings of England and France beholding it. Courcy being a lean lank body, with staring eyes (prisoners, with the wildness of their looks, revenge the closeness of their bodies), is sent for out of the Tower, to undertake the Frenchman; and, because enfeebled with long durance, a large bill of fare was allowed him, to recruit his strength. The Monsieur, hearing how much he had eat and drunk, and guessing his courage by his stomach, or rather stomach by his appetite, took him for a cannibal, who would devour him at the last course; and so he declined the combat.

Afterwards the two kings, desirous to see some proof of Courcy's strength, caused a steel helmet to be laid on a block before him. Courcy, looking about him with a grim countenance (as if he intended to cut with his eyes as well as with his arms), sundered the helmet at one blow into two pieces, striking the sword so deep into the wood that none but himself could pull it out again.

Being demanded the cause why he looked so sternly, "Had I," said he, "failed of my design, I would have killed the kings and all in the place;" words well spoken because well taken, all persons present being then highly in good humor. Hence it is that the lord Courcy, baron of Kingrone, second baron in Ireland, claimed a privilege (whether by patent or prescription, charter or custom, I know not), after their first obeisance, to be covered in the king's presence, if process of time hath not antiquated the practice.

His devotion was equal to his valor, being a great founder and endower of religious houses. In one thing he foully failed, turning the church of the Holy Trinity, in Down, into the church of St. Patrick, for which (as the story saith) he was condemned never to return into Ireland, though attempting it fifteen several times, but repelled with foul weather. He afterwards went over, and died in France about the year 1210.

GLASS. — Plenty hereof is made in this county [Sussex], though not so fine as what Tyre affordeth, fetched from the river Belus and the Cendevian lake; nor so pure as is wrought

at Chiosa nigh Venice, whereof the most refined falls but one degree short of crystal ; but the coarse glasses here serve well enough for the common sort, for vessels to drink in. The workmen in this mystery are much increased since 1557, as may appear by what I read in an author writing that very year :—

As for glass makers they be scant in this land,
Yet one there is as I do understand,
And in Sussex is now his habitation,
At Chiddingsfold he works of his occupation.

These brittle commodities are subject to breaking upon any casualty ; and hereupon I must transmit a passage to posterity, which I received from an author beyond exceptions.

A nobleman, who shall be nameless, living not many miles from Cambridge (and highly in favor with the earl of Leicester) begged of Queen Elizabeth all the plate of that university, as useless for scholars, and more for state than service, for superfluity than necessity. The queen granted his suit, upon condition to find glasses for the scholars. The lord, considering this might amount to more than his barony would maintain (except he could compass the Venetian artist, who, as they say, could make “*vitra sine vitio fragilitatis pellucida* ;” yea, could consolidate glass to make it malleable), let his petition, which was as charitable as discreet, sink in silence.

By the way, be it observed that though coarse glass making was, in this county, of great antiquity, yet “the first making of Venice glasses in England began at the Crotchet Friars in London, about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by one Jacob Venaline, an Italian.”

SIR EDWARD KELLEY (alias Talbot) was born at Worcester (as I have it from the scheme of his nativity, graved from the original calculation of Doctor Dee) anno Domini 1555, August the first, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the Pole being there elevated, gr. 52 10. Thus, reader, I hope that my exactness herein will make some reparation for my uncertainties and looser intelligence in the births of other persons.

He was well studied in the mysteries of nature, being intimate with Doctor Dee, who was beneath him in chemistry, but above him in mathematics. These two are said to have found a very large quantity of elixir in the ruins of Glastonbury abbey. Indeed I have read how William Bird, the prior of

the Bath, left and lost the elixir in the walls of his priory ; and it may seem strange that what was lost at Bath was found at Glastonbury, in the same county indeed, but sixteen miles asunder. But, so long as Kelley had this treasure, none need trouble themselves how or where he came by it.

Afterwards (being here in some trouble) he went over beyond the seas, with Albertus Alasco, a Polonian baron, who gave for his arms the hull of a ship, having only a mainmast and a top, without any tackling, and gave for his motto, "*Deus dabit vela*" (God will send sails). But, it seems, this lord had formerly carried too high a sail, of whom a good author reporteth that, "*Ære alieno oppressus, clam recessit*;" and now, it seems, sought to repair his fortunes by associating himself with these two archchemists of England.

How long they continued together is to me unknown. Sir Edward (though I know not how he came by his knighthood), with the doctor, fixed at Trebona in Bohemia, where he is said to have transmuted a brass warming pan (without touching or melting, only warming it by the fire, and putting the elixir thereon) into pure silver, a piece whereof was sent to Queen Elizabeth. He had great converse with Rodolphus, the second emperor.

Doctor Dee left Kelley and returned into England. Kelley, continuing still in Germany, ranted it in his expenses (say the brethren of his own art) above the sobriety befitting so mysterious a philosopher. He gave away, in gold-wire rings, at the marriage of one of his maidservants, to the value of four thousand pounds. As for the high conceit he had of his own skill in chemistry, it appeareth sufficiently in the beginning of his own works, though I confess myself not to understand the Gibberish of his language : —

All you that fain philosophers would be
And night and day in Geber's kitchen broil,
Wasting the chips of ancient Hermes' tree;
Weening to turn them to a precious oil;
The more you work, the more you lose and spoil:
To you I say, how learned so e'er you be,
Go burn your books, and come and learn of me.

Come we now to his sad catastrophe. Indeed, the curious had observed that, in the scheme of his nativity, not only the dragon's tail was ready to promote abusive aspersions against

him (to which living and dead he hath been subject); but also something malignant appears posited in Aquarius, which hath influence on the legs, which accordingly came to pass. For, being twice imprisoned (for what misdemeanor I know not) by Rodolphus, the emperor, he endeavored his escape out of a high window; and, tying his sheets together to let him down, fell (being a weighty man) and brake his leg, whereof he died (1595).

I believe him neither so bad as some, nor so good as others, do character him. All know how separation is of great use amongst men of his profession; and indeed, if his pride and prodigality were severed from him, he would remain a person, on other accounts, for his industry and experience in practical philosophy, worthy recommendation to posterity.



THE CLOCK CASE.¹

A CONFESSION FOUND IN A PRISON IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood." Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

I HELD a lieutenant's commission in his Majesty's army and served abroad in the campaigns of 1677 and 1678. The Treaty of Nimeguen being concluded, I returned home, and retiring from the service withdrew to a small estate lying a few miles east of London, which I had recently acquired in right of my wife.

This is the last night I have to live, and I will set down the

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naked truth without disguise. I was never a brave man, and had always been from my childhood of a secret, sullen, distrustful nature. I speak of myself as if I had passed from the world; for while I write this, my grave is digging, and my name is written in the black book of death.

Soon after my return to England, my only brother was seized with mortal illness. This circumstance gave me slight or no pain, for since we had been men we had associated but very little together. He was open-hearted and generous, handsomer than I, more accomplished, and generally beloved. Those who sought my acquaintance abroad or at home because they were friends of his, seldom attached themselves to me long, and would usually say in our first conversation that they were surprised to find two brothers so unlike in their manners and appearance. It was my habit to lead them on to this avowal; for I knew what comparisons they must draw between us; and having a rankling envy in my heart, I sought to justify it to myself.

We had married two sisters. This additional tie between us, as it may appear to some, only estranged us the more. His wife knew me well. I never struggled with any secret jealousy or gall when she was present, but that woman knew it as well as I did. I never raised my eyes at such times but I found hers fixed upon me; I never bent them on the ground or looked another way but I felt that she overlooked me always. It was an inexpressible relief to me when we quarreled, and a greater relief still when I heard abroad that she was dead. It seems to me now as if some strange and terrible foreshadowing of what has happened since must have hung over us then. I was afraid of her; she haunted me; her fixed and steady look comes back upon me now like the memory of a dark dream, and makes my blood run cold.

She died shortly after giving birth to a child—a boy. When my brother knew that all hope of his own recovery was past, he called my wife to his bedside and confided this orphan, a child of four years old, to her protection. He bequeathed to him all the property he had, and willed that in case of his child's death it should pass to my wife, as the only acknowledgment he could make her for her care and love. He exchanged a few brotherly words with me, deploring our long separation; and being exhausted, fell into a slumber from which he never awoke.

We had no children ; and as there had been a strong affection between the sisters, and my wife had almost supplied the place of a mother to this boy, she loved him as if he had been her own. The child was ardently attached to her ; but he was his mother's image in face and spirit and always mistrusted me.

I can scarcely fix the date when the feeling first came upon me, but I soon began to be uneasy when this child was by. I never roused myself from some moody train of thought but I marked him looking at me : not with mere childish wonder, but with something of the purpose and meaning that I had so often noted in his mother. It was no effort of my fancy, founded on close resemblance of feature and expression. I never could look the boy down. He feared me, but seemed by some instinct to despise me while he did so ; and even when he drew back beneath my gaze—as he would when we were alone, to get nearer to the door—he would keep his bright eyes upon me still.

Perhaps I hide the truth from myself, but I do not think that when this began, I meditated to do him any wrong. I may have thought how serviceable his inheritance would be to us, and may have wished him dead ; but I believe I had no thought of compassing his death. Neither did the idea come upon me at once, but by very slow degrees, presenting itself at first in dim shapes at a very great distance, as men may think of an earthquake or the Last Day ; then drawing nearer and nearer, and losing something of its horror and improbability ; then coming to be part and parcel—nay, nearly the whole sum and substance—of my daily thoughts, and resolving itself into a question of means and safety ; not of doing or abstaining from the deed.

While this was going on within me, I never could bear that the child should see me looking at him, and yet I was under a fascination which made it a kind of business with me to contemplate his slight and fragile figure and think how easily it might be done. Sometimes I would steal upstairs and watch him as he slept ; but usually I hovered in the garden near the window of the room in which he learnt his little tasks ; and there, as he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer at him for hours together from behind a tree, starting like the guilty wretch I was at every rustling of a leaf, and still gliding back to look and start again.

Hard by our cottage, but quite out of sight, and (if there were any wind astir) of hearing too, was a deep sheet of water. I spent days in shaping with my pocket knife a rough model of a boat, which I finished at last and dropped in the child's way. Then I withdrew to a secret place which he must pass if he stole away alone to swim this bauble, and lurked there for his coming. He came neither that day nor the next, though I waited from noon till nightfall. I was sure that I had him in my net, for I had heard him prattling of the toy, and knew that in his infant pleasure he kept it by his side in bed. I felt no weariness or fatigue, but waited patiently, and on the third day he passed me, running joyously along, with his silken hair streaming in the wind, and he singing — God have mercy upon me! — singing a merry ballad — who could hardly lisp the words.

I stole down after him, creeping under certain shrubs which grow in that place, and none but devils know with what terror I, a strong full-grown man, tracked the footsteps of that baby as he approached the water's brink. I was close upon him, had sunk upon my knee and raised my hand to thrust him in, when he saw my shadow in the stream and turned him round.

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst forth from behind a cloud; it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in everything. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I know not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and child as he was, he did not crouch or fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me — not that he did — and then I saw him running back towards the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he lying at my feet stark dead — dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep — in the same attitude too, with his cheek resting upon his little hand.

I took him in my arms and laid him — very gently now that he was dead — in a thicket. My wife was from home that day, and would not return until the next. Our bedroom window, the only sleeping room on that side of the house, was but a few feet from the ground, and I resolved to descend from it at night and bury him in the garden. I had no thought that I had failed in my design, no thought that the water would be dragged and nothing found, that the money must now lie waste

since I must encourage the idea that the child was lost or stolen. All my thoughts were bound up and knotted together in the one absorbing necessity of hiding what I had done.

How I felt when they came to tell me that the child was missing, when I ordered scouts in all directions, when I gasped and trembled at every one's approach, no tongue can tell or mind of man conceive. I buried him that night. When I parted the boughs and looked into the dark thicket, there was a glowworm shining like the visible spirit of God upon the murdered child. I glanced down into his grave when I had placed him there, and still it gleamed upon his breast: an eye of fire looking up to Heaven in supplication to the stars that watched me at my work.

I had to meet my wife, and break the news, and give her hope that the child would soon be found. All this I did — with some appearance, I suppose, of being sincere, for I was the object of no suspicion. This done, I sat at the bedroom window all day long and watched the spot where the dreadful secret lay.

It was in a piece of ground which had been dug up to be newly turfed, and which I had chosen on that account as the trace of my spade was less likely to attract attention. The men who laid down the grass must have thought me mad. I called to them continually to expedite their work, ran out and worked beside them, trod down the turf with my feet, and hurried them with frantic eagerness. They had finished their task before night, and then I thought myself comparatively safe.

I slept — not as men do who wake refreshed and cheerful, but I did sleep, passing from vague and shadowy dreams of being hunted down, to visions of the plot of grass, through which now a hand, and now a foot, and now the head itself was starting out. At this point I always woke and stole to the window to make sure that it was not really so. That done, I crept to bed again; and thus I spent the night in fits and starts, getting up and lying down full twenty times, and dreaming the same dream over and over again — which was far worse than lying awake, for every dream had a whole night's suffering of its own. Once I thought the child was alive and that I had never tried to kill him. To wake from that dream was the most dreadful agony of all.

The next day I sat at the window again, never once taking my eyes from the place, which, although it was covered by the

grass, was as plain to me — its shape, its size, its depth, its jagged sides, and all — as if it had been open to the light of day. When a servant walked across it, I felt as if he must sink in; when he had passed, I looked to see that his feet had not worn the edges. If a bird lighted there, I was in terror lest by some tremendous interposition it should be instrumental in the discovery; if a breath of air sighed across it, to me it whispered murder. There was not a sight or a sound — how ordinary, mean, or unimportant soever — but was fraught with fear. And in this state of ceaseless watching I spent three days.

On the fourth there came to the gate one who had served with me abroad, accompanied by a brother officer of his whom I had never seen. I felt that I could not bear to be out of sight of the place. It was a summer evening, and I bade my people take a table and a flask of wine into the garden. Then I sat down *with my chair upon the grave*, and being assured that nobody could disturb it now without my knowledge, tried to drink and talk.

They hoped that my wife was well — that she was not obliged to keep her chamber — that they had not frightened her away. What could I do but tell them with a faltering tongue about the child? The officer whom I did not know was a down-looking man, and kept his eyes upon the ground while I was speaking. Even that terrified me! I could not divest myself of the idea that he saw something there which caused him to suspect the truth. I asked him hurriedly if he supposed that — and stopped. “That the child has been murdered?” said he, looking mildly at me: “Oh no! what could a man gain by murdering a poor child?” I could have told him what a man gained by such a deed, no one better: but I held my peace and shivered as with an ague.

Mistaking my emotion, they were endeavoring to cheer me with the hope that the boy would certainly be found — great cheer that was for me! — when we heard a low deep howl, and presently there sprang over the wall two great dogs, who bounding into the garden repeated the baying sound we had heard before.

“Bloodhounds!” cried my visitors.

What need to tell me that! I had never seen one of that kind in all my life, but I knew what they were and for what purpose they had come. I grasped the elbows of my chair, and neither spoke nor moved.

"They are of the genuine breed," said the man whom I had known abroad, "and being out for exercise have no doubt escaped from their keeper."

Both he and his friend turned to look at the dogs, who with their noses to the ground moved restlessly about, running to and fro, and up and down and across, and round in circles, careering about like wild things, and all this time taking no notice of us, but ever and again lifting their heads and repeating the yell we had heard already, then dropping their noses to the ground again and tracking earnestly here and there. They now began to snuff the earth more eagerly than they had done yet, and although they were still very restless, no longer beat about in such wide circuits, but kept near to one spot, and constantly diminished the distance between themselves and me.

At last they came up close to the great chair on which I sat, and raising their frightful howl once more, tried to tear away the wooden rails that kept them from the ground beneath. I saw how I looked, in the faces of the two who were with me.

"They scent some prey," said they, both together.

"They scent no prey!" cried I.

"In Heaven's name, move!" said the one I knew, very earnestly, "or you will be torn to pieces."

"Let them tear me limb from limb, I'll never leave this place!" cried I. "Are dogs to hurry men to shameful deaths? Hew them down, cut them in pieces."

"There is some foul mystery here!" said the officer whom I did not know, drawing his sword. "In King Charles' name, assist me to secure this man."

They both set upon me and forced me away, though I fought and bit and caught at them like a madman. After a struggle, they got me quietly between them; and then, my God! I saw the angry dogs tearing at the earth and throwing it up into the air like water.

What more have I to tell? That I fell upon my knees, and with chattering teeth confessed the truth, and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied, and now confess to it again. That I have been tried for the crime, found guilty, and sentenced. That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom or to bear up manfully against it. That I have no compassion, no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has happily

lost for the time those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow !

HERVÉ RIEL.¹

By ROBERT BROWNING.

[ROBERT BROWNING, English poet, was born in London, May 7, 1812 ; married Elizabeth Barrett in 1846, and lived in Italy the greater part of his life afterward. His first considerable poem was "Pauline" (1883, anonymous). There followed, among others, "Paracelsus," "Strafford," "Sordello," "Bells and Pomegranates" (a collection including "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy"), "Men and Women," "Dramatis Personæ," "The Ring and the Book," "Balaustion's Adventure," "Fifine at the Fair," "Red Cotton Nightcap Country." He died in Venice, December 12, 1889.]

I.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French, — woe to France !
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase ;
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville ;
 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all ;
 And they signaled to the place
 "Help the winners of a race !
 Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
 Here's the English can and will !"

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board ;
 "Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass ?"
 laughed they :
 "Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,

¹ By permission of Smith, Elder & Co.



BATTLE OF LA HOGUE

From a painting by Benjamin West

Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
 Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV.

Then was called a council straight.
 Brief and bitter the debate:
 "Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!"
 (Ended Damfreville his speech).
 Not a minute more to wait!
 "Let the Captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
 France must undergo her fate.

V.

"Give the word!" But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard;
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
 —A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second, third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
 A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty
 Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a
 way!

Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this 'Formidable' clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,
 — Keel so much as grate the ground,
 Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
 Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief.
 Still the north wind, by God's grace!
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock,
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past,
 All are harbored to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate
 Up the English come, too late!

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
 Out burst all with one accord,
 "This is Paradise for Hell!
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel!"
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips:
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
 Since the others go ashore —
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
 That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
 Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pellmell
 On the Louvre, face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!



LEAVES FROM PEPYS' DIARY.

[SAMUEL PEPYS, famous English diarist, was born in 1633, the son of a London tailor, and entered Magdalen College, Cambridge. Through the influence of Sir Edward Montagu (afterward Earl of Sandwich), he secured the office of Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, and twelve years later was raised to the secretaryship of the Admiralty. He discharged his duties with intelligence and zeal, and earned a great reputation as an authority on matters connected with the navy. During the excitement of the Popish plot he was committed to the Tower, but after some time was discharged without a trial, and reinstated in his office at the Admiralty, which he retained until the abdication of James II. He was also a member of Parliament for a brief term, master of the Trinity House, and president of the Royal Society. He died May 26, 1703. The celebrated "Diary" (extending from 1660 to 1669) is interesting both for its graphic picture of the court of Charles II., and for the insight it gives into Pepys' own character. It was written in cipher, and remained in manuscript until its discovery (1825) among the books, prints, etc., bequeathed by Pepys to Magdalen College.]

April 1st. I went to the Temple to my Cozen Roger Pepys, to see and talk with him a little ; who tells me that, with much ado, the Parliament do agree to throw down Popery ; but he says it is with so much spite and passion, and an endeavour of bringing al Non-conformists into the same condition, that he is afear'd matters will not yet go so well as he could wish. Calling at my brother's they tell me that my father is not yet up. At which I wondered, not thinking that he was come. So I up to his bedside and staid an houre or two talking with him. Among other things he tells me how unquiett my mother is grown, that he is not able to live almost with her, if it were not for Pall. Home, calling on the virginall maker, buying a rest for myself to tune my tryangle, and taking one of his people along with me to put it in tune once more, by which I learned how to go about it myself for the time to come. To my office all the afternoon ; Lord ! how Sir J. Minnes, like a mad coxcomb, did swear and stamp, swearing that Commissioner Pett hath still the old heart against the King that ever he had, and that this was his envy against his brother that was to build



SAMUEL PEPYS

the ship, and all the damnable reproaches in the world, at which I was ashamed, but said little ; but, upon the whole, I find him still a foole, led by the nose with stories told by Sir W. Batten, whether with or without reason. So, vexed in my mind to see things ordered so unlike gentlemen, or men of reason, I went home and to bed.

2*d.* By coach to Westminster Hall with Sir W. Pen. By and by the House rises and I home again with him, all the way talking about the business of Holmes ; I did on purpose tell him my mind freely, and let him see that it must be a wiser man than Holmes (in these very words) that shall do me any hurt while I do my duty. I do remember him of Holmes' words against Sir J. Minnes, that he was a knave, rogue, coward, and that he will kick him and pull him by the eares, which he remembered all of them and may have occasion to do it hereafter to his owne shame to suffer them to be spoke in his presence without any reply but what I did give him, which has caused all this feud. But I am glad of it, for I would now and then take occasion to let the world know that I will not be made a novice. Sir W. Pen took occasion to speak about my wife's strangenesse to him and his daughter, and that believing at last that it was from his taking of Sarah to be his mayde, he hath now put her away, at which I am glad. He told me that this day the King hath sent to the House his concurrence wholly with them against the Popish priests, Jesuits, etc., which gives great content, and I am glad of it.

3*d.* To White Hall and to Chappell, which being most monstrous full, I could not go into my pew, but sat among the quire. Dr. Creeton, the Scotchman, preached a most admirable, good, learned, honest, and most severe sermon, yet comicall, upon the words of the woman concerning the Virgin, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee and the paps that gave thee suck ; and he answered, Nay ; rather is he blessed that heareth the word of God, and keepeth it." He railed bitterly ever and anon against John Calvin, and his brood, the Presbyterians, and against the present terme, now in use, of "tender consciences." He ripped up Hugh Peters (calling him the execrable skellum), his preaching and stirring up the mayds of the city to bring in their bodkins and thimbles. Thence going out of White Hall, I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of

place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home to my office, and there I broke it open, not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece in gold and 4*l.* in silver. So home to dinner with my father and wife, and after dinner up to my tryangle, where I found that above my expectation Ashwell has very good principles of musique and can take out a lesson herself with very little pains. Thence to the Tangier Committee, where we find ourselves at a great stand; the establishment being but 70,000*l.* per annum, and the forces to be kept in the towne at the least estimate that my Lord Rutherford can be got to bring it is 53,000*l.* The charge of this year's work of the Mole will be 13,000*l.*; besides 1,000*l.* a-year to my Lord Peterborough as a pension, and the fortifications and contingencys, which puts us to a great stand. I find at Court that there is some bad newes from Ireland of an insurrection of the Catholiques there, which puts them into an alarme. I hear also in the City that for certain there is an embargo upon all our ships in Spayne, upon this action of my Lord Windsor's at Cuba, which signifies little or nothing, but only he hath a mind to say that he hath done something before he comes back again.

4*th.* To my office. Home to dinner, whither by and by comes Roger Pepys, Mrs. Turner and her daughter, Joyce Norton, and a young lady, a daughter of Coll. Cockes, my uncle Wight, his wife and Mrs. Anne Wight. This being my feast, in lieu of what I should have had a few days ago for my cutting of the stone, for which the Lord make me truly thankful. Very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our owne only mayde. We had a fricasee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lambe, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie (a most rare pie), a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble and to my great content. After dinner to Hide Parke; my aunt, Mrs. Wight, and I in one coach, and all the rest of the women in Mr. Turner's; Roger being gone in haste to the Parliament about the carrying this business of the Papists, in which it seems there is great contest on both sides, and my uncle and father staying together behind. At the Parke was the King, and in another

coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every tour. Here about an houre and home, and I found the house as clear as if nothing had been done there to-day from top to bottom, which made us give the cooke 12*d.* a piece, each of us.

5*th* (*Lord's day*). Up and spent the morning, till the Barber came, in reading in my chamber part of Osborne's advice to his Son, which I shall not never enough admire for sense and language, and being by and by trimmed, to Church, myself, wife, Ashwell, etc. Home and while dinner was prepared to my office to read over my vows with great affection and to very good purpose. Then to church again, where a simple bawling young Scot preached.

6*th*. To my office and there made an end of reading my book that I have of Mr. Barlow's of the Journall of the Commissioners of the Navy, who begun to act in the year 1628 and continued six years, wherein is fine observations and precedents out of which I do purpose to make a good collection. To the Committee of Tangier, where I found, to my great joy, my Lord Sandwich, the first time I have seen him abroad these some months, and by and by he rose and took leave, being, it seems, this night to go to Kensington or Chelsey, where he hath taken a lodging for a while to take the ayre.

7*th*. To my office. At noon to the Exchange, and after dinner to the office, where Sir J. Minnes did make a great complaint to me alone, how my clerke Mr. Hater had entered in one of the Sea books a ticket to have been signed by him before it had been examined, which makes the old foole mad almost, though there was upon enquiry the greatest reason in the world for it. Which though it vexes me, yet it is most to see from day to day what a coxcomb he is, and that so great a trust should lie in the hands of such a foole.

8*th*. By water to White Hall, to chappell; where preached Dr. Pierce, the famous man that preached the sermon so much cried up, before the King against the Papists. His matter was the Devil tempting our Saviour, being carried into the Wilderness by the spirit. And he hath as much of natural eloquence as most men that ever I heard in my life, mixed with so much learning. After sermon I went up and saw the ceremony of the Bishop of Peterborough's paying homage upon the knee to the King, while Sir H. Bennet, Secretary, read the King's grant of the Bishopric of Lincolne, to which he is translated. His name is Dr. Lany. Here I also saw the Duke of Monmouth, with his

Order of the Garter, the first time I ever saw it. I hear that the University of Cambridge did treat him a little while since with all the honour possible, with a comedy at Trinity College, and banquet; and made him Master of Arts there. All which, they say, the King took very well. Dr. Raynbow, Master of Magdalen, being now Vice-Chancellor.

9th. To my office, and anon we met upon finishing the Treasurer's accounts. At noon dined at home and am vexed to hear my wife tell me how our mayde Mary do endeavour to corrupt our cook mayde, which did please me very well, but I am resolved to rid the house of her as soon as I can.

10th. After great expectation from Ireland, and long stop of letters, there is good newes come, that all is quiett after our great noise of troubles there, though some stir hath been as was reported. To the Royall Oake Taverne, in Lumbarde Streete, where Alexander Broome the poet was, a merry and witty man, I believe, if he be not a little conceited, and here drank a sort of French wine, called Ho Bryan, that hath a good and most particular taste that I never met with. Then to my Lord's lodgings, met my wife, and walked to the New Exchange. There laid out 10s. upon pendants and painted leather gloves, very pretty and all the mode.

12th (*Lord's day*). To church, where I found our pew altered by taking some of the hind pew to make ours bigger. After dinner got a coach and to Graye's Inn walks, where some handsome faces. Coming home to-night, a drunken boy was carrying by our constable to our new pair of stocks to handsel them, being a new pair and very handsome.

13th. Up by five o'clock and to my office, where hard at work till towards noon, and home and eat a bit, and so with Sir W. Batten to the Stillyard, and there eat a lobster together, and anon to the Tangier Committee, where we had very fine discourse from Dr. Walker and Wiseman, civilians, against our erecting a court-merchant at Tangier, and well answered by my Lord Sandwich (whose speaking I never till now observed so much to be very good) and Sir R. Ford. By and by the discourse being ended, we fell to my Lord Rutherford's dispatch, which do not please him, he being a Scott, and one resolved to scrape every penny that he can get by any way, which the Committee will not agree to. He took offence at something and rose away, without taking leave of the board, which all took ill, though nothing said but only by the Duke

of Albemarle, who said that we ought to settle things as they ought to be, and if he will not go upon these terms another man will, no doubt.

14th. By barge to Woolwich, to see "The Royal James" launched, where she has been under repair a great while. Then to Mr. Falconer's to a dinner of fish of our own sending, and when it was just ready to come upon the table, word is brought that the King and Duke are come, so they all went away to shew themselves, while I staid and had a little dish or two by myself, resolving to go home, and by the time I had dined they came again, having gone to little purpose, the King, I believe, taking little notice of them. So they to dinner, and I staid a little with them, and so good bye. I walked to Greenwich, studying the slide rule for measuring of timber, which is very fine, and so home pretty weary. Anon they all came home, the ship well launched. Sir G. Carteret tells me to-night that he perceives the Parliament is likely to make a great bustle before they will give the King any money; will call all things into question; and, above all, the expences of the Navy; and do enquire into the King's expences everywhere, and into the truth of the report of people being forced to sell their bills at 15 per cent. losse in the Navy; and, lastly, that they are in a very angry pettish mood at present, and not likely to be better.

15th. After talking with my father awhile, I to my office, and there hard at it till almost noon, and then went down the river with Maynes, the purveyor, to show a ship's lading of Norway goods. So home, and after dinner up with my wife and Ashwell a little to the Tryangle, and so I down to Deptford by land about looking out a couple of catches fitted to be speedily set forth in answer to a letter of Mr. Coventry's to me. Which done, I walked back again, all the way reading of my book of Timber measure, comparing it with my new Sliding Rule brought home this morning with great pleasure. Taking boat again I went to Shishe's yard, and with him pitched upon a couple, and so home a little weary.

16th. Met to pass Mr. Pitts' (Sir J. Lawson's Secretary and Deputy Treasurer) accounts for the voyage last to the Streights, wherein the demands are strangely irregular, and I dare not oppose it alone for making an enemy and do no good, but only bring a review upon my Lord Sandwich, but God knows it troubles my heart to see it, and to see

the Comptroller, whose duty it is, to make no more matter of it.

17th. It being Good Friday, our dinner was only sugar-sopps and fish; the only time that we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent. This morning Mr. Hunt, the instrument maker, brought me home a Basse Viall to see whether I like it, which I do not very well, besides I am under a doubt whether I had best buy one, because of spoiling my present mind and love to business. To Paul's Church Yarde, to cause the title of my English "Mare Clausum" to be changed, and the new title, dedicated to the King, to be put to it, because I am ashamed to have the other seen dedicated to the Commonwealth.

18th. At dinner was Mr. Creed, all dinner, and walking in the garden the afternoon, he and I talking of the ill management of our office, which God knows is very ill for the King's advantage. I would I could make it better.

19th (*Easter day*). Up and this day put on my close-kneed coloured suit, which, with new stockings of the colour, with belt and new gilt-handled sword, is very handsome. To church alone, and after dinner to church again, where the young Scotchman preaching I slept all the while. After supper, fell in discourse of dancing, and I find that Ashwell hath a very fine carriage, which makes my wife almost ashamed of herself to see herself so outdone, but to-morrow she begins to learn to dance for a month or two. So to prayers and to bed. Will being gone, with my leave, to his father's this day for a day or two, to take physique these holydays.

20th. Begun to look over my father's accounts, which he brought out of the country with him by my desire, whereby I may see what he has received and spent, and I find that he is not anything extravagant, and yet it do so far outdo his estate that he must either think of lessening his charge, or I must be forced to spare money out of my purse to helpe him through, which I would willing do as far as 20*l.* goes. To Mr. Grant's. There saw his prints, which he shewed me, and indeed are the best collection of any things almost that ever I saw, there being the prints of most of the greatest houses, churches, and anti-quitys in Italy and France and brave cutts. I had not time to look them over as I ought. With Sir G. Carteret and Sir John Minnes to my Lord Treasurer's, thinking to have spoken about getting money for paying the Yards; but we found him with

some ladies at cards: and so, it being a bad time to speak, we parted. This day the little Duke of Monmouth was married at White Hall, in the King's chamber; and to-night is a great supper and dancing at his lodgings, near Charing-Cross. I observed his coate at the tail of his coach: he gives the arms of England, Scotland, and France, quartered upon some other fields, but what it is that speaks his being a bastard I know not.

21st. I ruled with red ink my English "Mare Clausum," which, with the new orthodox title, makes it now very handsome. So to business and home to supper to play a game at cards with my wife; Ashwell plays well at cards, and will teach us to play; I wish it do not lose too much of my time, and put my wife too much upon it.

22^d. To the Change, and so to my uncle Wight's, by invitation, whither my father, wife, and Ashwell came, where we had but a poor dinner, and not well dressed; besides, the very sight of my aunt's hands and greasy manner of carving did almost turn my stomach. After dinner by coach to the King's Playhouse, where we saw but part of "Witt without mony," which I do not like much, but coming late put me out of tune, and it costing me four half-crownes for myself and company.

23^d. St. George's day and Coronacion, the King and Court being at Windsor, at the installing of the King of Denmarke by proxy and the Duke of Monmouth. I, with my father, sat all the morning looking over his country accounts. I find his spending hitherto has been (without extraordinary charges) at full 100*l*. per annum, which troubles me, and I did let him apprehend it, so as that the poor man wept, though he did make it well appear to me that he could not have saved a farthing of it. I did tell him how things stand with us, and did shew my distrust of Pall, both for her good nature and housewifery, which he was sorry for, telling me that indeed she carries herself very well and carefully, which I am glad to hear, though I doubt it was but his doting and not being able to find her mis-carriages so well nowadays as he could heretofore have done. Spend the evening with my father. At cards till late, and being at supper, my boy being sent for some mustard, staid half an houre in the streets, it seems at a bonfire, at which I was very angry, and resolve to beat him to-morrow.

24th. Up betimes, and with my salt eele went down into

the parler and there got my boy and did beat him till I was fain to take breath two or three times, yet for all I am afraid it will make the boy never the better, he is grown so hardened in his tricks, which I am sorry for, he being capable of making a brave man, and is a boy that I and my wife love very well. So made me ready, and to my office, where all the morning, and at noon home, whither came Captain Holland, who is lately come home from sea, and has been much harassed in law about the ship which he has bought, so that it seems in a despair he endeavoured to cut his own throat, but is recovered it; and it seems — whether by that or any other persuasion (his wife's mother being a great zealot) he is turned almost a Quaker, his discourse being nothing but holy, and that impertinent, that I was weary of him.

25th. Up betimes and to my vyall and song book a pretty while, and so to my office, and there we sat all the morning. Among other things Sir W. Batten had a mind to cause Butler (our chief witness in the business of Field, whom we did force back from an employment going to sea to come back to attend our law sute) to be borne as a mate on the Rainbow in the Downes in compensation for his loss for our sakes. This he orders an order to be drawn by Mr. Turner for, and after Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen had signed it, it came to me and I was going to put it up into my book, thinking to consider of it and give them my opinion upon it before I parted with it, but Sir W. Pen told me I must sign or give it him again, for it should not go without my hand. I told him what I meant to do, whereupon Sir W. Batten was very angry, and in a great heat told me that I should not think as I have heretofore done, make them sign orders and not sign them myself. Which what ignorance or worse it implies is easy to judge, when he shall sign to things (and the rest of the board too as appears in this business) for company and not out of their judgment. After some discourse I did convince them that it was not fit to have it go, and Sir W. Batten first, and then the rest, did willingly cancel all their hands and tear the order, for I told them, Butler being such a rogue as I know him, and we have all signed him to be to the Duke, it will be in his power to publish this to our great reproach, that we should take such a course as this to serve ourselves in wronging the King by putting him into a place he is no wise capable of, and that in an Admiral ship. In the evening merrily practising to dance,

which my wife hath begun to learn this day of Mr. Pembleton, but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing. At Westminster Hall, this day, I buy a book lately printed and licensed by Dr. Stradling, the Bishop of London's chaplin, being a book discovering the practices and designs of the papists, and the fears of some of our own fathers of the Protestant church heretofore of the return to Popery as it were prefacing it. The book is a very good book; but forasmuch as it touches one of the Queene-mother's father confessors, the Bishop, which troubles many good men and members of Parliament, hath called it in, which I am sorry for. Another book I bought, being a collection of many expressions of the great Presbyterian Preachers upon publique occasions, in the late times, against the King and his party, as some of Mr. Marshall, Case, Calamy, Baxter, etc., which is good reading now, to see what they then did teach, and the people believe, and what they would seem to believe now. Lastly, I did hear that the Queene is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he having not supped once with her this quarter of a yeare, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine; who hath been with him this St. George's feast at Windsor, and came home with him last night; and, which is more, they say is removed as to her bed from her owne home to a chamber in White Hall, next to the King's owne; which I am sorry to hear, though I love her much.

26th (*Lord's day*). Tom coming, with whom I was angry for botching my camlott coat, to tell me that my father and he would dine with me, and that my father was at our church, I got me ready and had a very good sermon of a country minister upon "How blessed a thing it is for brethren to live together in unity!" All the afternoon upon my accounts, and find myself worth full 700*l.*, for which I bless God, it being the most I was ever worth in money. In the evening my wife, Ashwell, and the boy and I, and the dogg, over the water and walked to Half-way house, and beyond into the fields, gathering of cowslipps, and so to Half-way house, with some cold lamb we carried with us, and there supped, and had a most pleasant walke back again, Ashwell all along telling us some parts of their maske at Chelsey Schoole, which was very pretty, and I find she hath a most prodigious memory, remembering so much of things acted six or seven years ago. So home, and after

reading my vows, being sleepy, without prayers to bed, for which God forgive me!

27th. Will Griffin tells me this morning that Captain Browne, Sir W. Batten's brother-in-law, is dead of a blow given him two days ago by a seaman, a servant of his, being drunk, with a stone striking him on the forehead, for which I am sorry, he having a good woman and several small children. By water to White Hall; but found the Duke of York gone to St. James's for the summer; and thence with Mr. Coventry and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke's closett. And a good while with him about our Navy business; and so I to White Hall, and there alone a while with my Lord Sandwich discoursing about his debt to the Navy, wherein he hath given me some things to resolve him in. Thence to my Lord's lodgings, and thither came Creed to me, and he and I walked a great while in the garden, and thence to an alehouse in the market place to drink fine Lambeth ale, and so home, where I found Mary gone from my wife, she being too high for her, though a very good servant, and my boy too will be going in a few days, for he is not for my family, he is grown so out of order and not to be ruled, and do himself desire to be gone, which I am sorry for, because I love the boy and would be glad to bring him to good. The Queene (which I did not know) it seems was at Windsor, at the late St. George's feast there; and the Duke of Monmouth dancing with her with his hat in his hand, the King came in and kissed him, and made him put on his hat, which everybody took notice of.

28th. Up betimes and to my office, only stepped up to see my wife and her dancing master at it, and I think after all she will do pretty well. So to dinner and then I to my office casting up my Lord's sea accounts over again, and putting them in order for payment.

29th. To Chelsey, where we found my Lord all alone at a little table with one joynt of meat at dinner; we sat down and very merry talking, and mightily extolling the manner of his retirement, and the goodness of his diet: the mistress of the house, Mrs. Becke, having been a woman of good condition heretofore, a merchant's wife, and hath all things most excellently dressed; among others, her cakes admirable, and so good that my Lord's words were, they were fit to present to my Lady Castlemaine. From ordinary discourse my Lord fell to talk of other matters to me, of which chiefly the second part of the

fray, which he told me a little while since of, between Mr. Edward Montagu and himself; that he hath forborn coming to him almost two months, and do speak not only slightly of my Lord every where, but hath complained to my Lord Chancellor of him, and arrogated all that ever my Lord hath done to be only by his direction and persuasion. Whether he hath done the like to the King or no, my Lord knows not; but my Lord hath been with the King since, and finds all things fair; and my Lord Chancellor hath told him of it, but with so much contempt of Mr. Montagu, as my Lord knows himself very secure against any thing the foole can do; and notwithstanding all this, so noble is his nature, that he professes himself ready to show kindness and pity to Mr. Montagu on any occasion. My Lord told me of his presenting Sir H. Bennet with a gold cupp of 100*l.*, which he refuses, with a compliment; but my Lord would have been glad he had taken it, that he might have had some obligations upon him which he thinks possible the other may refuse to prevent it; not that he hath any reason to doubt his kindnesse. But I perceive great differences there are at Court; and Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Bristol, and their faction, are likely to carry all things before them (which my Lord's judgment is, will not be for the best), and particularly against the Chancellor, who, he tells me, is irrecoverably lost: but, however, that he will not actually joine in any thing against the Chancellor, whom he do owne to be his most sure friend, and to have been his greatest; and therefore will not openly act in either, but passively carry himself even. The Queene, my Lord tells me, he thinks he hath incurred some displeasure with, for his kindness to his neighbour, my Lady Castlemaine. My Lord tells me he hath no reason to fall for her sake, whose wit, management, nor interest is not likely to hold up any man, and therefore he thinks it not his obligation to stand for her against his owne interest. The Duke and Mr. Coventry my Lord says he is very well with, and fears not but they will show themselves his very good friends, specially at this time, he being able to serve them, and they needing him, which he did not tell me wherein. Talking of the business of Tangier, he tells me that my Lord Teviott is gone away without the least respect paid to him, nor indeed to any man, but without his commission; and (if it be true what he says) having laid out seven or eight thousand pounds in commodities for the place; and besides having not only disoblged all the Com-

missioners for Tangier, but also Sir Charles Barkeley the other day, who spoke in behalf of Colonel Fitz-Gerald, that having been deputy-governor there already, he ought to have expected and had the governorship upon the death or removal of the former governor. And whereas it is said that he and his men are Irish, which is indeed the main thing that hath moved the King and Council to put in Teviott to prevent the Irish having too great and the whole command there under Fitz-Gerald; he further said that there was never an Englishman fit to command Tangier; my Lord Teviott answered yes, that there were many more fit than himself or Fitz-Gerald either. So that Fitz-Gerald being so great with the Duke of York, and being already made deputy-governor, independent of my Lord Teviott, and he being also left here behind him for a while, my Lord Sandwich do think that, putting all these things together, the few friends he hath left, and the ill posture of his affairs, my Lord Teviott is not a man of the conduct and management that either people take him to be, or is fit for the command of the place. And here, speaking of the Duke of York and Sir Charles Barkeley, my Lord tells me that he do very much admire the good management, and discretion, and nobleness of the Duke, that whatever he may be led by him or Mr. Coventry singly in private, yet he did not observe that in publique matters, but he did give as ready hearing and as good acceptance to any reasons offered by any other man against the opinions of them, as he did to them, and would concur in the prosecution of it. Then we came to discourse upon his own sea accompts, and came to a resolution what and how to proceed in them; wherein, though I offered him a way of evading the greatest part of his debt honestly, by making himself debtor to the Parliament, before the King's time, which he might justly do, yet he resolved to go openly and nakedly in it, and put himself to the kindness of the King and Duke, which humour, I must confess, and so did tell him (with which he was not a little pleased) had thriven very well with him, being known to be a man of candid and open dealing, without any private tricks or hidden designs as other men commonly have in what they do. From that we had discourse of Sir G. Carteret, and of many others; and upon the whole I do find that it is a troublesome thing for a man of any condition at Court to carry himself even, and without contracting enemys or envyers; and that much discretion and dissimulation is necessary to do it. Anon I took

Manuscript of James II.

Letter written as Duke of York, during his retirement in Scotland at the time of the exclusion bill, to his brother-in-law, Laurence Hyde, First Lord of the Treasury, on the untrustworthiness of the Duchess of Portsmouth, proposed changes of the Ministry, the necessity for a dissolution of Parliament, the conviction of Lord Stafford for complicity in the Popish plot, his own determination not to change his religion, etc. Written 14 Dec., 1680, and signed with a monogram.

Dec: 14.

I receued on Monday yours of the 8, and do absolutly agree with you that the Duchess of Portsmouth is neuer to be trusted after what she has done but do not thinke that, if there should be anything to do with France, that of necessity it must fall into hir hands for not only we, but all others, do now know hir so well as not to care to trust or make use of hir, so as if that were the only reason to hinder a negociation with them, I thinke that ought not to hinder it. I am very glad to find his Majesty continus still to be so ill pleased with Lord Sunderland and Lord Essex. I think he is much in the right and I . . .

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James

leave, and coming down found my father unexpectedly in great pain and desiring for God's sake to get him a bed to lie upon, which I did, and W. Howe and I staid by him, in so great pain as I never saw, poor wretch, and with that patience, crying only : terrible, terrible pain, God helpe me, God helpe me, with the mournful voice, that made my heart ake. He desired to rest a little alone to see whether it would abate, and W. Howe and I went down and walked in the gardens, which are very fine, and a pretty fountayne, with which I was finely wetted, and up to a banquetting house, with a very fine prospect, and so back to my father, who I found in such pain that I could not bear the sight of it without weeping. At last I got him to go to the coach, and driving hard, meeting in the way with Captain Ferrers going to my Lord, to tell him that my Lady Jemimah is come to towne, and that Will Stankes is come with my father's horses, we got home and all helping we got him to bed presently, and after half an hour's lying in his naked bed, he was at good ease and so fell to sleep, and we went down whither W. Stankes was come with his horses. But it is very pleasant to hear how he rails at the rumbling and ado that is in London over it is in the country, that he cannot endure it.

30th. Up, and after drinking my morning draft with my father, who is very well again, and W. Stankes, I went forth to Sir W. Batten, who is going (to no purpose as he uses to do) to Chatham upon a survey. So to my office and then to the Exchange, and back home to dinner, where Mrs. Hunt, my father, and W. Stankes ; but, Lord ! what a stir Stankes makes with his being crowded in the streets and wearied in walking in London, and would not be wooed by my wife and Ashwell to go to a play, nor to White Hall, or to see the lyons, though he was carried in a coach. I never could have thought there had been upon earth a man so little curious in the world as he is.

May 1st. Up betimes and my father with me, and he and I all the morning and Will Stankes settling our matters concerning our Brampton estate, etc., and I find that there will be, after all debts paid within 100*l.*, 50*l.* per annum clear coming towards my father's maintenance, besides 25*l.* per annum annuities to my Uncle Thomas and Aunt Perkins. After dinner I got my father, brother Tom, and myself together, and I advised my father to good husbandry and to living within the compass of 50*l.* a year, and all in such kind words, as not only made them but myself to weep, and I hope it will have a good

effect. That being done, we all took horse, and I, upon a horse hired of Mr. Game, saw him out of London, at the end of Bishopsgate Streete, and so I turned and rode, with some trouble, through the fields, and then Holborne, etc., towards Hide Parke, whither all the world, I think, are going; and in my going, almost thither, met W. Howe coming galloping upon a little crop black nag; it seems one that was taken in some ground of my Lord's, by some mischance being left by his master, a thiefe; this horse being found with black cloth eares on, and a false mayne, having none of his owne; and I back again with him to the Chequer, at Charing Crosse, and there put up my owne dull jade, and by his advice saddled a delicate stone horse of Captain Ferrers's, and with that rid in state to the Parke, where none better mounted than I almost, but being in a throng of horses, seeing the King's riders showing tricks with their managed horses, which were very strange, my stone-horse was very troublesome, and begun to fight with other horses, to the endangering him and myself, and with much ado I got out, and kept myself out of harm's way. Here I saw nothing good, neither the King, nor my Lady Castlemaine, nor any great ladies or beauties being there, there being more pleasure a great deal at an ordinary day; or else those few good faces that there were choked up with the many bad ones, there being people of all sorts to some thousands, I think. Going thither in the highway, just by the Parke gate, I met a boy in a sculler boat, carried by a dozen people at least, rowing as hard as he could drive, it seems upon some wager. By and by, about seven or eight o'clock, homeward; and changing my horse again, I rode home, coaches going in great crowds to the further end of the towne almost. In my way, in Leadenhall Streete, there was morris-dancing, which I have not seen a great while. So set my horse up at Game's, paying 5s. for him, and went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the harpsicon; but, Lord! it was enough to make any man sicke to hear her; yet I was forced to commend her highly. So home to supper. This day Captain Grove sent me a side of pork, which was the oddest present, sure, that was ever made any man; and the next, I remember I told my wife, I believe would be a pound of candles, or a shoulder of mutton; but the fellow do it in kindness, and is one I am beholden to. So to bed very weary, and a little galled for lack of riding, praying to God for a good journey to my father, of whom I am afeard, he being so lately ill.

22*d*. Being weary last night, I slept till almost seven o'clock, a thing I have not done many a day. So up and to my office, being come to some angry words with my wife about neglecting the keeping of the house clean, I calling her beggar, and she me pricklouse, which vexed me. So to the Exchange and then home to dinner, and very merry and well pleased with my wife, and so to the office again, where we met extraordinary upon drawing up the debts of the Navy to my Lord Treasurer.



HUDIBRAS.

By SAMUEL BUTLER.

[SAMUEL BUTLER, the well-known English author, was a native of **Strensham**, Worcestershire, where he was born in 1612. Educated at the Worcester grammar school and probably at Cambridge University, he became an attendant to Elizabeth, Countess of Kent, and later to the Presbyterian Sir Samuel Luke, who is supposed to be the prototype of Hudibras. After the Restoration he entered the service of the Earl of Carberry, Lord President of Wales, and was appointed steward of Ludlow Castle. His "Hudibras" (published in three parts, 1663-1678), a satirical poem directed against the Puritans, achieved immediate popularity, and a grant of three hundred pounds was bestowed on the author by Charles II. Butler died at Covent Garden, September 25, 1680, in great poverty, and was buried at the expense of his friend, William Longueville of the Temple.]

WHEN civil fury first grew high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why;
 When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
 Set folks together by the ears,
 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
 For Dame Religion, as for punk;
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
 When Gospel Trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood;
 That never bent his stubborn knee
 To anything but Chivalry;

Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right worshipful on shoulder blade :
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for cartel or for warrant ;
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle ;
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styled of war, as well as peace.
 So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water.
 But here our authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise, or stout :
 Some hold the one, and some the other ;
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The difference was so small, his brain
 Outweighed his rage but half a grain ;
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, called a fool :
 For't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras ;
 For that's the name our valiant knight
 To all his challenges did write.
 But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was not such ;
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 H' was very shy of using it ;
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holydays, or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak **Greek**
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;
 But much of either would afford
 To many, that had not one word.
 For Hebrew roots, although they're **found**
 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty, as sufficed
 To make some think him circumcised ;
 And truly so, perhaps, he was,
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south, and southwest side;
 On either which he would dispute.
 Confute, change hands, and still confute;
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks Committee men and Trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination.
 And this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
 And when he happened to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by;
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talked like other folk.
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learnèd pedants much affect.
 It was a party-colored dress
 Of patched and piebald languages;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin;
 It had an old promiscuous tone
 As if h' had talked three parts in one;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three laborers of Babel;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large;
 For he could coin, or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit;

Words so debased and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on;
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em;
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebblestones
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,
 He would have used no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by Algebra.

Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read every text and gloss over;
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith:
 Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
 For every why he had a wherefore;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go.
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion served, would quote;
 No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell;
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts;
 Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghost of defunct bodies fly;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congealed in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly.
 In school divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable;
 A second Thomas, or, at once
 To name them all, another Duns;
 Profound in all the Nominal
 And Real ways, beyond them all:

And, with as delicate a hand,
 Could twist as tough a rope of sand;
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
 That's empty when the moon is full;
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnishèd.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice;
 As if Divinity had catchèd
 The itch, on purpose to be scratchèd;
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to show with how small pain
 The sores of Faith are cured again;
 Although by woeful proof we find,
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies;
 And, as he was disposed, could prove it,
 Below the moon, or else above it. . . .

For his Religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit;
 'Twas Presbyterian, true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church Militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows, and knocks;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended.
 A sect, whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss;
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract or monkey sick.
 That with more care keep holyday
 The wrong, than others the right way;

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to:
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshiped God for spite.
 The selfsame thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for.
 Free will they one way disavow
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin.
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly,
 Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend — plum porridge;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
 To whom our knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linked,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got the advowson of his conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accoutered,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
 That next of all we shall discuss;
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus:
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face. . . .

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword, yet cudgel proof,
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
 Who feared no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woolen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen;
 To old King Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own.
 Through they were lined with many a piece
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,
 And fat black puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood:
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry victual in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 The ammunition to surprise. . . .

His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,

With basket hilt, that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both.
 In it he melted lead for bullets,
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of somebody to hew and hack.
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
 The rancor of its edge had felt;
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
 And so much scorned to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not show its face.
 In many desperate attempts,
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
 It had appeared with courage bolder
 Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder;
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And prisoners too, or made them run.

 This sword a dagger had, his page,
 That was but little for his age:
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging:
 When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mouse trap, 'twould not care:
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this, and more, it did endure;
 But left the trade, as many more
 Have lately done, on the same score.

 In th' holsters, at his saddlebow,
 Two agèd pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get.
 These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
 To forage when the cocks were bent;
 And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap.

They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
From two-legged and from four-legged foes.

Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse:
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behoove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stayed, and in his gait,
Preserved a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipped,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipped;
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he grieved to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoofed,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
Some write, to take his rider up,
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For what was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight galled full as bad.

His strutting ribs on both sides showed
 Like furrows he himself had plowed;
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,
 'Twixt every two there was a channel.
 His draggling tail hung in the dirt
 Which on his rider he would flirt,
 Still as his tender side he pricked,
 With armed heel, or with unarmed, kicked;
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active trot one side of 's horse,
 The other would not stay his course.

A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
 That in th' adventure went his half.
 Though writers, for more stately tone,
 Do call him Ralpo, 'tis all one;
 And when we can, with meter safe
 We'll call him so, if not, plain Ralph;
 For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
 An equal stock of wit and valor
 He had laid in; by birth a tailor;
 The mighty Tyrian queen that gained,
 With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
 Did leave it, with a castle fair,
 To his great ancestor, her heir;
 From him descended cross-legged knights,
 Famed for their faith and warlike fights
 Against the bloody Cannibal,
 Whom they destroyed both great and small.
 This sturdy Squire had, as well
 As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
 Not with a counterfeited pass
 Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
 His knowledge was not far behind
 The knight's, but of another kind,
 And he another way came by't;
 Some call it Gifts, and some New Light;
 A liberal art that costs no pains
 Of study, industry, or brains.
 His wits were sent him for a token,
 But in the carriage cracked and broken;
 Like commendation ninepence crooked
 With — To and from my love — it looked.
 He ne'er considered it, as loath
 To look a gift horse in the mouth;

And very wisely would lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth:
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too:
 For saints themselves will sometimes be,
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlighten snuff,
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a needle:
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their way:
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
 'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
 Which none can see but those that bear it;
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by;
 An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
 And leads men into pools and ditches,
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond;
 To dive, like wild fowl, for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.
 This light inspires, and plays upon
 The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
 And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
 As through a trunk, or whispering hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spirit'al eavesdropper can hear.
 So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
 Into small poets song infuse;
 Which they at second hand rehearse,
 Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
 Thus Ralph became infallible,
 As three or four legged oracle,
 The ancient cup, or modern chair;
 Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
 For mystic learning wondrous able
 In magic, talisman, and cabal,
 Whose primitive tradition reaches
 As far as Adam's first green breeches;
 Deep-sighted in intelligences,
 Ideas, atoms, influences,
 And much of *Terra Incognita*,
 Th' intelligible world, could say;

A deep occult philosopher,
 As learned as the wild Irish are,
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
 And solid lying much renowned:
 He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
 And Jacob Behmen, understood;
 Knew many an amulet and charm,
 That would do neither good nor harm;
 In Rosicrucian lore as learned,
 As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
 He understood the speech of birds
 As well as they themselves do words;
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean;
 What member 'tis of whom they talk,
 When they cry, "Rope," and "Walk, knave, walk."
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,
 And keep them in a glass, like water,
 Of sovereign power to make men wise;
 For, dropped in blear thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like owls, though purblind in the light.
 By help of these, as he professed,
 He had First Matter seen undressed:
 He took her naked, all alone,
 Before one rag of form was on.
 The Chaos, too, he had descried,
 And seen quite through, or else he lied;
 Not that of pasteboard, which men show
 For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew,
 But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
 Whence that and Reformation came,
 Both cousin-germans, and right able
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble:
 But Reformation was, some say,
 O' th' younger house to puppet play.
 He could foretell whats'ever was,
 By consequence, to come to pass:
 As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations:
 All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood:
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,

Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge ;
 As if they were consenting to
 All mischiefs in the world men do :
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house, to know
 Who broke and robbed a house below ;
 Examine Venus and the Moon,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon ;
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who received the goods :
 They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimmed a cloak ;
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.
 They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies ;
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,
 And swallowed it instead o' th' pill,
 Cast the nativity o' th' question,
 And from positions to be guessed on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs ;
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;
 What gains, or loses, hangs, or saves,
 What makes men great, what fools, or knaves ;
 But not what wise, for only 'f those
 The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians :
 There they say right, and like true Trojans.
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplished Squire endued
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
 Never did trusty squire with knight,
 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit :
 Their valors, too, were of a rate,
 And out they sallied at the gate.



BURNING OF OLD NEWGATE, DURING THE GREAT FIRE OF
LONDON, A.D. 1666

From an old print

NOTES FROM EVELYN'S DIARY.

[JOHN EVELYN, English author, was the son of wealthy parents, residing in Wotton, Surrey, where he was born in 1620. During the Civil War he sided with the Royalists, and for a short time served in the king's army, but passed the years 1641-1647 principally in travel, with occasional returns to England. After the Restoration he became a favorite at court, and held various positions of trust. He was one of the first members of the Royal Society, and contributed much to its transactions. He wrote constantly on a great variety of subjects, his chief works being "Sylva, or the Discourse of Forest Trees" and "Sculptura, or the Art of Engraving on Copper." His diary, discovered in 1817, is of inestimable historical value. He died in 1706.]

THE GREAT FIRE.

I WENT this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time His Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projections of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books, belonging to the Stationers, and carried

thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near a hundred more. The lead, ironwork, bells, plate, etc., melted, the exquisitely wrought Mercer's Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones, but that were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy: to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all these of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, while the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapor, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in

Manuscript of Charles II.

Letter, in French, to his sister, Henrietta Anne, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, written on the day after his landing at Dover, at the Restoration, Canterbury, 26 May, 1660.

Canterbury, 26. May.

J'estois si tourmenté des affaires a la Haye que ie ne pouuois pas vous escrire devant mon depart, mais i'ay laissé ordre avec ma soeur de vous envoyer vn petit present der ma part que i'espere vous receverés bien tost. J'arriuay hirc a Douer, ou i'ay trouuay Monke avec grande quantité de noblesse, qui m'ont pensé acablé d'amitié et de ioye pour mon retour. J'ay la test si furieusement étourdy par l'acclamation du peuple et le quantité d'affaires, que ie ne scay si i'escriue du sen ou non; s'est pour quoy vous me pardonneres se ie ne vous pas davantage, sentement que ie suis tout a vous.

C.

ADDRESS: Pour ma Chere Sœur.

Canterbury 26 May.

J'estoy si tourmenté des affaires a la haye
que ie ne pouvois pas vous escrire devant
mon depart, mais iay laissé ordre avec ma
poem de vous envoyer un petit present de
ma part que i'espere vous recevrez bien vite.
J'aymy bien a donner au iay trouwy Monte
avec
grande quantité de noblesse qui nous peay.
acable l'aminé et de voye pour mon retour,
Jay la test si furieusement pour étonny
par l'acclamation du peuple et de quantité
d'affaires que ie ne say si i'espere du ten
ou non, c'est pour quoy ~~je~~ vous me pardonnez
si i ~~ne~~ ne vous dy pas davantage, seulement
que ie mis tout a vous. C

and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the city. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of these two nations joining; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations when they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamor and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Majesty's proclamation also invited them.

Still, the plague continuing in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church.

ILL GOVERNMENT OF THE NAVY.

7th March 1689-90. — I dined with Mr. Pepys, late secretary to the Admiralty, where that excellent shipwright and seaman (for so he had been, and also a commissioner of the Navy), Sir Anthy. Deane. Amongst other discourse, and deploring the sad condition of our Navy, as now governed by unexperienced men since this Revolution, he mentioned what exceeding advantage we of this nation had by being the first who built frigates, the first of which ever built was that vessel which was afterwards called "The Constant Warwick," and was the work of Pett of Chatham, for a trial of making a vessel that would sail swiftly; it was built with low decks, the guns lying near the water, and was so light and swift of sailing, that in a short time he told us she had, ere the Dutch war was ended, taken as much money from privateers as would have laden her; and that more such being built did in a year or two scour the Channel from those of Dunkirk and others which had exceedingly in-

fested it. He added that it would be the best and only infallible expedient to be masters of the sea, and able to destroy the greatest navy of any enemy, if instead of building huge great ships and second and third rates, they would leave off building such high decks, which were for nothing but to gratify gentlemen commanders, who must have all their effeminate accommodations, and for pomp; that it would be the ruin of our fleets if such persons were continued in command, they neither having experience nor being capable of learning, because they would not submit to the fatigue and inconvenience which those who were bred seamen would undergo, in those so otherwise useful swift frigates. These, being to encounter the greatest ships, would be able to protect, set on, and bring off, those who should manage the fire ships; and the prince who should first store himself with numbers of such fire ships would, through the help and countenance of such frigates, be able to ruin the greatest force of such vast ships as could be sent to sea, by the dexterity of working those light swift ships to guard the fire ships. He concluded there would shortly be no other method of sea fight, and that great ships and men of war, however stored with guns and men, must submit to those who should encounter them with far less number. He represented to us the dreadful effect of these fire ships; that he continually observed in our late maritime war with the Dutch, that when an enemy's fire ship approached, the most valiant commander and common sailors were in such consternation, that though then, of all times, there was most need of the guns, bombs, etc., to keep the mischief off, they grew pale and astonished, as if of a quite other mean soul; that they slunk about, forsook their guns and work as if in despair, every one looking about to see which way they might get out of their ship, though sure to be drowned if they did so. This he said was likely to prove hereafter the method of sea fight likely to be the misfortune of England if they continued to put gentlemen commanders over experienced seamen, on account of their ignorance, effeminacy, and insolence.

MR. SAMUEL PEPYS.

26th May, 1703. — This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices (clerk of the Acts, and

secretary of the Admiralty), all which he performed with great integrity. When King James II. went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more, but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labors in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he published of an account of the Navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the "History of the Navy," or "Navalia" as he called it; but how far advanced, and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending him to travel abroad, from whence he returned with extraordinary accomplishments, and worthy to be heir. Mr. Pepys had been for near forty years so much my particular friend, that Mr. Jackson sent me complete mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office.



POEMS OF ROBERT HERRICK.

[ROBERT HERRICK, one of the most charming of English lyric poets, was born in London, August, 1591; died in 1674. He was vicar of Dean Prior in Devonshire for about twenty years; suffered deprivation under the government of Cromwell; but recovered his benefice after the restoration of Charles II. in 1660. He published two volumes of verse: "Hesperides," consisting of amatory poems, odes, epigrams, etc., and "Noble Numbers."]

THE LILY IN A CRYSTAL.

You have beheld a smiling rose
 When virgins' hands have drawn
 O'er it a cobweb lawn:
 And here, you see, this lily shows,
 Tombed in a crystal stone,
 More fair in this transparent case
 Than when it grew alone,
 And had but single grace.

You see how cream but naked is,
 Nor dances in the eye
 Without a strawberry;
 Or some fine tincture, like to **this**,
 Which draws the sight thereto,
 More by that wantoning with it
 Than when the paler hue
 No mixture did admit.

You see how amber through the **streams**
 More gently strokes the sight
 With some concealed delight
 Than when he darts his radiant beams
 Into the boundless air;
 Where either too much light his **worth**
 Doth all at once impair,
 Or set it little forth.

Put purple grapes or cherries in-
 To glass, and they will send
 More beauty to commend
 Them, from that clean and subtile **skin**,
 Than if they naked stood,
 And had no other pride at all
 But their own flesh and blood,
 And tinctures natural.

Thus lily, rose, grape, cherry, cream,
 And strawberry do stir
 More love, when they transfer
 A weak, a soft, a broken beam,
 Than if they should discover
 At full their proper excellence,
 Without some scene cast over,
 To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this crystaled lily **be**
 A rule, how far to teach
 Your nakedness must reach;
 And that no further than we **see**
 Those glaring colors laid
 By art's wise hand, but to this **end**
 They should obey a shade,
 Lest they too far extend.

So though you're white as swan or snow,
And have the power to move
A world of men to love;
Yet, when your lawns and silks shall flow,
And that white cloud divide
Into a doubtful twilight, then,
Then will your hidden pride
Raise greater fires in men.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise Thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

A DEFENSE FOR WOMEN.

Naught are all women: I say no,
 Since for one bad, one good I know:
 For Clytemnestra most unkind
 Loving Alcestis there we find;
 For one Medea that was bad
 A good Penelope was had;
 For wanton Laïs then we have
 Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave;
 And thus through womankind we see
 A good and bad. Sirs, credit me.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay here yet awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good night?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old time is still a flying;

And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer:
But being spent the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

THE CROWD AND COMPANY.

In holy meetings, there a man may be
One of the crowd, not of the company.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:

DEMEANOR IN CHURCH.

As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attained his Noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the evensong;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

 We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring;
 As quick a growth to meet Decay,
 As you, or anything.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the Summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of Morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.



DEMEANOR IN CHURCH.

By GEORGE HERBERT.

[1593-1633.]

THOUGH private prayer be a brave design,
 Yet public hath more promises, more love.
 And love is a weight to hearts; to eyes, a sign.
 We all are but cold suitors, let us move
 Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
 Pray with the most; for, where most pray, is heaven.

 When once thy feet enter the church, be bare.
 God is more there than thou: for thou art there
 Only by his permission. Then beware;
 And make thyself all reverence and fear.
 Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings. Quit thy state:
 All equal are within the church's gate.

 Resort to sermons; but to prayers most:
 Praying is the end of preaching. Oh, be drest!
 Stay not for the other pin. Why, thou hast lost
 A joy, for it, worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee;
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose, about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
 And send them to thy heart; that, spying sin,
 They may weep out the stains by them did rise.
 Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
 Who marks in church time others' symmetry,
 Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part.
 Bring not thy plow, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
 Christ purged his Temple; so must thou thy heart.
 All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
 To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
 For churches either are heaven or hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge.
 If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
 God calleth preaching, folly. Do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
 The worst speak something good. If *all* want sense,
 God takes a text and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessings which
 Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
 He that, by being at church, escapes the ditch,
 Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
 He that loves God's abode, and to combine
 With saints on earth, shall with them one day shine.

Jest not at preachers' language or expression.
 How know'st thou but *thy* sins made him miscarry?
 Then turn thy faults and his into confession.
 God sent him whatsoe'er he be. Oh, tarry
 And love him for his Master! His condition,
 Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.



THE LIFE OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT.

By IZAAK WALTON.

[IZAAK WALTON, the "Father of Angling," was born at Stafford, August 9, 1593, and for twenty years kept a linen draper's shop in Fleet Street, London. In 1644 he retired on a competency and passed a large part of the remainder of his life at Winchester, where he died in 1683, in the house of his son-in-law, a

prebendary of Winchester cathedral. His masterpiece is "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" (1653), a discourse on angling interspersed with reflections, dialogue, verses, etc. He also wrote lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Sanderson, and other friends and contemporaries.]

I HAVE now brought him to the parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story, of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it: a life, that if it were related by a pen like his, there would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety; for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? I confess I am not; and am not pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed, when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now. But it becomes not me to censure: my design is rather to assure the reader that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.

When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton church, being left there alone to toll the bell (as the law requires him), he stayed so much longer than an ordinary time before he returned to those friends that stayed expecting him at the church door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar; at which time and place (as he after told Mr. Woodnot) he set some rules to himself, for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labor to keep them.

And the same night that he had his induction, he said to Mr. Woodnot, "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. And I can now behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary painted pleasures, pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God, and his service, is a fullness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavors to bring my relations and dependents to a love and reliance on him who never fails those

that trust him. But, above all, I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honored me so much as to call me to serve him at his altar, that as by his special grace he hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions, so he will, by his assisting grace, give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech him, that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others, as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my master and governor; and I am so proud of his service, that I will always observe, and obey, and do his will; and always call him, Jesus, my master; and I will always condemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me." . . .

And that he did so, may appear in many parts of his book of "Sacred Poems"; especially in that which he calls "The Odor." . . .

The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bain-ton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her, "You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you that I am so good a herald, as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife, as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness. And, indeed, her unforced humility, that humility that was in her so original as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so; and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her; and this love followed her in all places, as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine.

It was not many days before he returned back to Bemerton, to view the church, and repair the chancel; and indeed to rebuild almost three parts of his house, which was fallen down, or

decayed, by reason of his predecessor's living at a better parsonage house; namely at Minal, sixteen or twenty miles from this place. At which time of Mr. Herbert's coming alone to Bemerton, there came to him a poor old woman, with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, as also with some troubles of her mind; but after she had spoke some few words to him, she was surprised with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech failed her; which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble, that he took her by the hand, and said, "Speak, good mother; be not afraid to speak to me; for I am a man that will hear you with patience, and will relieve your necessities, too, if I be able: and this I will do willingly; and therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire." After which comfortable speech, he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her, he would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care. And having with patience heard and understood her wants (and it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience), he, like a Christian clergyman, comforted her by his meek behavior and counsel; but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God, and praying for him. Thus worthy, and (like David's blessed man) thus lowly was Mr. George Herbert in his own eyes, and thus lovely in the eyes of others.

At his return that night to his wife at Bainton, he gave her an account of the passages betwixt him and the poor woman: with which she was so affected that she went next day to Salisbury, and there bought a pair of blankets, and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman: and with them a message that she would see and be acquainted with her, when her house was built at Bemerton.

There be many such passages both of him and his wife, of which some few will be related: but I shall first tell that he hasted to get the parish church repaired; then to beautify the chapel (which stands near his house), and that at his own great charge. He then proceeded to rebuild the greatest part of the parsonage house, which he did also very completely, and at his own charge; and having done this good work, he caused these verses to be writ upon, or engraven in, the mantel of the chimney in his hall.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost;
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labor's not lost.

We will now, by the reader's favor, suppose him fixed at Bemerton, and grant him to have seen the church repaired, and the chapel belonging to it very decently adorned at his own great charge (which is a real truth); and having now fixed him there, I shall proceed to give an account of the rest of his behavior, both to his parishioners, and those many others that knew and conversed with him.

Doubtless Mr. Herbert had considered and given rules to himself for his Christian carriage both to God and man before he entered into holy orders. . . . The text for his first sermon was taken out of Solomon's Proverbs, and the words were *Keep thy heart with all diligence*. In which first sermon he gave his parishioners many necessary, holy, safe rules for the discharge of a good conscience, both to God and man; and delivered his sermon after a most florid manner, both with great learning and eloquence; but, at the close of this sermon, told them, that should not be his constant way of preaching; for since Almighty God does not intend to lead men to heaven by hard questions, he would not therefore fill their heads with unnecessary notions; but that, for their sakes, his language and his expressions should be more plain and practical in his future sermons. And he then made it his humble request that they would be constant to the afternoon's service, and catechising: and showed them convincing reasons why he desired it; and his obliging example and persuasions brought them to willing conformity to his desires. . . .

If he were at any time too zealous in his sermons, it was in reproving the indecencies of the people's behavior in the time of divine service; and of those ministers that huddled up the church prayers, without a visible reverence and affection; namely, such as seemed to say the Lord's Prayer, or a collect, in a breath. But for himself, his custom was to stop betwixt every collect, and give the people time to consider what they

had prayed, and to force their desires affectionately to God, before he engaged them into new petitions.

And by this account of his diligence to make his parishioners understand what they prayed, and why they praised and adored their Creator, I hope I shall the more easily obtain the reader's belief to the following account of Mr. Herbert's own practice ; which was to appear constantly with his wife and three nieces (the daughters of a deceased sister) and his whole family, twice every day at the church prayers, in the chapel, which does almost join to his parsonage house. And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the canonical hours of ten and four ; and then and there he lifted up pure and charitable hands to God in the midst of the congregation. . . . He, like Joshua, brought not only his own household thus to serve the Lord, but brought most of his parishioners, and many gentlemen in the neighborhood, constantly to make a part of his congregation twice a day ; and some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert that they would let their plow rest when Mr. Herbert's Saint's bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him ; and would then return back to their plow. And his most holy life was such that it begot such reverence to God and to him that they thought themselves the happier when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labor. Thus powerful was his reason and example to persuade others to a practical piety and devotion. . . .

His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol : and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love of music was such that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the cathedral church in Salisbury . . . and his walks thither were the occasion of many happy accidents to others, of which I will mention some few. . . .

In one of his walks to Salisbury, he overtook a gentleman, that is still living in that city ; and in their walk together Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused if he asked him some account of his faith ; and said, " I do this the rather because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithe from you by the hand of your tenant ; and, sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know

there be some sermon hearers that be like those fishes that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh."

After which expression, Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner that the gentleman did so fall in love with him and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton, and still mentions the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him. . . .

In another walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load ; they were both in distress, and needed present help ; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man ; and was so like the good Samaritan that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse ; and told him that if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man : and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed ; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, his answer was that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight ; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place— "For if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy ; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments." . . .

And he was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn : which trust she did most

faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty ; for she rejoiced in the employment : and this was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for some such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to her charity. — And for his own, he set no limits to it ; nor did he ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them ; especially his poor neighbors ; to the meanest of whose houses he would go, and inform himself of their wants, and relieve them cheerfully, if they were in distress ; and would always praise God as much for being willing, as for being able to do it. . . .

This may be some account of the excellencies of the active part of his life ; and thus he continued, till a consumption so weakened him as to confine him to his house, or to the chapel, which does almost join to it ; in which he continued to read prayers constantly twice every day, though he were very weak : in one of which times of his reading, his wife observed him to read in pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his spirits and weakened him ; and he confessed it did. . . . And Mr. Bostock did the next day undertake and continue this happy employment till Mr. Herbert's death.



THE BIRD.

By HENRY VAUGHAN.

[1621-1695.]

HITHER thou com'st. The busy wind all night
 Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
 Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
 Rained on thy bed
 And harmless head ;
And now as fresh and cheerful as the light
 Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
 Unto that Providence whose unseen arm
 Curbed them, and clothed thee well and warm.
 All things that be praise Him ; and had
 Their lesson taught them when first made.

SHAFTESBURY AND HALIFAX.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary at War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

THERE were two men in particular about whom the King and Temple could not agree, two men deeply tainted with the vices common to the English statesmen of that age, but unrivaled in talents, address, and influence. These were the Earl of Shaftesbury, and George Savile Viscount Halifax.

It was a favorite exercise among the Greek sophists to write panegyrics on characters proverbial for depravity. One professor of rhetoric sent to Isocrates a panegyric on Busiris; and Isocrates himself wrote another which has come down to us. It is, we presume, from an ambition of the same kind that some writers have lately shown a disposition to eulogize Shaftesbury. But the attempt is vain. The charges against him rest on evidence not to be invalidated by any arguments which human wit can devise, or by any information which may be found in old trunks and escritaires.

It is certain that, just before the Restoration, he declared to the Regicides that he would be damned, body and soul, rather than suffer a hair of their heads to be hurt, and that, just after the Restoration, he was one of the judges who sentenced them to death. It is certain that he was a principal member of the most profligate Administration ever known, and that he was afterwards a principal member of the most profligate Opposition ever known. It is certain that, in power, he did not scruple to violate the great fundamental principle of the Constitution, in order to exalt the Catholics, and that, out of power, he did not scruple to violate every principle of justice, in order to destroy them. There were in that age some honest men, such as

William Penn, who valued toleration so highly that they would willingly have seen it established even by an illegal exertion of the prerogative. There were many honest men who dreaded arbitrary power so much that, on account of the alliance between Popery and arbitrary power, they were disposed to grant no toleration to Papists. On both those classes we look with indulgence, though we think both in the wrong. But Shaftesbury belonged to neither class. He united all that was worst in both. From the misguided friends of toleration he borrowed their contempt for the Constitution, and from the misguided friends of civil liberty their contempt for the rights of conscience. We never can admit that his conduct as a member of the Cabal was redeemed by his conduct as a leader of Opposition. On the contrary, his life was such that every part of it, as if by a skillful contrivance, reflects infamy on every other. We should never have known how abandoned a prostitute he was in place, if we had not known how desperate an incendiary he was out of it. To judge of him fairly, we must bear in mind that the Shaftesbury who, in office, was the chief author of the Declaration of Indulgence, was the same Shaftesbury who, out of office, excited and kept up the savage hatred of the rabble of London against the very class to whom that Declaration of Indulgence was intended to give illegal relief.

It is amusing to see the excuses that are made for him. We will give two specimens. It is acknowledged that he was one of the Ministry which made the alliance with France against Holland, and that this alliance was most pernicious. What, then, is the defense? Even this, that he betrayed his master's counsels to the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, and tried to rouse all the Protestant powers of Germany to defend the States. Again, it is acknowledged that he was deeply concerned in the Declaration of Indulgence, and that his conduct on this occasion was not only unconstitutional, but quite inconsistent with the course which he afterwards took respecting the professors of the Catholic faith. What, then, is the defense? Even this, that he meant only to allure concealed Papists to avow themselves, and thus to become open marks for the vengeance of the public. As often as he is charged with one treason, his advocates vindicate him by confessing two. They had better leave him where they find him. For him there is no escape upwards. Every outlet by which he can creep out of his present position is one which lets him down

Manuscript of William Penn.

Letter to Colonel Henry Sydney, Envoy at The Hague, afterwards Viscount Sydney and Earl of Romney, on the mutability and corruption of the world, mentioning his "new granted province in America," and asking for a letter to Colonel Russell in behalf of Lieutenant Cook; without date (March 29, 1681).

The patent which granted to William Penn the province of Pennsylvania was dated March 4, 1681. Sydney was recalled from The Hague in the following June.

The seal of the letter is intact, and bears the arms, on a fess three roundles (spherical), in chief a crescent.

of y^r, 't would mitigate the
Pain, w^{ch} ~~of~~ ^{then} w^{ch} I shall be
embassador, I cant tell. well,
I perceive y^r Dutch air is take-
ing, & y^r. thou art resolved to
keep out of harms way. so
shall I too, when I am got
to my new granted Province
in America, where the charge
of y^r Boyage will secure me
from y^r revenge of my enemies.
but not to be tedious, lett me
beg a lett^r to Capt. Russell
in L^d. looks behalt, he has fail'd
of his promise, if I leave y^r one,
& y^r man mind if he will not
give him y^r value of y^r colours
of y^r Ensigne of y^r Regiment. y^r
has it. he professes to do it. till
then, y^r man may have his pay.
seems reasonable. perhaps this

if life to be y^r left trouble thou
~~are~~ willt revive by y^r means of.

for me at one Thy. very true
Fords in Bow-lane
London.

old Fred
Wm Penn

into a still lower and fouler depth of infamy. To whitewash an Ethiopian is a proverbially hopeless attempt; but to whitewash an Ethiopian by giving him a new coat of blacking is an enterprise more extraordinary still. That in the course of Shaftesbury's dishonest and revengeful opposition to the Court he rendered one or two most useful services to his country, we admit. And he is, we think, fairly entitled, if that be any glory, to have his name eternally associated with the Habeas Corpus Act in the same way in which the name of Henry the Eighth is associated with the reformation of the Church, and that of Jack Wilkes with the most sacred rights of electors.

While Shaftesbury was still living, his character was elaborately drawn by two of the greatest writers of the age, by Butler, with characteristic brilliancy of wit, by Dryden, with even more than characteristic energy and loftiness, by both with all the inspiration of hatred. The sparkling illustrations of Butler have been thrown into the shade by the brighter glory of that gorgeous satiric Muse, who comes sweeping by in sceptered pall, borrowed from her most august sisters. But the descriptions well deserve to be compared. The reader will at once perceive a considerable difference between Butler's

politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision,

and the Achiophel of Dryden. Butler dwells on Shaftesbury's unprincipled versatility; on his wonderful and almost instinctive skill in discerning the approach of a change of fortune; and on the dexterity with which he extricated himself from the snares in which he left his associates to perish.

Our state artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by Napier's bones
Feel in their own the age of moons:
So guilty sinners in a state
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a shower of rain.

He, therefore, wisely cast about
All ways he could to insure his throat.

In Dryden's great portrait, on the contrary, violent passion, implacable revenge, boldness amounting to temerity, are the most striking features. Achitophel is one of the "great wits to madness near allied." And again—

A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

The dates of the two poems will, we think, explain this discrepancy. The third part of "Hudibras" appeared in 1678, when the character of Shaftesbury had as yet but imperfectly developed itself. He had, indeed, been a traitor to every party in the State; but his treasons had hitherto prospered. Whether it were accident or sagacity, he had timed his desertions in such a manner that fortune seemed to go to and fro with him from side to side. The extent of his perfidy was known; but it was not till the Popish Plot furnished him with a machinery which seemed sufficiently powerful for all his purposes, that the audacity of his spirit, and the fierceness of his malevolent passions, became fully manifest. His subsequent conduct showed undoubtedly great ability, but not ability of the sort for which he had formerly been so eminent. He was now headstrong, sanguine, full of impetuous confidence in his own wisdom and his own good luck. He, whose fame as a political tactician had hitherto rested chiefly on his skillful retreats, now set himself to break down all the bridges behind him. His plans were castles in the air: his talk was rodomontade. He took no thought for the morrow: he treated the Court as if the King were already a prisoner in his hands: he built on the favor of the multitude, as if that favor were not proverbially inconstant. The signs of the coming reaction were discerned by men of far less sagacity than his, and scared from his side men more consistent than he had ever pretended to be. But on him they were lost. The counsel of Achitophel, that counsel which was as if a man had inquired of the oracle of God, was turned into foolishness. He who had become a byword, for the certainty with which he foresaw and the suppleness with which he evaded danger, now, when beset on every side with snares and death,

seemed to be smitten with a blindness as strange as his former clear-sightedness, and, turning neither to the right nor to the left, strode straight on with desperate hardihood to his doom. Therefore, after having early acquired and long preserved the reputation of infallible wisdom and invariable success, he lived to see a mighty ruin wrought by his own ungovernable passions, to see the great party which he had led vanquished, and scattered, and trampled down, to see all his own devilish enginery of lying witnesses, partial sheriffs, packed juries, unjust judges, bloodthirsty mobs, ready to be employed against himself and his most devoted followers, to fly from that proud city whose favor had almost raised him to be Mayor of the Palace, to hide himself in squalid retreats, to cover his gray head with ignominious disguises; and he died in hopeless exile, sheltered by the generosity of a State which he had cruelly injured and insulted, from the vengeance of a master whose favor he had purchased by one series of crimes, and forfeited by another.

Halifax had, in common with Shaftesbury, and with almost all the politicians of that age, a very loose morality where the public was concerned; but in Halifax the prevailing infection was modified by a very peculiar constitution both of heart and head, by a temper singularly free from gall, and by a refining and skeptical understanding. He changed his course as often as Shaftesbury; but he did not change it to the same extent, or in the same direction. Shaftesbury was the very reverse of a trimmer. His disposition led him generally to do his utmost to exalt the side which was up, and to depress the side which was down. His transitions were from extreme to extreme. While he stayed with a party he went all lengths for it: when he quitted it he went all lengths against it. Halifax was emphatically a trimmer,—a trimmer both by intellect and by constitution. The name was fixed on him by his contemporaries; and he was so far from being ashamed of it that he assumed it as a badge of honor. He passed from faction to faction. But instead of adopting and inflaming the passions of those whom he joined, he tried to diffuse among them something of the spirit of those whom he had just left. While he acted with the Opposition he was suspected of being a spy of the Court; and when he had joined the Court all the Tories were dismayed by his Republican doctrines.

He wanted neither arguments nor eloquence to exhibit what was commonly regarded as his wavering policy in the fairest

light. He trimmed, he said, as the temperate zone trims between intolerable heat and intolerable cold, as a good government trims between despotism and anarchy, as a pure church trims between the errors of the Papist and those of the Anabaptist. Nor was this defense by any means without weight; for though there is abundant proof that his integrity was not of strength to withstand the temptations by which his cupidity and vanity were sometimes assailed, yet his dislike of extremes, and a forgiving and compassionate temper which seems to have been natural to him, preserved him from all participation in the worst crimes of his time. If both parties accused him of deserting them, both were compelled to admit that they had great obligations to his humanity, and that, though an uncertain friend, he was a placable enemy. He voted in favor of Lord Stafford, the victim of the Whigs; he did his utmost to save Lord Russell, the victim of the Tories; and, on the whole, we are inclined to think that his public life, though far indeed from faultless, has as few great stains as that of any politician who took an active part in affairs during the troubled and disastrous period of ten years which elapsed between the fall of Lord Danby and the Revolution.

His mind was much less turned to particular observations, and much more to general speculations, than that of Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury knew the King, the Council, the Parliament, the city, better than Halifax; but Halifax would have written a far better treatise on political science than Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury shone more in consultation, and Halifax in controversy: Shaftesbury was more fertile in expedients, and Halifax in arguments. Nothing that remains from the pen of Shaftesbury will bear a comparison with the political tracts of Halifax. Indeed, very little of the prose of that age is so well worth reading as the "Character of a Trimmer" and the "Anatomy of an Equivalent." What particularly strikes us in those works is the writer's passion for generalization. He was treating of the most exciting subjects in the most agitated times: he was himself placed in the very thick of the civil conflict; yet there is no acrimony, nothing inflammatory, nothing personal. He preserves an air of cold superiority, a certain philosophical serenity, which is perfectly marvelous. He treats every question as an abstract question, begins with the widest propositions, argues those propositions on general grounds, and often, when he has brought out his theorem, leaves the reader to make

the application, without adding an allusion to particular men or to passing events. This speculative turn of mind rendered him a bad adviser in cases which required celerity. He brought forward, with wonderful readiness and copiousness, arguments, replies to those arguments, rejoinders to those replies, general maxims of policy, and analogous cases from history. But Shaftesbury was the man for a prompt decision. Of the parliamentary eloquence of these celebrated rivals, we can judge only by report; and, so judging, we should be inclined to think that, though Shaftesbury was a distinguished speaker, the superiority belonged to Halifax. Indeed, the readiness of Halifax in debate, the extent of his knowledge, the ingenuity of his reasoning, the liveliness of his expression, and the silver clearness and sweetness of his voice seem to have made the strongest impression on his contemporaries. By Dryden he is described as

Of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature and by learning taught
To move assemblies.

His oratory is utterly and irretrievably lost to us, like that of Somers, of Bolingbroke, of Charles Townshend, of many others who were accustomed to rise amidst the breathless expectation of senates, and to sit down amidst reiterated bursts of applause. But old men who lived to admire the eloquence of Pulteney in its meridian, and that of Pitt in its splendid dawn, still murmured that they had heard nothing like the great speeches of Lord Halifax on the Exclusion Bill. The power of Shaftesbury over large masses was unrivaled. Halifax was disqualified by his whole character, moral and intellectual, for the part of a demagogue. It was in small circles, and, above all, in the House of Lords, that his ascendancy was felt.

Shaftesbury seems to have troubled himself very little about theories of government. Halifax was, in speculation, a strong republican, and did not conceal it. He often made hereditary monarchy and aristocracy the subjects of his keen pleasantry, while he was fighting the battles of the Court, and obtaining for himself step after step in the peerage. In this way, he tried to gratify at once his intellectual vanity and his more vulgar ambition. He shaped his life according to the opinion of the multitude, and indemnified himself by talking according to his own. His colloquial powers were great; his perception

of the ridiculous exquisitely fine ; and he seems to have had the rare art of preserving the reputation of good breeding and good nature, while habitually indulging a strong propensity to mockery.



THREE ENGLISH POLITICIANS.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

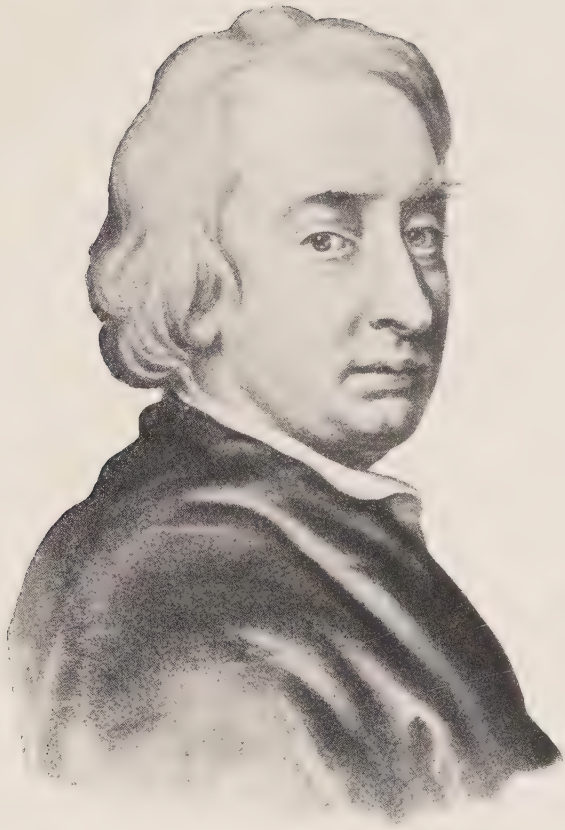
(From "Absalom and Achitophel.")

[JOHN DRYDEN: An English poet ; born August 9, 1631 ; educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. The son of a Puritan, he wrote eulogistic stanzas on the death of Cromwell ; but his versatile intellect could assume any phase of feeling, and he wrote equally glowing ones on the Restoration of 1660. His "Annus Mirabilis" appeared in 1667, and in 1668 he was made poet laureate. His "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" is excellent ; but as a dramatist, though voluminous, he has left nothing which lives. His satire "Absalom and Achitophel" is famous ; and his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" is considered the finest in the language.]

SHAFTESBURY.

THIS plot, which failed for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence ;
For as when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humor, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er ;
So several factions from this first ferment,
Work up to foam, and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Opposed the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were raised in power and public office high ;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first ;
A name to all succeeding ages cursed :
For close designs, and crooked counsel fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place ;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace :



JOHN DRYDEN

By permission of F. Bruckmann, Munich

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pygmy body to decay.
 And o'erinformed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son;
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate;
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state,
 To compass this the triple bond he broke;
 The pillars of the public safety shook;
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.
 Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will,
 Where crowds can wink, and no offense be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own!
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
 Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed;
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,

Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So overviolent, or overcivil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left no faction, but of that was left.

SLINGSBY BETHEL.

Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the sabbath, but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.

His hand a vane of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet loved his wicked neighbor as himself.
When two or three were gathered to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them:
And if they cursed the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He packed a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power,
(Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,)
His business was by writing to persuade
That kings were useless and a clog to trade:
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorred:
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel;
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount.

THE PROPER QUALITIES FOR A TUTOR.

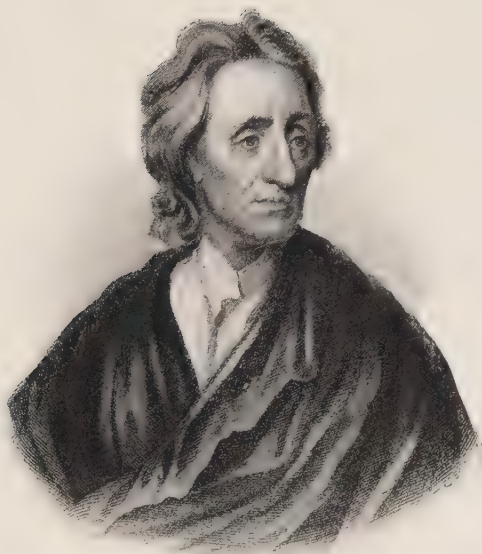
BY JOHN LOCKE.

(From "Thoughts on Education.")

[JOHN LOCKE, one of the most celebrated of English philosophers, was a native of Wrington, Somerset, where he was born August 29, 1632. After several years of study at Oxford, he engaged in medical practice, and in this capacity made the acquaintance of Lord Ashley (later Earl of Shaftesbury), who appointed him confidential agent and secretary to the council of trade. In 1669 he drew up a constitution for the colonists of Carolina, of which Shaftesbury was one of the lords proprietors. After the fall of his patron Locke found it necessary to escape to Holland, and here he remained for several years, an object of suspicion to the government and a supposed accomplice in Monmouth's rebellion. After the Restoration he held various civil offices, and died at the residence of Sir Francis Masham in Essex, October 28, 1704. His "Essay concerning Human Understanding" (1690), met with rapid and extensive celebrity both in England and on the Continent. Also noteworthy are his letters "Concerning Toleration," "Thoughts on Education," and "The Reasonableness of Christianity."]

THE character of a sober man, and a scholar, is, as I have above observed, what every one expects in a tutor. This generally is thought enough, and is all that parents commonly look for. But when such an one has emptied out, into his pupil, all the Latin and logic he has brought from the university, will that furniture make him a fine gentleman? Or can it be expected that he should be better bred, better skilled in the world, better principled in the grounds and foundations of true virtue and generosity, than his young tutor is?

To form a young gentleman, as he should be, it is fit his governor himself should be well bred, understand the ways of carriage, and measures of civility, in all the variety of persons, times, and places; and keep his pupil, as much as his age requires, constantly to the observation of them. This is an art not to be learnt nor taught by books: nothing can give it but good company and observation joined together. The tailor may make his clothes modish, and the dancing master give fashion to his motions; yet neither of these, though they set off well, make a well-bred gentleman; no, though he have learning to boot; which, if not well managed, makes him more impertinent and intolerable in conversation. Breeding is that which sets a gloss upon all his other good qualities, and renders them useful to him, in procuring him the esteem and good will



JOHN LOCKE

of all that he comes near. Without good breeding, his other accomplishments make him pass but for proud, conceited, vain, or foolish.

Courage, in an ill-bred man, has the air, and escapes not the opinion, of brutality : learning becomes pedantry ; wit, buffoonery ; plainness, rusticity ; good nature, fawning ; and there cannot be a good quality in him, which want of breeding will not warp, and disfigure to his disadvantage. Nay, virtue and parts, though they are allowed their due commendation, yet are not enough to procure a man a good reception, and make him welcome wherever he comes. Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, and wears them so, who would appear with advantage. When they are polished and set, then they give a luster. Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind ; but it is good breeding sets them off : and he that will be acceptable, must give beauty as well as strength to his actions. Solidity, or even usefulness, is not enough : a graceful way and fashion in everything is that which gives the ornament and liking. And, in most cases, the manner of doing is of more consequence than the thing done ; and upon that depends the satisfaction, or disgust, wherewith it is received. This, therefore, which lies not in the putting off the hat, nor making of compliments, but in a due and free composure of language, looks, motion, posture, place, etc., suited to persons and occasions, and can be learned only by habit and use, though it be above the capacity of children, and little ones should not be perplexed about it, yet it ought to be begun, and in a good measure learned, by a young gentleman whilst he is under a tutor, before he comes into the world upon his own legs ; for then usually it is too late to hope to reform several habitual indecencies, which lie in little things. For the carriage is not as it should be, till it is become natural in every part ; falling, as skillful musicians' fingers do, into harmonious order, without care, and without thought. If in conversation a man's mind be taken up with a solicitous watchfulness about any part of his behavior, instead of being mended by it, it will be constrained, uneasy, and ungraceful.

Besides, this part is most necessary to be formed by the hands and care of a governor ; because, though the errors committed in breeding are the first that are taken notice of by others, yet they are the last that any one is told of. Not but that the malice of the world is forward enough to tattle of

them ; but it is always out of his hearing, who should make profit of their judgment, and reform himself by their censure. And indeed this is so nice a point to be meddled with, that even those who are friends, and wish it were mended, scarce ever dare mention it, and tell those they love that they are guilty in such or such cases of ill breeding. Errors in other things may often with civility be shown another ; and it is no breach of good manners or friendship to set him right in other mistakes : but good breeding itself allows not a man to touch upon this ; or to insinuate to another that he is guilty of want of breeding. Such information can come only from those who have authority over them : and from them too it comes very hardly and harshly to a grown man ; and, however softened, goes but ill down with any one, who has lived ever so little in the world. Wherefore it is necessary that this part should be the governor's principal care ; that an habitual gracefulness, and politeness in all his carriage, may be settled in his charge, as much as may be, before he goes out of his hands ; and that he may not need advice in this point, when he has neither time nor disposition to receive it, nor has anybody left to give it to him. The tutor therefore ought, in the first place, to be well bred ; and a young gentleman, who gets this one qualification from his governor, sets out with great advantage ; and will find that this one accomplishment will more open his way to him, get him more friends, and carry him farther in the world, than all the hard words, or real knowledge, he has got from the liberal arts or his tutor's learned encyclopedia ; not that those should be neglected, but by no means preferred ; or suffered to thrust out the other.

Besides being well bred, the tutor should know the world well ; the ways, the humors, the follies, the cheats, the faults of the age he has fallen into, and particularly of the country he lives in. These he should be able to show to his pupil, as he finds him capable ; teach him skill in men, and their manners ; pull off the mask, which their several callings and pretenses cover them with ; and make his pupil discern what lies at the bottom, under such appearances ; that he may not, as unexperienced young men are apt to do, if they are unwarned, take one thing for another, judge by the outside, and give himself up to show, and the insinuation of a fair carriage, or an obliging application. A governor should teach his scholar to guess at, and beware of, the designs of men he hath to do with, neither

Manuscript of Queen Mary I.

Letter, written before her accession, to Thomas Seymour, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, Lord High Admiral, uncle of Edward VI. and brother of the Duke of Somerset, Protector, in answer to his request for her assistance towards his marriage with Queen Katherine (Parr), widow of Henry VIII.; Wanstead, 4 June (1547).

MY LORDE,—After my harty commendacions, theyse shalbe to declare to you, that accordyng to your accustomed jentilnes I have receyued vj warrantes from you by your seruant thys herer, for the whiche I do gyue you my harty thanks, by whom also I haue receyued your lettre, wherein (as me thynketh) I parceyv[e] strange newes concernyng a sewte you haue in hande to the quene for maryage, for the soner obtayning wherof you seme to thynke that my lettres myghte do you pleasure. My lorde, in thys case, I truste, your wysdome doth consyder that, if it weer for my nereste kynsman and dereste frend on lyve of all other creatures in the worlde, it standeth lest with my poore honoure to be medler in thys matter, consyderyng whose wyef her grace was of late; and besydes that, if she be mynded to grawnt your sewte, my lettres shall do but small pleasure, on the other syde, if the remembrance of the kynges mayestye my father (whose soule God pardon) wyll not suffre her to grawnt your sewte, I ame nothing able to perswade her to forget the losse of hyme, who is as yet very rype in my owne remembrance. Wherefore I shall moste earnestly requyre you (the premysses consydered) to thynke non vnkyndnes in me, though I refuse to be a medler any wayes in thys matter, assuryng you that (wowing matters set aparte, wherein I beeng a mayde am nothing connyng), if other wayes it shall lye in my litle power to do you playser, I shalbe as gladd to do it, as you requyre it, both for hys bloddess sake that you be of, and also for the jentylnes whiche I have always fownde in you. As knoweth Almyghty God, to whose tuicyon I commytte you. From Wansted, thys Saterday at nyghte, beeng the iijjth of June.

Your assured frend to my power,

MARYE.

ADDRESSED: to my lord admyrall.

My lorde after my hasty commendacion, theise shalbe to declare to you, that
according to your accustomed gentilnes I have receyved y^e warrant from
you by your servant this beere, for the whiche I do give you my hasty thank.
By whom also I have receyved your lettre, wherin (as me thynketh) I perceive
strange newes concerning a serva^{nt} you have in hande to the queene for
marriage, for the same obayning wherof you seme to thynke, that my lorde
myghte do you please. My lorde in this case, I truste, your wysdome
doth consider, that if it were for my nexte kynsman, & deere frend onely,
of all other creatures in the worlde, it standeth left to my poore honoure
to be a medler in this matter, considering whose wyf hee grace was
of late, and besyde that, if she be mynde to grant your serva^{nt}, my
lettres shall do you but small pleasure, on the other syde, if the remembrance
of the kynge mayestie, my father (whose soule god pardon) wyll not suffer
hee to grant your serva^{nt}. I am nothing able to perswade hee to
forget the losse of hyme, who is as yet very nye in my owne remembrance,
wherefore I shall moste earnestly requyre you (the premysses considered)
to thynke non unkindnes in me, though I refuse to be a medler any
wayes in this matter, assuring you, that (woven matters set aparte,
wherin I haveing a mayde am nothing comyng) if other wayes it shall
lye in my lile power to do you please, I shalbe as gladd to do it, as you
to requyre it, both for his blood safe, that you be of, and also for the
gentynes, whiche I have alwayes founde in you. As knoweth almighty
god to whose truith you I comitte you. From wanted this saterday at night,
being the vijth of june

your assured frend
to my power, maye!

QUEEN MARY I., 1547.

with too much suspicion, nor too much confidence ; but, as the young man is by nature most inclined to either side, rectify him, and bend him the other way. He should accustom him to make, as much as possible, a true judgment of men by those marks which serve best to show what they are and give a prospect into their inside ; which often shows itself in little things, especially when they are not in parade, and upon their guard. He should acquaint him with the true state of the world, and dispose him to think no man better or worse, wiser or foolisher, than he really is. Thus, by safe and insensible degrees, he will pass from a boy to a man ; which is the most hazardous in all the whole course of life. This therefore should be carefully watched, and a young man with great diligence handed over it ; and not, as now usually is done, be taken from a governor's conduct, and all at once thrown into the world under his own, not without manifest danger of immediate spoiling ; there being nothing more frequent than instances of the great looseness, extravagancy, and debauchery which young men have run into, as soon as they have been let loose from a severe and strict education ; which, I think, may be chiefly imputed to their wrong way of breeding, especially in this part ; for, having been bred up in a great ignorance of what the world truly is, and finding it quite another thing, when they come into it, than what they were taught it should be, and so imagined it was, are easily persuaded, by other kind of tutors, which they are sure to meet with, that the discipline they were kept under, and the lectures that were read to them, were but the formalities of education, and the restraints of childhood ; that the freedom belonging to men is to take their swing in a full enjoyment of what was before forbidden them. They show the young novice the world, full of fashionable and glittering examples of this everywhere, and he is presently dazzled with them. My young master, failing not to be willing to show himself a man, as much as any of the sparks of his years, lets himself loose to all the irregularities he finds in the most debauched ; and thus courts credit and manliness, in the casting off the modesty and sobriety he has till then been kept in ; and thinks it brave, at his first setting out, to signalize himself in running counter to all the rules of virtue which have been preached to him by his tutor.

The showing him the world as really it is, before he comes wholly into it, is one of the best means, I think, to prevent this

mischief. He should, by degrees, be informed of the vices in fashion, and warned of the applications and designs of those who will make it their business to corrupt him. He should be told the arts they use, and the trains they lay ; and now and then have set before him the tragical or ridiculous examples of those who are ruining, or ruined, this way. The age is not like to want instances of this kind, which should be landmarks to him ; that by the disgraces, diseases, beggary, and shame of hopeful young men, thus brought to ruin, he may be cautioned, and be made to see how those join in the contempt and neglect of them that are undone, who, by pretenses of friendship and respect, led them into it, and helped to prey upon them whilst they were undoing ; that he may see, before he buys it by a too dear experience, that those who persuade him not to follow the sober advices he has received from his governors, and the counsel of his own reason, which they call being governed by others, do it only that they may have the government of him themselves ; and make him believe he goes like a man of himself, by his own conduct and for his own pleasure, when, in truth, he is wholly as a child, led by them into those vices which best serve their purposes. This is a knowledge which, upon all occasions, a tutor should endeavor to instill, and by all methods try to make him comprehend and thoroughly relish.



CONTENTEDNESS IN ALL ESTATES AND ACCIDENTS.

By JEREMY TAYLOR.

(From "Holy Living.")

[JEREMY TAYLOR: An English theologian ; born at Cambridge, August 15, 1613 ; died at Lisburn, Ireland, August 13, 1687. He was the son of a barber, and received his degree at Cambridge. He was probably a chaplain during the Civil War, later became a schoolmaster, and after the Restoration was made bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland. He published "Episcopacy Asserted against the Acephali and Aërians, New and Old" (1642), "Discourse on the Liberty of Prophesying" (1647), "The Great Exemplar of Sanctity and Holy Life" (1649), "The Rule and Exercise of Holy Living" (1650), and "Ductor Dubitantium" (1660).]

VIRTUES and discourses are like friends, necessary in all fortunes ; but those are the best which are friends in our sad-



JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D.
BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR

nesses, and support us in our sorrows and sad accidents : and, in this sense, no man that is virtuous can be friendless ; nor hath any man reason to complain of the Divine Providence, or accuse the public disorder of things, or his own infelicity, since God hath appointed one remedy for all the evils in the world, and that is a contented spirit : for this alone makes a man pass through fire, and not be scorched ; through seas, and not be drowned ; through hunger and nakedness, and want nothing. For since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite, as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss ; he that composes his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtue, but none to trouble him ; because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune : and a wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or center of a wheel in the midst of all the circumvolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up and which is down ; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised, whatever happens ; either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness ; and they are every one of them equally in order to his great end and immortal felicity : and beauty is not made by white or red, by black eyes and a round face, by a straight body and a smooth skin ; but by a proportion to the fancy. No rules can make amiability, our minds and apprehensions make that : and so is our felicity : and we may be reconciled to poverty and a low fortune, if we suffer contentedness and the grace of God to make the proportions. For no man is poor, that does not think himself so : but if, in a full fortune, with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants and his beggarly condition. But, because this grace of Contentedness was the sum of all the old moral philosophy, and a great duty in Christianity, and of most universal use in the whole course of our lives, and the only instrument to ease the burdens of the world and the enmities of sad chances, it will not be amiss to press it by the proper arguments by which God hath bound it upon our spirits : it being fastened by reason and religion, by duty and interest, by necessity and conveniency, by example, and by the proposition of excellent rewards, no less than peace and felicity.

Contentedness in all estates is a duty of religion ; it is the great reasonableness of complying with the Divine Providence

which governs all the world, and hath so ordered us in the administration of His great family. He were a strange fool that should be angry because dogs and sheep need no shoes, and yet himself is full of care to get some. God hath supplied those needs to them by natural provisions, and to thee by an artificial : for He hath given thee reason to learn a trade, or some means to make or buy them ; so that it only differs in the manner of our provision : and which had you rather want, shoes or reason ? And my patron that hath given me a farm is freer to me than if he gives a loaf ready baked. But, however, all these gifts come from Him, and therefore it is fit He should dispense them as He pleases ; and if we murmur here, we may at the next melancholy be troubled that God did not make us to be angels or stars. For, if that which we are or have do not content us, we may be troubled for everything in the world which is besides our being or our possessions.

God is the master of the scenes ; we must not choose which part we shall act ; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, *if this please God, let it be as it is* : and we, who pray that God's will may be done in earth as it is in heaven, must remember that the angels do whatsoever is commanded them, and go wherever they are sent, and refuse no circumstances : and if their employment be crossed by a higher decree, they sit down in peace and rejoice in the event ; and, when the Angel of Judæa could not prevail in behalf of the people committed to his charge, because the Angel of Persia opposed it, he only told the story at the command of God, and was as content, and worshiped with as great an ecstasy in his proportion as the prevailing Spirit. Do thou so likewise : keep the station where God hath placed you, and you shall never long for things without, but sit at home feasting upon the Divine Providence and thy own reason, by which we are taught that it is necessary and reasonable to submit to God.

For, is not all the world God's family ? Are not we His creatures ? Are we not as clay in the hand of the potter ? Do not we live upon His meat, and move by His strength, and do our work by His light ? Are we anything but what we are from Him ? And shall there be a mutiny among the flocks and herds, because their Lord or their Shepherd chooses their pastures, and suffers them not to wander into deserts and unknown ways ? If we choose, we do it so foolishly that we cannot like it long, and most commonly not at all : but God, who can do

what He pleases, is wise to choose safely for us, affectionate to comply with our needs, and powerful to execute all His wise decrees. Here therefore is the wisdom of the contented man, to let God choose for him : for when we have given up our wills to Him, and stand in that station of the battle where our great General hath placed us, our spirits must needs rest while our conditions have for their security the power, the wisdom, and the charity of God.

Contentedness in all accidents brings great peace of spirit, and is the great and only instrument of temporal felicity. It removes the sting from the accident, and makes a man not to depend upon chance and the uncertain dispositions of men for his well-being, but only on God and his own spirit. We ourselves make our own fortunes good or bad ; and when God lets loose a tyrant upon us, or a sickness, or scorn, or a lessened fortune, if we fear to die, or know not to be patient, or are proud, or covetous, then the calamity sits heavy on us. But if we know how to manage a noble principle, and fear not death so much as a dishonest action, and think impatience a worse evil than a fever, and pride to be the biggest disgrace, and poverty to be infinitely desirable before the torments of covetousness ; then we who now think vice to be so easy, and make it so familiar, and think the cure so impossible, shall quickly be of another mind, and reckon these accidents among things eligible.

But no man can be happy that hath great hopes and great fears of things without, and events depending upon other men, or upon the chances of fortune. The rewards of virtue are certain, and our provisions for our natural support are certain ; or, if we want meat till we die, then we die of that disease, and there are many worse than to die with an atrophy or consumption, or unapt and coarser nourishment. But he that suffers a transporting passion concerning things within the power of others is free from sorrow and amazement no longer than his enemy shall give him leave ; and it is ten to one but he shall be smitten then and there where it shall most trouble him : for the adder teaches us where to strike, by her curious and fearful defending of her head. The old Stoics when you told them of a sad story, would still answer : “*τί πρὸς μέ;* What is that to me ?” “Yes, for the tyrant hath sentenced you also to prison.” “Well, what is that ? He will put a chain upon my leg, but he cannot bind my soul.” “No : but he will kill you.” “Then I’ll die. If presently, let me go, that I may presently

be freer than himself : but if not till anon or to-morrow, I will dine first, or sleep, or do what reason and nature calls for, as at other times." This in Gentile philosophy is the same with the discourse of St. Paul, *I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound : everywhere and in all things I am instructed, both how to be full and how to be hungry, both to abound and suffer need.*

We are in the world like men playing at tables ; the chance is not in our power, but to play it is ; and when it is fallen we must manage it as we can ; and let nothing trouble us, but when we do a base action, or speak like a fool, or think wickedly : these things God hath put into our powers ; but concerning those things which are wholly in the choice of another, they cannot fall under our deliberation, and therefore neither are they fit for our passions. My fear may make me miserable, but it cannot prevent what another hath in his power and purpose : and prosperities can only be enjoyed by them who fear not at all to lose them ; since the amazement and passion concerning the future takes off all the pleasure of the present possession. Therefore if thou hast lost thy land, do not also lose thy constancy : and if thou must die a little sooner, yet do not die impatiently. For no chance is evil to him that is content, and *to a man nothing miserable, unless it be unreasonable.* No man can make another man to be his slave, unless he hath first enslaved himself to life and death, to pleasure or pain, to hope or fear : command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian kings.



OF THE LIBERTY OF SUBJECTS.

By THOMAS HOBBS.

(From "The Leviathan.")

[THOMAS HOBBS, a great English metaphysician, was born at Malmesbury, April 5, 1588 ; died December 4, 1679. His works are so numerous and special, in metaphysical exposition and controversy, that only students of such subjects would find them of use ; the one still familiar is "The Leviathan," an analysis of society.]

LIBERTY, or "freedom," signifieth, properly, the absence of opposition ; by opposition, I mean external impediments of motion ; and may be applied no less to irrational and inanimate

creatures than to rational. For whatsoever is so tied, or environed, as it cannot move but within a certain space, which space is determined by the opposition of some external body, we say it hath not liberty to go further. And so of all living creatures whilst they are imprisoned, or restrained, with walls or chains ; and of the water whilst it is kept in by banks or vessels, that otherwise would spread itself into a larger space, we use to say, they are not at liberty to move in such manner, as without those external impediments they would. But when the impediment of motion is in the constitution of the thing itself, we use not to say, it wants the liberty, but the power to move ; as when a stone lieth still, or a man is fastened to his bed by sickness.

And according to this proper and generally received meaning of the word, a "freeman is he that, in those things which by his strength and wit he is able to do, is not hindered to do what he has a will to." But when the words "free" and "liberty" are applied to anything but "bodies," they are abused ; for that which is not subject to motion is not subject to impediment ; and therefore, when it is said, for example, the way is free, no liberty of the way is signified, but of those that walk in it without stop. And when we say a gift is free, there is not meant any liberty of the gift, but of the giver, that was not bound by any law or covenant to give it. So when we "speak freely," it is not the liberty of voice, or pronunciation, but of the man, whom no law hath obliged to speak otherwise than he did. Lastly, from the use of the word "free-will," no liberty can be inferred of the will, desire, or inclination, but the liberty of the man ; which consisteth in this, that he finds no stop in doing what he has the will, desire, or inclination to do.

Fear and liberty are consistent ; as when a man throweth his goods into the sea for "fear" the ship should sink, he doth it nevertheless very willingly, and may refuse to do it if he will : it is therefore the action of one that was "free" ; so a man sometimes pays his debt, only for "fear" of imprisonment, which because nobody hindered him from detaining, was the action of a man at "liberty." And generally all actions which men do in commonwealths, for "fear" of the law, are actions which the doers had "liberty" to omit.

"Liberty" and "necessity" are consistent, as in the water, that hath not only "liberty," but a "necessity," of descending by the channel ; so likewise in the actions which men voluntarily do : which, because they proceed from their will, proceed

from "liberty," and yet, because every act of man's will, and every desire and inclination, proceedeth from some cause, and that from another cause, in a continual chain, whose first link is in the hand of God the first of all causes, proceed from "necessity." So that to him that could see the connection of those causes, the "necessity" of all men's voluntary actions would appear manifest. And therefore God, that seeth and disposeth all things, seeth also that the "liberty" of man in doing what he will is accompanied with the "necessity" of doing that which God will, and no more nor less. For though men may do many things which God does not command, nor is therefore author of them, yet they can have no passion, nor appetite to anything, of which appetite God's will is not the cause. And did not His will assure the "necessity" of man's will, and consequently of all that on man's will dependeth, the "liberty" of men would be a contradiction and impediment to the omnipotence and "liberty" of God. And this shall suffice, as to the matter in hand, of that natural "liberty," which only is properly called "liberty."

But as men, for the attaining of peace, and the conservation of themselves thereby, have made an artificial man, which we call a commonwealth; so also have they made artificial chains, called "civil laws," which they themselves, by mutual covenants, have fastened at one end, to the lips of that man, or assembly, to whom they have given the sovereign power; and at the other end to their own ears. These bonds, in their own nature but weak, may nevertheless be made to hold, by the danger, though not by the difficulty, of breaking them.

In relation to these bonds only it is that I am to speak now of the "liberty" of "subjects." For seeing there is no commonwealth in the world wherein there be rules enough set down for the regulating of all the actions and words of men, as being a thing impossible, it followeth necessarily that in all kinds of actions by the laws pretermitted, men have the liberty of doing what their own reasons shall suggest, for the most profitable to themselves. For if we take liberty in the proper sense, for corporal liberty; that is to say, freedom from chains and prison; it were very absurd for men to clamor as they do for the liberty they so manifestly enjoy. Again, if we take liberty for an exemption from laws, it is no less absurd for men to demand as they do that liberty by which all other men may be masters of their lives. And yet, as absurd as it is, this is it they demand:

not knowing that the laws are of no power to protect them, without a sword in the hands of a man, or men, to cause those laws to be put in execution. The liberty of a subject lieth therefore only in those things which, in regulating their actions, the sovereign hath pretermitted: such as is the liberty to buy and sell, and otherwise contract with one another; to choose their own abode, their own diet, their own trade of life, and institute their children as they themselves think fit; and the like.

Nevertheless we are not to understand that by such liberty the sovereign power of life and death is either abolished or limited. For it has been already shown that nothing the sovereign representative can do to a subject, on what pretense soever, can properly be called injustice or injury; because every subject is author of every act the sovereign doth; so that he never wanteth right to anything, otherwise than as he himself is the subject of God, and bound thereby to observe the laws of Nature. And therefore it may, and doth often happen in commonwealths, that a subject may be put to death by the command of the sovereign power; and yet neither do the other wrong: as when Jephtha caused his daughter to be sacrificed; in which, and the like cases, he that so dieth, had liberty to do the action, for which he is nevertheless without injury put to death. And the same holdeth also in a sovereign prince that putteth to death an innocent subject. For though the action be against the law of Nature, as being contrary to equity, as was the killing of Uriah by David; yet it was not an injury to Uriah, but to God. Not to Uriah, because the right to do what he pleased was given him by Uriah himself: and yet to God, because David was God's subject, and prohibited all iniquity by the law of Nature: which distinction, David himself, when he repented the fact, evidently confirmed, saying, "To Thee only have I sinned." In the same manner the people of Athens, when they banished the most potent of their commonwealth for ten years, thought they committed no injustice; and yet they never questioned what crime he had done, but what hurt he would do: nay, they commanded the banishment of they knew not whom; and every citizen bringing his oyster shell into the market place, written with the name of him he desired should be banished, without actually accusing him, sometimes banished an Aristides, for his reputation of justice, and sometimes a scurrilous jester, as Hyperbolus, to make a jest of it. And yet a man cannot say, the

sovereign people of Athens wanted right to banish them, or an Athenian the liberty to jest or to be just.

The liberty whereof there is so frequent and honorable mention in the histories and philosophy of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and in the writings and discourse of those that from them have received all their learning in the politics, is not the liberty of particular men, but the liberty of the commonwealth: which is the same with that which every man then should have, if there were no civil laws, nor commonwealth at all. And the effects of it also be the same. For as amongst masterless men there is perpetual war, of every man against his neighbor; no inheritance to transmit to the son, nor to expect from the father; no propriety of goods or lands; no security; but a full and absolute liberty in every particular man: so in states and commonwealths not dependent on one another, every commonwealth, not every man, has an absolute liberty to do what it shall judge, that is to say, what that man, or assembly that representeth it, shall judge most conducing to their benefit. But withal, they live in the condition of a perpetual war, and upon the confines of battle, with their frontiers armed, and cannons planted against their neighbors round about. The Athenians and Romans were free; that is, free commonwealths: not that any particular men had the liberty to resist their own representative, but that their representative had the liberty to resist or invade other people. There is written on the turrets of the city of Lucca, in great characters, at this day, the word "Libertas"; yet no man can thence infer that a particular man has more liberty, or immunity from the service of the commonwealth there, than in Constantinople. Whether a commonwealth be monarchical or popular, the freedom is still the same.

But it is an easy thing for men to be deceived by the specious name of liberty, and for want of judgment to distinguish, mistake that for their private inheritance and birthright which is the right of the public only. And when the same error is confirmed by the authority of men in reputation for their writings on this subject, it is no wonder if it produce sedition and change of government. In these western parts of the world we are made to receive our opinions concerning the institution and rights of commonwealths, from Aristotle, Cicero, and other men, Greeks and Romans, that living under popular states derived those rights, not from the principles of Nature, but transcribed them into their books out of the practice of their own

commonwealths, which were popular; as the grammarians describe the rules of language out of the practice of the time, or the rules of poetry out of the poems of Homer and Virgil. And because the Athenians were taught to keep them from desire of changing their government, that they were free men, and all that lived under monarchy were slaves; therefore Aristotle put it down in his "Politics" (lib. 6, cap. ii.): "In democracy, 'liberty' is to be supposed: for it is commonly held that no man is 'free' in any other government." And as Aristotle, so Cicero and other writers have grounded their civil doctrine on the opinions of the Romans, who were taught to hate monarchy, at first, by them that, having deposed their sovereign, shared amongst them the sovereignty of Rome, and afterwards by their successors. And by reading of these Greek and Latin authors, men from their childhood have gotten a habit, under a false show of liberty, of favoring tumults, and of licentious controlling the actions of their sovereigns, and again of controlling those controllers; with the effusion of so much blood as I think I may truly say there was never anything so dearly bought as these western parts have bought the learning of the Greek and Latin tongues.

To come now to the particulars of the true liberty of a subject; that is to say, what are the things which, though commanded by the sovereign, he may nevertheless, without injustice, refuse to do; we are to consider what rights we pass away, when we make a commonwealth; or, which is all one, what liberty we deny ourselves, by owning all the actions, without exception, of the man, or assembly, we make our sovereign. For in the act of our "submission" consisteth both our "obligation" and our "liberty"; which must therefore be inferred by arguments taken from thence; there being no obligation on any man, which ariseth not from some act of his own; for all men equally are by Nature free. And because such arguments must either be drawn from the express words, I "authorize all his actions," or from the intention of him that submitteth himself to his power, which intention is to be understood by the end for which he so submitteth, the obligation and liberty of the subject is to be derived, either from those words, or others equivalent; or else from the end of the institution of sovereignty, namely, the peace of the subjects within themselves, and their defense against a common enemy.

First, therefore, seeing sovereignty by institution is by

covenant of every one to every one ; and sovereignty by acquisition, by covenants of the vanquished to the victor, or child to the parent ; it is manifest that every subject has liberty in all those things the right whereof cannot by covenant be transferred. I have shown before, in the 14th chapter, that covenants not to defend a man's own body are void. Therefore,

If the sovereign command a man, though justly condemned, to kill, wound, or maim himself ; or not to resist those that assault him ; or to abstain from the use of food, air, medicine, or any other thing, without which he cannot live ; yet hath that man the liberty to disobey.

If a man be interrogated by the sovereign, or his authority, concerning a crime done by himself, he is not bound, without assurance of pardon, to confess it ; because no man, as I have shown in the same chapter, can be obliged by covenant to accuse himself.

Again, the consent of a subject to sovereign power is contained in these words, "I authorize, or take upon me, all his actions ;" in which there is no restriction at all, of his own former natural liberty : for by allowing him to "kill me," I am not bound to kill myself when he commands me. It is one thing to say, "Kill me, or my fellow, if you please ;" another thing to say, "I will kill myself, or my fellow." It followeth therefore that

No man is bound by the words themselves, either to kill himself, or any other man ; and consequently, that the obligation a man may sometimes have, upon the command of the sovereign to execute any dangerous or dishonorable office, dependeth not on the words of our submission, but on the intention which is to be understood by the end thereof. When therefore our refusal to obey frustrates the end for which the sovereignty was ordained, then there is no liberty to refuse : otherwise there is.

Upon this ground, a man that is commanded as a soldier to fight against the enemy, though his sovereign have right enough to punish his refusal with death, may nevertheless in many cases refuse, without injustice ; as when he substituteth a sufficient soldier in his place : for in this case he deserteth not the service of the commonwealth. And there is allowance to be made for natural timorousness ; not only to women, of whom no such dangerous duty is expected, but also to men of feminine cour-

age. When armies fight, there is on one side, or both, a running away ; yet when they do it not out of treachery, but fear, they are not esteemed to do it unjustly, but dishonorably. For the same reason, to avoid battle is not injustice, but cowardice. But he that enrolleth himself a soldier, or taketh impressed money, taketh away the excuse of a timorous nature, and is obliged, not only to go to the battle, but also not to run from it, without his captain's leave. And when the defense of the commonwealth requireth at once the help of all that are able to bear arms, every one is obliged ; because otherwise the institution of the commonwealth, which they have not the purpose or courage to preserve, was in vain.

To resist the sword of the commonwealth in defense of another man, guilty or innocent, no man hath liberty ; because such liberty takes away from the sovereign the means of protecting us, and is therefore destructive of the very essence of government. But in case a great many men together have already resisted the sovereign power unjustly, or committed some capital crime for which every one of them expecteth death, whether have they not the liberty then to join together, and assist and defend one another ? Certainly they have ; for they but defend their lives, which the guilty man may as well do as the innocent. There was indeed injustice in the first breach of their duty ; their bearing of arms subsequent to it, though it be to maintain what they have done, is no new unjust act. And if it be only to defend their persons, it is not unjust at all. But the offer of pardon taketh from them to whom it is offered the plea of self-defense, and maketh their perseverance in assisting or defending the rest unlawful.

As for other liberties, they depend on the silence of the law. In cases where the sovereign has prescribed no rule, there the subject hath the liberty to do, or forbear, according to his own discretion. And therefore such liberty is in some places more, and in some less ; and in some times more, in other times less, according as they that have the sovereignty shall think most convenient. As for example, there was a time when, in England, a man might enter into his own land, and dispossess such as wrongfully possessed it, by force. But in after times, that liberty of forcible entry was taken away by a statute made by the king in parliament. And in some places of the world, men have the liberty of many wives ; in other places such liberty is not allowed.

If a subject have a controversy with his sovereign, of debt, or of right of possession of lands or goods, or concerning any service required at his hands, or concerning any penalty, corporal or pecuniary, grounded on a precedent law, he hath the same liberty to sue for his right as if it were against a subject, and before such judges as are appointed by the sovereign. For seeing the sovereign demandeth by force of a former law, and not by virtue of his power, he declareth thereby that he requireth no more than shall appear to be due by that law. The suit therefore is not contrary to the will of the sovereign; and consequently the subject hath the liberty to demand the hearing of his cause, and sentence, according to that law. But if he demand or take anything by pretense of his power, there lieth, in that case, no action of law; for all that is done by him in virtue of his power is done by the authority of every subject, and consequently he that brings an action against the sovereign brings it against himself.

If a monarch, or sovereign assembly, grant a liberty to all or any of his subjects, which grant standing, he is disabled to provide for their safety, the grant is void, unless he directly renounce or transfer the sovereignty to another. For in that he might openly, if it had been his will, and in plain terms, have renounced or transferred it, and did not; it is to be understood it was not his will, but that the grant proceeded from ignorance of the repugnancy between such a liberty and the sovereign power, and therefore the sovereignty is still retained; and consequently all those powers which are necessary to the exercising thereof; such as are the power of war and peace, of judicature, of appointing officers and councilors, of levying money, and the rest named in the 18th chapter.

The obligation of subjects to the sovereign is understood to last as long, and no longer, than the power lasteth by which he is able to protect them. For the right men have by nature to protect themselves, when none else can protect them, can by no covenant be relinquished. The sovereignty is the soul of the commonwealth, which once departed from the body, the members do no more receive their motion from it. The end of obedience is protection, which, wheresoever a man seeth it, either in his own or in another's sword, nature applieth his obedience to it, and his endeavor to maintain it. And though sovereignty, in the intention of them that make it, be immortal, yet is it in its own nature not only subject to violent death by

foreign war, but also, through the ignorance and passions of men, it hath in it, from the very institution, many seeds of a natural mortality, by intestine discord.

If a subject be taken prisoner in war, or his person, or his means of life be within the guards of the enemy, and hath his life and corporal liberty given him on condition to be subject to the victor, he hath liberty to accept the condition ; and having accepted it, is the subject of him that took him, because he had no other way to preserve himself. The case is the same, if he be detained on the same terms, in a foreign country. But if a man be held in prison, or bonds, or is not trusted with the liberty of his body, he cannot be understood to be bound by covenant to subjection, and therefore may, if he can, make his escape by any means whatsoever.

If a monarch shall relinquish the sovereignty, both for himself and his heirs, his subjects return to the absolute liberty of nature ; because, though nature may declare who are his sons, and who are the nearest of his kin, yet it dependeth on his own will, as hath been said in the precedent chapter, who shall be his heir. If therefore he will have no heir, there is no sovereignty, nor subjection. The case is the same if he die without known kindred, and without declaration of his heir. For then there can no heir be known, and consequently no subjection be due.

If the sovereign banish his subject, during the banishment he is not subject. But he that is sent on a message, or hath leave to travel, is still subject ; but it is by contract between sovereigns, not by virtue of the covenant of subjection. For whosoever entereth into another's dominion is subject to all the laws thereof, unless he have a privilege by the amity of the sovereigns, or by special license.

If a monarch subdued by war render himself subject to the victor, his subjects are delivered from their former obligation, and become obliged to the victor. But if he be held prisoner, or hath not the liberty of his own body, he is not understood to have given away the right of sovereignty ; and therefore his subjects are obliged to yield obedience to the magistrates formerly placed, governing not in their own name, but in his. For, his right remaining, the question is only of the administration ; that is to say, of the magistrates and officers, which, if we have not means to name, he is supposed to approve those which he himself had formerly appointed.

THE BETRAYAL.

BY THOMAS OTWAY.

(From " Venice Preserved.")

[THOMAS OTWAY, English dramatist, was born in Sussex, March 3, 1651. He was educated at Winchester, and at Christ Church, Oxford; attempted to become an actor; became a playwright and dissolute bohemian; and died April 14, 1685. His one remembered play is " Venice Preserved"; but he wrote, among others, "The Orphan," "The Soldier's Fortune," and its sequel, "The Atheist."]

Scene: The Senate House.

The Duke of VENICE, PRIULI, ANTONIO, and eight other Senators
discovered in session.

Duke —

Antony, Priuli, senators of Venice,
Speak; why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honor, or its safety?

Priuli —

Could words express the story I've to tell you,
Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause
We all should weep; tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to Heaven.
Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come
Ere Venice be no more!

All the Senators —

How!

Priuli —

Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's formed a dark conspiracy
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fixed;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn even this moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning: but, if we are men,
Let's not be tamely butchered, but do something
That may inform the world in after ages
Our virtue was not ruined, though we were.

Voices [without] —

Room, room, make room for some prisoners!

Second Senator —

Let's raise the city.

Enter Officer and Guard.

Priuli —

Speak there, what disturbance?

Officer —

Two prisoners have the guard seized in the streets,
Who say they come to inform this reverend Senate
About the present danger.

All —

Give them entrance. —

Enter JAFFIER and BELVIDERA, guarded.

Well; who are you?

Jaffier —

A villain.

Antonio —

Short and pithy.
The man speaks well.

Jaffier —

Would every man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his title!

Duke —

'Tis rumored that a plot has been contrived
Against this state; that you've a share in't too.
If you're a villain, to redeem your honor,
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.

Jaffier —

Think not that I, to save my life, come hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice;
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.

Duke —

The slave capitulates [proposes conditions]!
Give him the tortures.

Jaffier —

That you dare not do;

Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch
To hear a story which you dread the truth of, —
Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.
Cowards are scared with threatenings; boys are whipped
Into confessions: but a steady mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing
Again, by Heaven, I'll shut these lips forever;
Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels
Shall force a groan away that you may guess at.

Antonio — A bloody-minded fellow, I'll warrant; a damned
bloody-minded fellow.

Duke —

Name your conditions.

Jaffier —

For myself full pardon,
Besides the lives of two and twenty friends [*Delivers a list.*
Whose names are here enrolled: nay, let their crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
And sacred promise of this reverend council,
That in a full assembly of the Senate
The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

All —

We'll swear.

Duke —

Propose the oath.

Jaffier —

By all the hopes
Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
Swear.

All —

We all swear.

Jaffier —

To grant me what I've asked,
Ye swear?

All —

We swear.

Jaffier —

And as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be blessed,
Or cursed forever!

All —

Else be cursed forever!

Jaffier —

Then here's the list, and with it the full disclose
Of all that threatens you. Now, fate, thou'st caught me.
[*Delivers another paper.*]

Antonio — Why, what a dreadful catalogue of cutthroats is here!
I'll warrant you, not one of these fellows but has a face like a lion.
I dare not so much as read their names over.

Duke —

Give order that all diligent search be made
To seize these men; their characters are public:
The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of a famed Grecian courtesan,
Called Aquilina; see that place secured.

Antonio —

What, my Nicky Nacky, hurry durry, Nicky
Nacky in the plot? — I'll make a speech. —
Most noble senators,
What headlong apprehension drives you on,
Right noble, wise, and truly solid senators,
To violate the laws and right of nations?
The lady is a lady of renown.
'Tis true, she holds a house of fair reception,
And though I say it myself, as many more
Can say as well as I —

Second Senator —

My lord, long speeches
Are frivolous here, when dangers are so near us.
We all well know your interest in that lady;
The world talks loud on't.

Antonio —

Verily, I have done,
I say no more.

Duke —

But, since he has declared
Himself concerned, pray, captain, take great caution
To treat the fair one as becomes her character,
And let her bedchamber be searched with decency.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning
To be our prisoner.

Jaffier —

Would the chains of death
Had bound me fast ere I had known this minute!
I've done a deed will make my story hereafter
Quoted in competition with all ill ones:
The history of my wickedness shall run

Down through the low traditions of the vulgar,
And boys be taught to tell the tale of Jaffier.

Duke —

Captain, withdraw your prisoner.

Jaffier —

Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehood.
Cruel remembrance, how shall I appease thee!

[*Exeunt JAFFIER and BELVIDERA, guarded.*]

Voices [without] —

More traitors; room, room, make room there.

Duke —

How's this! Guards!
Where are our guards? Shut up the gates; the treason's
Already at our doors.

Enter Officer.

Officer —

My lords, more traitors;
Seized in the very act of consultation;
Furnished with arms and instruments of mischief. —
Bring in the prisoners.

*Enter PIERRE, RENAULT, THEODORE, ELIOT, REVILLIDO, and other
Conspirators, in fetters, guarded.*

Pierre —

You, my lords and fathers
(As you are pleased to call yourselves) of Venice,
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often labored in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumphs ye bestow
On those that bring you conquests home, and honors?

Duke —

Go on; you shall be heard, sir.

Antonio —

And be hanged, too, I hope.

Pierre —

Are these the trophies I've deserved for fighting
Your battles with confederated powers?
When winds and seas conspired to overthrow you,
And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbors;
When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your palace,
And saw your wife, the Adriatic, plowed,
Like a lewd whore, by bolder prowls than yours,

Stepped not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
 The task of honor, and the way to greatness;
 Raised you from your capitulating fears,
 To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?
 And this my recompense? If I'm a traitor,
 Produce my charge; or show the wretch that's base enough
 And brave enough to tell me I'm a traitor.

Duke —

Know you one Jaffier? [*All the Conspirators murmur.*]

Pierre —

Yes, and know his virtue.
 His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings
 From a hard father taught me first to love him.

Duke —

See him brought forth.

Reënter JAFFIER, guarded.

Pierre —

My friend too bound! nay, then,
 Our fate has conquered us, and we must fall.
 Why droops the man whose welfare's so much mine,
 They're but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,
 Call us all traitors: art thou one, my brother?

Jaffier —

To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave
 That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,
 And gave up honor to be sure of ruin.
 All our fair hopes, which morning was to have crowned,
 Has this cursed tongue o'erthrown.

Pierre —

So, then, all's over:
 Venice has lost her freedom; I my life.
 No more; farewell.

Duke —

Say, will you make confession
 Of your vile deeds, and trust the Senate's mercy?

Pierre —

Cursed be your Senate; cursed your constitution;
 The curse of growing factions and division
 Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
 And make the robes of government you wear,
 hateful to you, as these base chains to me!

Duke —

Pardon, or Death?

Pierre —

Death, honorable death !

Renault —

Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give.

All Conspirators —

No shameful bonds, but honorable death.

Duke —

Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners.

Jaffier, you're free, but these must wait for judgment.

[*Exeunt all the Senators.*]

Pierre —

Come, where's my dungeon ? lead me to my straw :

It will not be the first time I've lodged hard

To do your Senate service.

Jaffier —

Hold one moment.

Pierre —

Who's he disputes the judgment of the Senate ?

Presumptuous rebel — on ——— [Strikes JAFFIER.]

Jaffier —

By Heaven, you stir not !

I must be heard, I must have leave to speak.

Thou hast disgraced me, Pierre, by a vile blow :

Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice ?

But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,

For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries ;

Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,

With pity and with charity behold me ;

Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance,

But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,

Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pierre —

What whining monk art thou ? what holy cheat,

That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears,

And cant'st thus vilely ? Hence ! I know thee not.

Dissemble and be nasty : leave me, hypocrite.

Jaffier —

Not know me, Pierre ?

Pierre —

No, know thee not : what art thou ?

Jaffier —

Jaffier, thy friend, thy once loved, valued friend,

Though now deservedly scorned, and used most hardly.

Pierre —

Thou Jaffier ! thou my once loved, valued friend ?

By Heavens, thou liest! The man so called, my friend,
 Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,
 Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
 Dear to my eyes and tender to my heart:
 But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
 Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;
 All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
 Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
 Like something baneful, that my nature's chilled at.

Jaffier —

I have not wronged thee, by these tears I have not,
 But still am honest, true, and hope, too, valiant;
 My mind still full of thee: therefore still noble.
 Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
 Detest me utterly: oh, look upon me,
 Look back and see my sad, sincere submission!
 How my heart swells, as even 'twould burst my bosom,
 Fond of its goal, and laboring to be at thee!
 What shall I do — what say to make thee hear me?

Pierre —

Hast thou not wronged me? dar'st thou call thyself
 Jaffier, that once loved, valued friend of mine,
 And swear thou hast not wronged me? Whence these chains?
 Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
 Whence this dishonor, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaffier —

All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pierre —

What's that?

Jaffier —

To take thy life on such conditions
 The Council have proposed: thou and thy friends
 May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pierre —

Life! ask my life? confess! record myself
 A villain, for the privilege to breathe,
 And carry up and down this cursed city
 A discontented and repining spirit,
 Burthensome to itself, a few years longer,
 To lose it, maybe, at last in a lewd quarrel
 For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
 No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
 And cannot part on better terms than now,
 When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaffier —

By all that's just ——

Pierre —

Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaffier —

Then, by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thyself, at least, thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentments deal with me.

Pierre —

Not leave me!

Jaffier —

No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty:
Lie at thy feet and kiss them, though they spurn me,
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pierre —

Art thou not ——

Jaffier —

What?

Pierre —

A traitor?

Jaffier —

Yes.

Pierre —

A villain?

Jaffier —

Granted.

Pierre —

A coward, a most scandalous coward,
Spiritless, void of honor, one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?

Jaffier —

All, all, and more, much more: my faults are numberless.

Pierre —

And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false ——

Jaffier —

No; 'tis to me that's granted.
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

Pierre —

I scorn it more, because preserved by thee:

And as when first my foolish heart took pity
 On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
 Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from thy state
 Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plunged thee,
 To rank thee in my list of noble friends,
 All I received in surety for thy truth
 Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
 Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen,
 So I restore it back to thee again;
 Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
 Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
 Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
 Were to exceed those limited the world.
 Take it — farewell! — for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaffier —

Say thou wilt live then.

Pierre —

For my life, dispose it

Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tired with.

Jaffier —

O Pierre!

Pierre —

No more.

Jaffier —

My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,

But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pierre —

Leave me! — Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me,

And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee!

[*Exeunt PIERRE and Conspirators, guarded.*]



THE GRASSHOPPER.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON.

By RICHARD LOVELACE.

[1618-1658.]

O THOU that swing'st upon the waving ear
 Of some well-filled oaten beard,
 Drunk every night with a delicious tear
 Dropt thee from heaven, where now thou art reared,

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
 That with thy feet and wings dost hop and **fly**;
 And when thy poppy works thou dost retire
 To thy carved acorn bed to lie.

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,
 Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,
 And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
 Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah! the sickle! golden ears are cropt;
 Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
 Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topt,
 And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice, thy joys
 Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
 Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise
 Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends, we will create
 A genuine summer in each other's breast;
 And spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
 Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
 As vestal flames; the North Wind, he
 Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve, and **fly**
 This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
 Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
 But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
 Shall cry, he hath his crown again!

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip
 From the light casements where we play,
 And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
 And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
 That asking nothing, nothing need;
 Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet **he**
 That wants himself is poor indeed.



JOHN BUNYAN

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

[JOHN BUNYAN, the celebrated English writer, was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. He was brought up to his father's trade of tinker, and spent his youth in the practice of that craft. After a short term of service in the Parliamentary army, he joined a nonconformist body at Bedford and began to preach throughout the midland counties. In 1660 he fell a victim to the persecution then carried on against dissenters, was thrown into Bedford county jail, and during a twelve years' imprisonment wrote "Profitable Meditations," "The Holy City," and "Grace Abounding." After the issuing of James II.'s declaration for liberty of conscience, he again settled at Bedford, and ministered to the congregation in Mill Lane until his death, in London, of fever, August, 1688. Bunyan suffered a second imprisonment (1675), but only for six months, during which time he wrote the first part of "Pilgrim's Progress" (1678; second part issued in 1684). It circulated at first among the poor, but soon became more widely known, and in ten years one hundred thousand copies had been sold. With the exception of the Bible and "The Imitation of Christ," no book has been translated into so many languages and dialects (over eighty in all). Other works include: "The Holy War" and "Life and Death of Mr. Badman."]

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

WHEN the battle with Apollyon was over, Christian took some of the leaves of the tree of life and applied them to his wounds and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so, being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said I know not but some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now, this valley is a very solitary place. The prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: "A wilderness, a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought, and of the Shadow of Death, a land that no man" (but a Christian) "passeth through, and where no man dwelt." (Jer. 2: 6.)

Now here Christian was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon, as by the sequel you shall see.

I saw then in my dream, that when Christian was got to the borders of the Shadow of Death, there met him two men, chil-

dren of them that brought up an evil report of the good land (Num. 13 : 32), making haste to go back ; to whom Christian spake as follows : —

Christian — Whither are you going ?

Men — They said, Back, back ; and we would have you do so too, if either life or peace is prized by you.

Christian — Why, what's the matter ? said Christian.

Men — Matter ! said they ; we were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst ; and indeed we were almost past coming back ; for had we gone a little farther, we had not been here to bring the news to thee.

Christian — But what have you met with ? said Christian.

Men — Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but that by good hap we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it. (Psa. 44 : 19 ; 107 : 19.)

Christian — But what have you seen ? said Christian.

Men — Seen ? why, the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch : we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit : we heard also in that valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and irons : and over that valley hang the discouraging clouds of confusion : Death also doth always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order. (Job 3 : 5 ; 10 : 22.)

Christian — Then, said Christian, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven. (Psa. 44 : 18, 19 ; Jer. 2 : 6.)

Men — Be it thy way ; we will not choose it for ours.

So they parted, and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch ; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold, on the left hand there was a very dangerous quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on ; into that quag King David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out. (Psa. 69 : 14.)

The pathway was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it ; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to

tip over into the mire on the other ; also, when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly ; for besides the danger mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that oftentimes when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next.

About the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now, thought Christian, what shall I do ? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before), that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called All-prayer (Eph. 6:18); so he cried, in my hearing, O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. (Psa. 116:4.) Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him ; also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together ; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back ; then again he thought he might be halfway through the valley. He remembered also, how he had already vanquished many a danger ; and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward. So he resolved to go on ; yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer. But when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, I will walk in the strength of the Lord God. So they gave back, and came no farther.

One thing I would not let slip. I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own voice ; and thus I perceived, just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme Him that he loved so

much before. Yet if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know from whence these blasphemies came.

When Christian had traveled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. (Psa. 23 : 4.)

Then was he glad, and that for these reasons : —

First, Because he gathered from thence, that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself.

Secondly, For that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state. And why not, thought he, with me, though by reason of the impediment that attends this place, I cannot perceive it. (Job 9 : 11.)

Thirdly, For that he hoped (could he overtake them) to have company by and by. So he went on, and called to him that was before; but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke : then said Christian, "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning." (Amos 5 : 8.)

Now morning being come, he looked back, not out of desire to return, but to see, by the light of the day, what hazards he had gone through in the dark. So he saw more perfectly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the quag that was on the other; also, how narrow the way was which led betwixt them both. Also, now he saw the hobgoblins, and satyrs, and dragons of the pit, but all afar off; for after break of day they came not nigh; yet they were discovered to him, according to that which is written, "He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death." (Job 12 : 22.)

Now was Christian much affected with this deliverance from all the dangers of his solitary way; which dangers, though he feared them much before, yet he saw them more clearly now, because the light of the day made them conspicuous to him. And about this time the sun was rising, and this was another merey to Christian; for you must note that, though the first part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part, which he was yet to go, was, if possible, far more dangerous; for, from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all

along set so full of snares, traps, gins, and nets here, and so full of pits, pitfalls, deep holes, and shelvings-down there, that had it now been dark, as it was when he came the first part of the way, had he had a thousand souls, they had in reason been cast away; but, as I said, just now the sun was rising. Then said he, "His candle shineth on my head, and by his light I go through darkness." (Job 29 : 3.)

In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley. Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of the valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learnt since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them.

So I saw that Christian went on his way; yet at the sight of the old man that sat at the mouth of the cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spoke to him, though he could not go after him, saying, You will never mend till more of you be burned. But he held his peace, and set a good face on it; and so went by, and caught no hurt. Then sang Christian:—

Oh, world of wonders (I can say no less),
That I should be preserved in that distress
That I have met with here! Oh, blessed be
That hand that from it hath delivered me!
Dangers in darkness, devils, hell, and sin,
Did compass me, while I this vale was in;
Yea, snares, and pits, and traps, and nets did lie
My path about, that worthless, silly I
Might have been caught, entangled, and cast down;
But since I live, let Jesus wear the crown.

VANITY FAIR.

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long. It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity (Psa. 62 : 9); and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity; as is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity." (Eccl. 11 : 8; see also 1 : 2-14; 2 : 11-17; Isa. 40 : 17.)

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing. I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are: and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair: a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore, at this fair are all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And, as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here, likewise, you have the proper places, rows, streets (namely, countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I have said, the way to the Celestial City lies just

through this town where this lusty fair is kept, and he that would go to the city, and yet not go through this town, "must needs go out of the world." (1 Cor. 4 : 10.) The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day, too ; yea, and, as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities, yea, would have made him lord of the fair would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities : but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. (Matt. 4 : 8, 9 ; Luke 4 : 5-7.) This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now, these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did ; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved ; and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons : for,

First, The Pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them : some said they were fools (1 Cor. 4 : 9, 10) ; some, they were bedlams ; and some, they were outlandish men.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech ; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan ; but they that kept the fair were the men of this world : so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other. (1 Cor. 2 : 7, 8.)

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares. They cared not so much as to look upon them ; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity" (Psa. 119 : 37), and look upward, signifying that their trade or traffic was in heaven. (Phil. 3 : 20, 21.)

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy ?" But they, looking gravely upon him, said, "We buy the truth." (Prov. 23 : 23.)

At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more ; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last, things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination ; and they that sat upon them asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb. The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem (Heb. 11 : 13-16) ; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, — the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and “not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing,” and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair, that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in an angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm ; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell

to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and were charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here, also, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it: therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment. But committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hategood; their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents whereof was this: "That they were enemies to, and disturbers of, the trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince."

Then Faithful began to answer that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance, I

make none, being myself a man of peace : the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear, and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar ; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him. Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect : My lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath, before this honorable bench, that he is ——

Judge — Hold ; give him his oath.

So they sware him. Then he said, My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country ; he neither regarded prince nor people, law nor custom, but doeth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

Then did the judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say ?

Envy — My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will dispatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they sware him ; so he began.

Superstition — My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him. However, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that I had with him the other day, in this town ; for then, talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which saying of his, my lord, your lordship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to

wit, that we still do worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned ; and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew in the behalf of their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar.

Pickthank — My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoken ; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are, the Lord Oldman, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility : and he hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such-like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou renegade, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee ?

Faithful — May I speak a few words in my own defense ?

Judge — Sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place ; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile renegade, hast to say.

Faithful — 1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, that what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith ; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith ; which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding

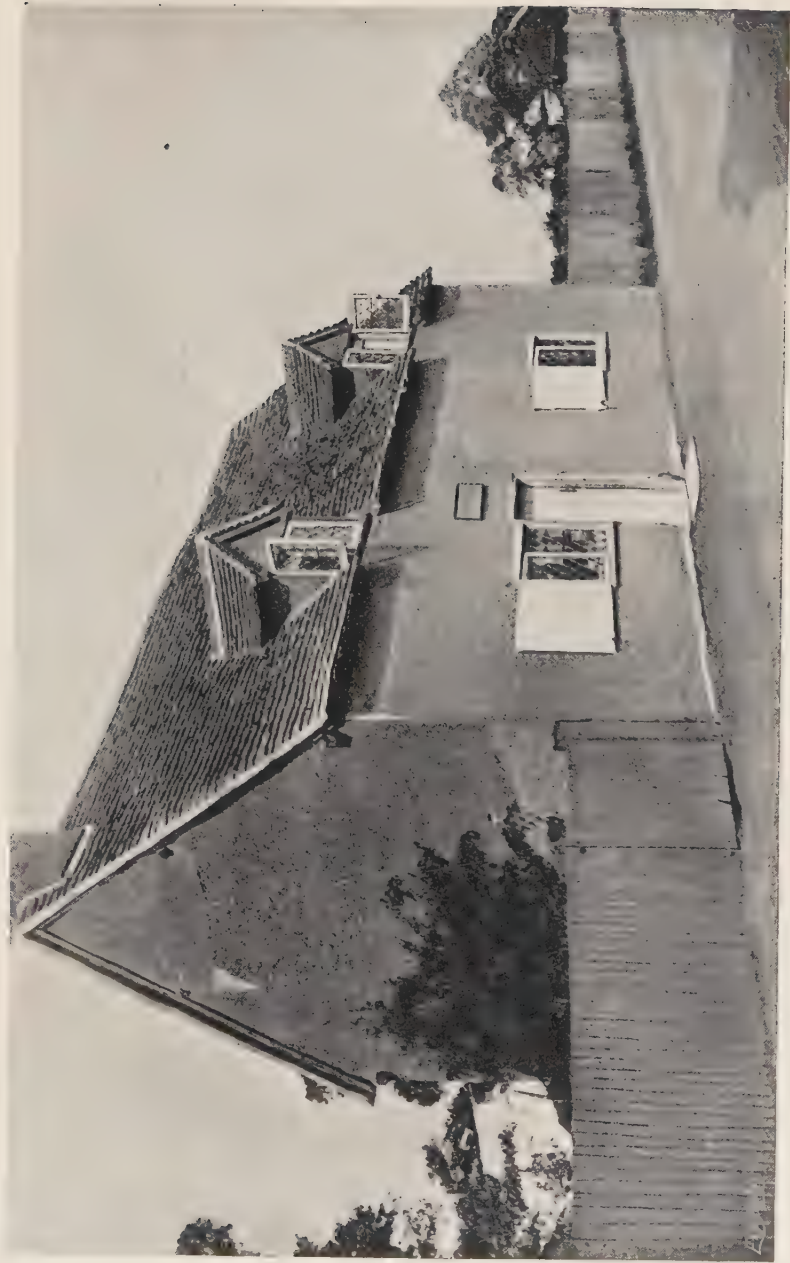
terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell than in this town and country. And so the Lord have mercy upon me.

Then the judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by to hear and observe), Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also, you have heard his reply and confession: it lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you in our law.

There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that, lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. (Exod. 1: 22.) There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image should be thrown into a fiery furnace. (Dan. 3: 6.) There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso for some time called upon any god but him should be cast into the lion's den. (Dan. 6: 7.) Now, the substance of these laws this rebel hath broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed; which must, therefore, needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason that he hath already confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blindman, Mr. Nogood, Mr. Malice, Mr. Lovelust, Mr. Liveloose, Mr. Heady, Mr. Highmind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hatelight, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blindman, the foreman said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. Nogood, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Aye, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Lovelust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Liveloose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him. Hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-



JOHN BUNYAN'S HOME AT BEDFORD

mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging him is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us dispatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hatelight. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death.

And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw, that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who (as soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the celestial gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison: so he remained there for a space. But He who overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

And as he went, he sang, saying:—

Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest
Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be blest,
When Faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
Are crying out under their hellish plights:
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive;
For though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.

GIANT DESPAIR.

Now I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels; so the souls of the pilgrims were

much discouraged because of the way. (Num. 21:4.) Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called Bypath meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let's go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see; and behold, a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. It is according to my wish, said Christian; here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

Hopeful — But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

That is not likely, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the wayside? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal, they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence: so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, To the Celestial Gate. Look, said Christian, did I not tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so they that were behind lost sight of him that went before.

He, therefore, that went before (Vain-Confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, which was on purpose there made, by the prince of those grounds, to catch vainglorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall. (Isa. 9:16.)

Now, Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way: and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten, in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, Oh, that I had kept on my way!

Christian — Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

Hopeful — I was afraid on't at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

Christian — Good brother, be not offended: I am sorry I

have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me ; I did not do it of an evil intent.

Hopeful — Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee ; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

Christian — I am glad I have with me a merciful brother : but we must not stand here ; let us try to go back again.

Hopeful — But, good brother, let me go before.

Christian — No, if you please, let me go first, that if there be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

Hopeful — No, said Hopeful, you shall not go first, for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again. Then for their encouragement they heard the voice of one saying, "Let thine heart be toward the highway, even the way that thou wentest : turn again." (Jer. 31 : 21.) But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back ; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day brake ; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping ; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They had also but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night without

one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. (Psa. 88 : 18.) Now, in this place, Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence : so, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her, also, what he had best do further with them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound ; and he told her. Then she counseled him, that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he fell upon them, and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress : so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison ; for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands ; wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no ; and thus they began to discourse.

Christian — Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know

not whether it is best to live thus, or to die out of hand. My soul chooseth strangling rather than life, and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. (Job 7 : 15.) Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hopeful — Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide ; but yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, “Thou shalt do no murder,” no, not to another man’s person ; much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another, can but commit murder upon his body ; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave ; but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain the murderers go ? for “no murderer hath eternal life,” etc. And let us consider again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair : others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die ; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in ; or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs ? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before. But, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while : the time may come that may give us a happy release ; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words *Hopeful* at present did moderate the mind of his brother ; so they continued together in the dark that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel. But, when he came there he found them alive ; and, truly, alive was all ; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive ; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that *Christian* fell into a swoon ; but, coming a little to himself again, they

renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it ; but Hopeful made his second reply, as followeth : —

Hopeful — My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore ? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through ; and art thou now nothing but fears ? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art. Also, this giant hath wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But, let us exercise a little more patience. Remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death ; wherefore, let us (at least to avoid the shame that it becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel : to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues ; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done ; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces ; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again. And with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence, and her husband the giant, was got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners ; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them ; or that they have picklocks about them, by the



THE WIFE OF BUNYAN INTERCEDING FOR HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON

means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant. I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news: good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went desperately hard, yet the key did open it. They then thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows:—

Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground:
And let them that come after have a care,
Lest heedlessness makes them as we to fare;
Lest they, for trespassing, his prisoners are,
Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

They went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which mountains belong to the Lord of that hill of which we have spoken before. So they went up to the mountains to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water ; where also they drank and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now, there were on the tops of these mountains shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway side. The pilgrims, therefore, went to them, and leaning upon their staffs (as is common with weary pilgrims when they stand to talk with any by the way), they asked, Whose Delectable Mountains are these ; and whose be the sheep that feed upon them ?

Shepherds — These mountains are Emmanuel's land, and they are within sight of his city ; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them. (John 10 : 11, 15.)

Christian — Is this the way to the Celestial City ?

Shepherds — You are just in your way.

Christian — How far is it thither ?

Shepherds — Too far for any but those who shall get thither, indeed.

Christian — Is the way safe or dangerous ?

Shepherds — Safe for those for whom it is to be safe ; but transgressors shall fall therein. (Hos. 14 : 9.)

Christian — Is there in this place any relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way ?

Shepherds — The Lord of these mountains hath given us a charge not to be forgetful to entertain strangers (Heb. 13 : 2) ; therefore the good of the place is before you.

I saw also in my dream, that when the shepherds perceived that they were wayfaring men, they also put questions to them (to which they made answer as in other places), as, Whence came you ? and, How got you into the way ? and, By what means have you so persevered therein ? for but few of them that begin to come hither, do show their face on these mountains. But when the shepherds heard their answers, being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon them, and said, Welcome to the Delectable Mountains.

THE DYING MAN IN HIS GARDEN.

By GEORGE SEWELL.

[— 1626.]

WHY, Damon, with the forward day
 Dost thou thy little spot survey,
 From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
 Pursue the progress of the year,
 What winds arise, what rains descend,
 When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noontide walks avail,
 To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,
 Then wantonly to death decree
 An insect usefuller than thee?
 Thou and the worm are brotherkind,
 As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
 The downy peach make court to thee?
 Or that thy sense shall ever meet
 The bean flower's deep-embosomed sweet
 Exhaling with an evening blast?
 Thy evenings then will all be past!

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green
 (For vanity's in little seen),
 All must be left when Death appears,
 In spite of wishes, groans, and tears;
 Nor one of all thy plants that grow
 But Rosemary will with thee go.



BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.

By SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

(From "Upon the Gardens of Epicurus; or, Of Gardening in the Year 1685.")

[SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, English diplomatist and essayist, was born in London, 1628; became prominent in public life, and negotiated, in 1668, the famous "Triple Alliance" of England, Holland, and Sweden against France, which saved Holland from danger at the time and nearly ruined it four years later. He took part in the congress at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1668, as ambassador at The

Hague, which post he filled again in 1674. He was one of Charles II.'s Council for a short time, then retired permanently to his estate at Sheen, then at Moor Park, where he spent his time gardening and writing, and where Swift was his secretary. He published "Memoirs" and "Miscellanea." He died January 27, 1699.]

IF we believe the Scripture, we must allow that God Almighty esteemed the life of a man in a garden the happiest he could give him, or else he would not have placed Adam in that of Eden; that it was the state of innocence and pleasure; and that the life of husbandry and cities came after the fall, with guilt and with labor.

Where paradise was, has been much debated, and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it, as what was much in use and delight among the kings of those Eastern countries. Strabo, describing Jericho, says: "*Ibi est palmetum, cui immixtæ sunt etiam aliæ stirpes Hortenses, locus ferax, palmis abundans, spatio stadiorum centum, totus irriguus, ibi est regi et balsami paradisus.*" He mentions another place to be "*prope libanum et paradisum.*" And Alexander is written to have seen Cyrus' tomb in paradise, being a tower not very great, and covered with a shade of trees about it. So that a paradise among them seems to have been a large space of ground, adorned and beautified with all sorts of trees, both of fruits and of forest, either found there before it was inclosed, or planted thereafter; either cultivated like gardens, for shades and for walks, with fountains or streams, and all sorts of plants usual in the climate, and pleasant to the eye, the smell, or the taste; or else employed like our parks, for inclosure and harbor of all sorts of wild beasts, as well as for the pleasure of riding and walking; and so they were of more or less extent, and of different entertainment, according to the several humors of the princes that ordered and inclosed them.

Semiramis is the first we are told of in story, that brought them in use through her empire, and was so fond of them as to make one wherever she built, and in all, or most of the provinces she subdued, which are said to have been from Babylon as far as India. The Assyrian kings continued this custom and care, or rather this pleasure, till one of them brought in the use of smaller and more regular gardens; for having married a wife he was fond of, out of one of the provinces, where such

paradises or gardens were much in use, and the country lady not well bearing the air or inclosure of the palace in Babylon, to which the Assyrian kings used to confine themselves, he made her gardens not only within the palaces, but upon terraces raised with earth, over the arched roofs, and even upon the top of the highest tower, planted them with all sorts of fruit trees, as well as other plants and flowers, the most pleasant of that country; and thereby made at least the most airy gardens, as well as the most costly that have ever been heard of in the world. This lady may probably have been a native of the provinces of Chasimer or Damascus, which have in all times been the happiest regions for fruits of all the east, by the excellence of soil, the position of mountains, the frequency of streams, rather than the advantages of climate. And it is great pity we do not yet see the history of Chasimer, which Monsieur Bernier assured me he had translated out of Persian, and intended to publish, and of which he has given such a taste, in his excellent memoirs of the Mogul's country.

The next gardens we read of are those of Solomon, planted with all sorts of fruit trees, and watered with fountains; and though we have no more particular description of them, yet we may find they were the places where he passed the times of his leisure and delight, where the houses as well as grounds were adorned with all that could be of pleasing and elegant, and were the retreats and entertainments of those among his wives that he loved the best; and it is not improbable that the paradises mentioned by Strabo were planted by this great and wisest king. But the idea of the garden must be very great, if it answer at all to that of the gardener, who must have employed a great deal of his care and of his study, as well as of his leisure and thought, in these entertainments, since he writ of all plants, from the cedar to the shrub.

What the gardens of the Hesperides were, we have little or no account, further than the mention of them, and thereby the testimony of their having been in use and request in such remoteness of place and antiquity of time.

The garden of Alcinous, described by Homer, seems wholly poetical, and made at the pleasure of the painter, like the rest of the romantic palace in that little barren island of Phæacia or Corfu. Yet, as all the pieces of this transcendent genius are composed with excellent knowledge, as well as fancy, so they seldom fail of instruction as well as delight, to all that read

him. The seat of this garden, joining to the gates of the palace, the compass of the inclosure being four acres, the tall trees of shade, as well as those of fruit, the two fountains, the one for the use of the garden, and the other of the palace, the continual succession of fruits throughout the whole year are, for aught I know, the best rules or provisions that can go towards composing the best gardens; nor is it unlikely that Homer may have drawn this picture after the life of some he had seen in Ionia, the country and usual abode of this divine poet, and, indeed, the region of the most refined pleasure and luxury, as well as invention and wit: for the humor and custom of gardens may have descended earlier into the Lower Asia, from Damascus, Assyria, and other parts of the eastern empires, though they seem to have made late entrance and smaller improvement in those of Greece and Rome; at least in no proportion to their other inventions or refinements of pleasure and luxury.

The long and flourishing peace of the two first empires gave earlier rise and growth to learning and civility, and all the consequences of them, in magnificence and elegance of building and gardening, whereas Greece and Rome were almost perpetually engaged in quarrels and wars either abroad or at home, and so were busy in actions that were done under the sun, rather than those under the shade. These were the entertainments of the softer nations that fell under the virtue and prowess of the two last empires, which from those conquests brought home mighty increases both of riches and luxury, and so perhaps lost more than they got by the spoils of the east. . . .

Whoever begins a garden ought, in the first place and above all, to consider the soil, upon which the taste not only of his fruits, but his legumes, and even herbs and salads, will wholly depend; and the default of soil is without remedy: for, although all borders of fruit may be made with what earth you please (if you will be at the charge), yet it must be renewed in two or three years, or it runs into the nature of the ground where it is brought. Old trees spread their roots farther than anybody's care extends, or the forms of the garden will allow; and, after all, where the soil about you is ill, the air is too in a degree, and has influence upon the taste of fruit. What Horace says of the productions of kitchen gardens, under the name of *caulis*, is true of all the best sorts of fruits, and may determine the choice of soil for all gardens: —

*Caule suburbano, qui siccis crevit in agris,
Dulcior ; irriguis nihil est elutius hortis.*

Plants from dry fields those of the town excel ;
Nothing more tasteless is than watered grounds.

Any man had better throw away his care and his money upon anything else, than upon a garden in wet or moist ground. Peaches and grapes will have no taste but upon a sand or gravel ; but the richer these are, the better ; and neither salads, pease, or beans, have at all the taste upon a clay or rich earth as they have upon either of the others, though the size and color of fruits and plants may, perhaps, be more upon the worse soils.

Next to your choice of soil, is to suit your plants to your ground, since of this every one is not master : though perhaps Varro's judgment, upon this case, is the wisest and the best ; for to one that asked him, what he should do if his father or ancestors had left him a seat in an ill air, or upon an ill soil, he answered : " Why, sell it, and buy another in good." " But what if I cannot get half the worth ?" " Why, then take a quarter ; but however sell it for anything rather than live upon it."

Of all sorts of soil, the best is that upon a sandy gravel, or a rosiny sand ; whoever lies upon either of these may run boldly into all the best sort of peaches and grapes, how shallow soever the turf be upon them ; and whatever other tree will thrive in these soils, the fruits shall be of a much finer taste than any other , a richer soil will do well enough for apricots, plums, pears, or figs ; but still the more of the sand in your earth the better, and the worse the more of the clay, which is proper for oaks and no other tree that I know of.

Fruits should be suited to the climate among us, as well as the soil ; for there are degrees of one and the other in England, where it is to little purpose to plant any of the best fruits, as peaches or grapes, hardly I doubt beyond Northamptonshire, at the farthest northwards ; and I thought it very prudent in a gentleman of my friends in Staffordshire, who is a great lover of his garden, to pretend no higher, though his soil be good enough, than to the perfection of plums ; and in these (by bestowing south walls upon them) he has very well succeeded, which he could never have done in attempts upon peaches and grapes ; and a good plum is certainly better than an ill peach.

When I was at Cosevelt, with that bishop of Munster that made so much noise in his time, I observed no other trees but cherries in a great garden he had made. He told me the reason was because he found no other fruit would ripen well in that climate, or upon that soil ; and therefore, instead of being curious in others, he had only been so in the sorts of that, whereof he had so many, as never to be without them from May to the end of September.

As to the size of a garden, which will, perhaps, in time, grow extravagant among us, I think from four or five to seven or eight acres is as much as any gentleman need design, and will furnish as much of all that is expected from it, as any nobleman will have occasion to use in his family.

In every garden four things are necessary to be provided for: flowers, fruit, shade, and water ; and whoever lays out a garden, without all these, must not pretend in it any perfection ; it ought to lie to the best parts of the house, or to those of the master's commonest use, so as to be but like one of the rooms out of which you step into another. The part of your garden next your house (besides the walks that go round it) should be a parterre for flowers, or grass plots bordered with flowers ; or if, according to the newest mode, it be cast all into grass plots and gravel walks, the dryness of these should be relieved with fountains, and the plainness of those with statues ; otherwise, if large, they have an ill effect upon the eye. However, the part next the house should be open, and no other fruit but upon the walls. If this take up one half of the garden, the other should be fruit trees, unless some grove for shade lie in the middle. If it take up a third part only, then the next third may be dwarf trees, and the last standard fruit ; or else the second part fruit trees, and the third all sorts of wintergreens, which provide for all seasons of the year. . . .

The best figure of a garden is either a square or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a descent ; they have all their beauties, but the best I esteem an oblong upon a descent. The beauty, the air, the view, make amends for the expense, which is very great in finishing and supporting the terrace walks, in leveling the parterres, and in the stone stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bed-

ford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Doctor Donne, and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost; but greater sums may be thrown away without effect or honor, if there want sense in proportion to money, or if nature be not followed, which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in everything else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments. And whether the greatest of mortal men should attempt the forcing of nature, may best be judged by observing how seldom God Almighty does it himself, by so few true and undisputed miracles as we see or hear of in the world. For my own part, I know not three wiser precepts for the conduct either of princes or private man, than

— *Servare modum, finemque tueri,*
Naturamque sequi. . . .

What I have said of gardening is perhaps enough for any gentleman to know, so as to make no great faults, nor to be much imposed upon in the designs of that kind, which I think ought to be applauded and encouraged in all countries; that and building being a sort of creation, that raise beautiful fabrics and figures out of nothing, that make the convenience and pleasure of all private habitations, that employ many hands and circulate much money among the poorer sort and artisans, that are a public service to one's country, by the example as well as effect, which adorn the scene, improve the earth, and even the air itself in some degree. The rest that belongs to this subject must be a gardener's part; upon whose skill, diligence, and care the beauty of the grounds and excellence of the fruits will much depend. Though if the soil and sorts be well chosen, well suited, and disposed to the walls, the ignorance or carelessness of the servants can hardly leave the master disappointed. . . .

I may perhaps be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes.

For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share,

I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavored to escape from them, into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace in the common paths or circles of life.

But, above all, the learned read, and ask
 By what means you may gently pass your age,
 What lessons care, what makes thee thine own friend,
 What truly calms the mind ; honor, or wealth,
 Or else a private path of stealing life.

These are questions that a man ought at least to ask himself, whether he asks others or no, and to choose his course of life rather by his own humor and temper than by common accidents or advice of friends ; at least, if the Spanish proverb be true, that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in another's.

The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen ; which, I thank God, has befallen me ; and though, among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own, yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humor to make so small a remove ; for when I am in this corner, I can truly say, with Horace : —

Me when the cold Digentian stream revives,
 What does my friend believe I think or ask ?
 Let me yet less possess, so I may live,
 Whate'er of life remains, unto myself.
 May I have books enough, and one year's store,
 Not to depend upon each doubtful hour ;
 This is enough of mighty Jove to pray,
 Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away.

That which makes the cares of gardening more necessary, or at least more excusable, is, that all men eat fruit that can get it ; so as the choice is only whether one will eat good or ill ; and between these the difference is not greater in point of

taste and delicacy than it is of health: for the first I will only say that whoever has used to eat good will do very great penance when he comes to ill; and for the other I think nothing is more evident than as ill or unripe fruit is extremely unwholesome, and causes so many untimely deaths, or so much sickness about autumn, in all great cities where it is greedily sold as well as eaten; so no part of diet, in any season, is so healthful, so natural, and so agreeable to the stomach, as good and well-ripened fruits; for this I make the measure of their being good: and, let the kinds be what they will, if they will not ripen perfectly in our climate, they are better never planted, or never eaten. I can say it for myself at least, and all my friends, that the season of summer fruits is ever the season of health with us, which I reckon from the beginning of June to the end of September; and for all sicknesses of the stomach (from which most others are judged to proceed), I do not think any that are, like me, the most subject to them, shall complain whenever they eat thirty or forty cherries before meals, or the like proportion of strawberries, white figs, soft peaches, or grapes perfectly ripe. But these after Michaelmas I do not think wholesome with us, unless attended by some fit of hot and dry weather, more than is usual after that season; when the frosts or the rain hath taken them, they grow dangerous, and nothing but the autumn and winter pears are to be reckoned in season, besides apples, which, with cherries, are of all others the most innocent food, and perhaps the best physic. Now whoever will be sure to eat good fruit must do it out of a garden of his own; for, besides the choice so necessary in the sorts, the soil, and so many other circumstances that go to compose a good garden, or produce good fruits, there is something very nice in gathering them, and choosing the best, even from the same tree. The best sorts of all among us, which I esteem the white figs and the soft peaches, will not carry without suffering. The best fruit that is bought has no more of the master's care than how to raise the greatest gains; his business is to have as much fruit as he can upon a few trees; whereas the way to have it excellent is to have but little upon many trees. So that for all things out of a garden, either of salads or fruits, a poor man will eat better, that has one of his own, than a rich man that has none. And this is all I think of necessary and useful to be known upon this subject.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND
LEARNING IN AMERICA.

BY GEORGE BERKELEY.

[GEORGE BERKELEY, Irish divine and philosopher, was born at Kilerin, Ireland, March 12, 1685. He received the degrees of B.A. and M.A. from Trinity College, and early began to take an absorbing interest in the new philosophy and science of the time. Coming to England, he made the acquaintance of many literary celebrities, and in 1724 was appointed to the rich deanery of Derry. In 1725 he made known his scheme for the conversion of the American Indians and the establishment of a college in the Bermudas. The design was so favorably received, and he obtained so many promises of aid, that he resigned his living and embarked with his wife, in order that he might purchase land for the new college. But after waiting several years at Newport, R.I., for the promised help, he returned to England, and was made bishop of Cloyne (1734). He removed to Oxford upon resigning his bishopric, and died there January 14, 1753. His principal publications are: "An Essay toward a New Theory of Vision" (1709) and "Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge" (1710).]

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame;

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great uprising epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

THE DECADENCE OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

(From the essay on "The War of the Succession in Spain.")

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary at War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

WHOEVER wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments, whoever wishes to know how great states may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain. The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe, he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, Franche-Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the Two Sicilies. Tuscany, Parma, and the other small states of Italy were as completely dependent on him as the Nizam and the Rajah of Berar now are on the East India Company. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Philippines and of all those rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In America his dominions extended on each side of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum near ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops, at a time when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. His ordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign, he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England.

It is no exaggeration to say that, during several years, his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. The influence of the French conqueror never extended beyond low-water mark. The narrowest strait was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch. While his army entered every metropolis from Moscow to Lisbon, the English fleets blockaded every port from Dantzic to Trieste. Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Guernsey, enjoyed security through the whole course of a war which endangered every throne on the Continent. The victorious and imperial nation which had filled its museums with the spoils of Antwerp, of Florence, and of Rome was suffering painfully from the want of luxuries which use had made necessities. While pillars and arches were rising to commemorate the French conquests, the conquerors were trying to manufacture coffee out of succory and sugar out of beet root. The influence of Philip on the continent was as great as that of Napoleon. The Emperor of Germany was his kinsman. France, torn by religious dissensions, was never a formidable opponent, and was sometimes a dependent ally. At the same time, Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain, ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her. During many years of war, her commerce was interrupted only by the predatory enterprises of a few roving privateers. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. "The King of Spain," said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses in 1593, "since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty, by gaining the East Indies: so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great: . . . He keepeth a navy armed to impeach all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoigne and Guienne, which he attempted to do this last vintage; so as he is now become as a frontier enemy to all the west of England, as well as all the south parts, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight. Yea, by means of his interest in St. Maloes, a port full of shipping for the war, he is a dangerous neighbor to the Queen's isles of Jersey and Guernsey, ancient possessions of this crown, and never conquered in the greatest wars with France."

The ascendancy which Spain then had in Europe was, in

Manuscript of Queen Elizabeth.

Letter to James VI. of Scotland (afterwards James I. of England) repelling charges brought against her policy by Philip III. of Spain, and warning him not to believe them; (5 Jan., 1603). The date, eleven weeks before Elizabeth's death, is obtained from the endorsement of a copy in the Public Record Office. Only the concluding part of the letter is reproduced.

. . . Suche a prelate, if he came, shuld be taught a bettar lesson than play so presumtius and bold a part afor he knewe your good liking thereof, wiche, as I hope, is far from your intent. So wyl his coming verifie to muche good Mastar Simples asseverations at Rome, of wiche you haue or now bine warned ynough. Thus you se how, to fulfil your trust reposed in me, wiche to infrig I neuer mynde, I haue sincerely made patente my sinceritie and thogh not fraught with much wisdome yet stuffed with great good wyl. I hope you wyl beare with my molesting you to long with my skrating hand, as proceeding from a hart that shal euer be filled with the sure affection of your

Louing and frendely Sistar,

ELIZABETH R.

tang a-bittat Liabo than plan
be per'sunting and bold apart after
hid k-m. Wi your good looking throf
Wich as I hope it last too your
intimist. So Wyl has 60 of Virgils
to much. Good Master English
servations at Rome. Of which
you have or now be a whond' good
thru you Sir. How to fulfill your
trust & ripen in in. which do
enough get in in is my mind.
I am. Society man. patriate.
my Society and ^{God} not from it
th much. wisdom. y. t stuffs
th great good Wyl. I hope you
Wyl. Liabo. W. t. ad. is long
How to long W. t. keeping
How, as gooding. for a hart
that school. in. b. filled in the

Sure affliction of your
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one sense, well deserved. It was an ascendancy which had been gained by unquestioned superiority in all the arts of policy and of war. In the sixteenth century, Italy was not more decidedly the land of the fine arts, Germany was not more decidedly the land of bold theological speculation, than Spain was the land of statesmen and of soldiers. The character which Virgil has ascribed to his countrymen might have been claimed by the grave and haughty chiefs who surrounded the throne of Ferdinand the Catholic and of his immediate successors. That majestic art, "*regere imperio populos*," was not better understood by the Romans in the proudest days of their republic, than by Gonsalvo and Ximenes, Cortes and Alva. The skill of the Spanish diplomatists was renowned throughout Europe. In England the name of Gondomar is still remembered. The sovereign nation was unrivaled both in regular and irregular warfare. The impetuous chivalry of France, the serried phalanx of Switzerland, were alike found wanting when brought face to face with the Spanish infantry. In the wars of the New World, where something different from ordinary strategy was required in the general and something different from ordinary discipline in the soldier, where it was every day necessary to meet by some new expedient the varying tactics of a barbarous enemy, the Spanish adventurers, sprung from the common people, displayed a fertility of resource, and a talent for negotiation and command, to which history scarcely affords a parallel.

The Castilian of those times was to the Italian what the Roman, in the days of the greatness of Rome, was to the Greek. The conqueror had less ingenuity, less taste, less delicacy of perception, than the conquered; but far more pride, firmness, and courage, a more solemn demeanor, a stronger sense of honor. The subject had more subtlety in speculation, the ruler more energy in action. The vices of the former were those of a coward; the vices of the latter were those of a tyrant. It may be added that the Spaniard, like the Roman, did not disdain to study the arts and the language of those whom he oppressed. A revolution took place in the literature of Spain, not unlike that revolution which, as Horace tells us, took place in the poetry of Latium: "*Capta ferum victorem cepit*." The slave took prisoner the enslaver. The old Castilian ballads gave place to sonnets in the style of Petrarch, and to heroic poems in the stanza of Ariosto, as the national songs of Rome

were driven out by imitations of Theocritus, and translations from Menander.

In no modern society, not even in England during the reign of Elizabeth, has there been so great a number of men eminent at once in literature and in the pursuits of active life, as Spain produced during the sixteenth century. Almost every distinguished writer was also distinguished as a soldier or a politician. Boscan bore arms with high reputation. Garcilaso de Vega, the author of the sweetest and most graceful pastoral poem of modern times, after a short but splendid military career, fell sword in hand at the head of a storming party. Alonzo de Ercilla bore a conspicuous part in that war of Arauco, which he afterwards celebrated in one of the best heroic poems that Spain has produced. Hurtado de Mendoza, whose poems have been compared to those of Horace, and whose charming little novel is evidently the model of "Gil Blas," has been handed down to us by history as one of the sternest of those iron proconsuls who were employed by the House of Austria to crush the lingering public spirit of Italy. Lope sailed in the Armada; Cervantes was wounded at Lepanto.

It is curious to consider with how much awe our ancestors in those times regarded a Spaniard. He was, in their apprehension, a kind of demon, horribly malevolent, but withal most sagacious and powerful. "They be verye wyse and politticke," says an honest Englishman, in a memorial addressed to Mary, "and can, thorowe ther wysdome, reform and brydell theyr owne natures for a tyme, and applye their conditions to the maners of those men with whom they meddell gladlye by friendshippe; whose mischievous maners a man shall never knowe untill he come under ther subjection: but then shall he perfectlye perceyve and fele them: which thyng I praye God England never do: for in dissimulations untill they have ther purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyrannye, when they can obtayne them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earthe." This is just such language as Arminius would have used about the Romans, or as an Indian statesman of our times might use about the English. It is the language of a man burning with hatred, but cowed by those whom he hates; and painfully sensible of their superiority, not only in power, but in intelligence.

But how art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, that didst

weaken the nations! If we overleap a hundred years, and look at Spain towards the close of the seventeenth century, what a change do we find! The contrast is as great as that which the Rome of Gallienus and Honorius presents to the Rome of Marius and Cæsar. Foreign conquest had begun to eat into every part of that gigantic monarchy on which the sun never set. Holland was gone, and Portugal, and Artois, and Roussillon, and Franche-Comté. In the East, the empire founded by the Dutch far surpassed in wealth and splendor that which their old tyrants still retained. In the West, England had seized, and still held, settlements in the midst of the Mexican sea.

The mere loss of territory was, however, of little moment. The reluctant obedience of distant provinces generally costs more than it is worth. Empires which branch out widely are often more flourishing for a little timely pruning. Adrian acted judiciously when he abandoned the conquests of Trajan; and England was never so rich, so great, so formidable to foreign princes, so absolutely mistress of the sea, as since the loss of her American colonies. The Spanish empire was still, in outward appearance, great and magnificent. The European dominions subject to the last feeble Prince of the House of Austria were far more extensive than those of Lewis the Fourteenth. The American dependencies of the Castilian crown still extended far to the North of Cancer and far to the South of Capricorn. But within this immense body there was an incurable decay, an utter want of tone, an utter prostration of strength. An ingenious and diligent population, eminently skilled in arts and manufactures, had been driven into exile by stupid and remorseless bigots. The glory of the Spanish pencil had departed with Velasquez and Murillo. The splendid age of Spanish literature had closed with Solis and Calderon. During the seventeenth century many states had formed great military establishments. But the Spanish army, so formidable under the command of Alva and Farnese, had dwindled away to a few thousand men, ill paid and ill disciplined. England, Holland, and France had great navies. But the Spanish navy was scarcely equal to the tenth part of that mighty force which, in the time of Philip the Second, had been the terror of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The arsenals were deserted. The magazines were unprovided. The frontier fortresses were ungarrisoned. The police was utterly inefficient

for the protection of the people. Murders were committed in the face of day with perfect impunity. Bravoos and discarded serving men, with swords at their sides, swaggered every day through the most public streets and squares of the capital, disturbing the public peace, and setting at defiance the ministers of justice. The finances were in frightful disorder. The people paid much. The government received little. The American viceroys and the farmers of the revenue became rich, while the merchants broke, while the peasantry starved, while the body servants of the sovereign remained unpaid, while the soldiers of the royal guard repaired daily to the doors of convents and battled there with the crowd of beggars for a porringer of broth and a morsel of bread. Every remedy which was tried aggravated the disease. The currency was altered; and this frantic measure produced its never-failing effects. It destroyed all credit, and increased the misery which it was intended to relieve. The American gold, to use the words of Ortiz, was to the necessities of the state but as a drop of water to the lips of a man raging with thirst. Heaps of unopened dispatches accumulated in the offices, while the Ministers were concerting with bedchamber women and Jesuits the means of tripping up each other. Every foreign power could plunder and insult with impunity the heir of Charles the Fifth. Into such a state had the mighty kingdom of Spain fallen, while one of its smallest dependencies, a country not so large as the province of Estremadura or Andalusia, situated under an inclement sky, and preserved only by artificial means from the inroads of the ocean, had become a power of the first class, and treated on terms of equality with the courts of London and Versailles.



ESMOND'S FRIENDS AND FOES.¹

By W. M. THACKERAY.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, English novelist and humorist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 19, 1811, and died December 24, 1863. He studied for an artist, but could not learn to draw, and after some years of struggle began to make a name in *Fraser's Magazine* by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Yellowplush Papers," etc. There followed "The Paris Sketch Book"; "The Book of Snobs," "Ballads of Policeman X," "Prize Novelists," etc., from *Punch*; and "The Rose and the Ring." "Vanity Fair,"

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WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

"Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," his four great masterpieces, all came in the six years 1848-1854. His lectures on "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" followed; then "The Virginians" (sequel to "Esmond"), "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and the unfinished "Denis Duval," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he edited 1859-1862, and which contained also "The Roundabout Papers."]

THE 29TH DECEMBER.

[Harry Esmond, the real heir to the title and lands of the Viscount Castlewood, but supposed to be illegitimate, has been brought up by Lord and Lady Castlewood. My Lord has been slain by the wicked Lord Mohun in a duel. Lady Castlewood suspects herself of a passion for Harry, and refuses to see him. After taking part in the Vigo Bay Expedition, Harry returns to London and meets Lady Castlewood in the Cathedral at Winchester, Harry himself being the narrator. The style (with obvious differences) is modeled on that of the age of Queen Anne.]

THERE was scarce a score of persons in the Cathedral beside the Dean and some of his clergy, and the choristers, young and old, that performed the beautiful evening prayer. But Mr. Tusher was one of the officiants, and read from the eagle in an authoritative voice, and a great black periwig: and in the stalls, still in her black widow's hood, sat Esmond's dear mistress, her son by her side, very much grown, and indeed a noble-looking youth, with his mother's eyes, and his father's curling brown hair, that fell over his *point de Venise* — a pretty picture such as Vandyke might have painted. Monsieur Rigaud's portrait of my Lord Viscount, done at Paris afterwards, gives but a French version of his manly, frank, English face. When he looked up there were two sapphire beams out of his eyes such as no painter's palette has the color to match, I think. On this day there was not much chance of seeing that particular beauty of my young Lord's countenance; for the truth is, he kept his eyes shut for the most part, and, the anthem being rather long, was asleep.

But the music ceasing, my Lord woke up, looking about him, and his eyes lighting on Mr. Esmond, who was sitting opposite him, gazing with no small tenderness and melancholy upon two persons who had so much of his heart for so many years, Lord Castlewood, with a start, pulled at his mother's sleeve (her face had scarce been lifted from her book) and said, "Look, mother!" so loud that Esmond could hear on the other side of the church, and the old Dean on his throned stall. Lady Castlewood looked for an instant as her son bade her, and held up a

warning finger to Frank ; Esmond felt his whole face flush, and his heart throbbing, as that dear lady beheld him once more. The rest of the prayers were speedily over ; Mr. Esmond did not hear them ; nor did his mistress, very likely, whose hood went more closely over her face, and who never lifted her head again until the service was over, the blessing given, and Mr. Dean, and his procession of ecclesiastics, out of the inner chapel.

Young Castlewood came clambering over the stalls before the clergy were fairly gone, and running up to Esmond, eagerly embraced him. "My dear, dearest old Harry !" he said, "are you come back ? Have you been to the wars ? You'll take me with you when you go again ? Why didn't you write to us ? Come to mother !"

Mr. Esmond could hardly say more than a "God bless you, my boy !" for his heart was very full and grateful at all this tenderness on the lad's part : and he was as much moved at seeing Frank as he was fearful about that other interview which was now to take place : for he knew not if the widow would reject him as she had done so cruelly a year ago.

"It was kind of you to come back to us, Henry," Lady Esmond said. "I thought you might come."

"We read of the fleet coming to Portsmouth. Why did you not come from Portsmouth ?" Frank asked, or my Lord Viscount, as he now must be called.

Esmond had thought of that too. He would have given one of his eyes so that he might see his dear friends again once more ; but believing that his mistress had forbidden him her house, he had obeyed her, and remained at a distance.

"You had but to ask, and you knew I would be here," he said.

She gave him her hand, her little fair hand ; there was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. The year of grief and estrangement was passed. They never had been separated. His mistress had never been out of his mind all that time. No, not once. No, not in the prison ; nor in the camp ; nor on shore before the enemy ; nor at sea under the stars of solemn midnight ; nor as he watched the glorious rising of the dawn : not even at the table, where he sat carousing with friends, or at the theater yonder, where he tried to fancy that other eyes were brighter than hers. Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear — no voice so sweet as that of his beloved mistress, who had been sister,

mother, goddess, to him during his youth — goddess now no more, for he knew of her weaknesses; and by thought, by suffering, and that experience it brings, was older now than she; but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity. What is it? Where lies it? the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all? Whoever can unriddle that mystery? Here she was, her son by his side, his dear boy. Here she was, weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconciliation.

"Here comes Squaretoes," says Frank. "Here's Tusher."

Tusher, indeed, now appeared, creaking on his great heels. Mr. Tom had divested himself of his alb or surplice, and came forward habited in his cassock and great black periwig. How had Esmond ever been for a moment jealous of this fellow?

"Give us thy hand, Tom Tusher," he said. The Chaplain made him a very low and stately bow. "I am charmed to see Captain Esmond," says he. "My Lord and I have read the *Reddas incolumem precor*, and applied it, I am sure, to you. You come back with Gaditanian laurels: when I heard you were bound thither, I wished, I am sure, I was another Septimius. My Lord Viscount, your Lordship remembers *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum?*"

"There's an angle of earth that I love better than Gades, Tusher," says Mr. Esmond. "'Tis that one where your reverence hath a parsonage, and where our youth was brought up."

"A house that has so many sacred recollections to me," says Mr. Tusher (and Harry remembered how Tom's father used to flog him there) — "a house near to that of my respected patron, my most honored patroness, must ever be a dear abode to me. But, Madam, the verger waits to close the gates on your Ladyship."

"And Harry's coming home to supper. Huzzay! huzzay!" cries my Lord. "Mother, I shall run home and bid Beatrix put her ribbons on. Beatrix is a maid of honor, Harry. Such a fine set-up minx!"

"Your heart was never in the Church, Harry," the widow said, in her sweet low tone, as they walked away together. (Now, it seemed they had never been parted, and again, as if they had been ages asunder.) "I always thought you had no vocation that way; and that 'twas a pity to shut you out from the world. You would but have pined and chafed at Castle-

wood : and 'tis better you should make a name for yourself. I often said so to my dear Lord. How he loved you ! 'Twas my Lord that made you stay with us."

"I asked no better than to stay near you always," said Mr. Esmond.

"But to go was best, Harry. When the world cannot give peace, you will know where to find it ; but one of your strong imagination and eager desires must try the world first before he tires of it. 'Twas not to be thought of, or if it once was, it was only by my selfishness, that you should remain as chaplain to a country gentleman and tutor to a little boy. You are of the blood of the Esmonds, kinsman ; and that was always wild in youth. Look at Francis. He is but fifteen, and I scarce can keep him in my nest. His talk is all of war and pleasure, and he longs to serve in the next campaign. Perhaps he and the young Lord Churchill shall go the next. Lord Marlborough has been good to us. You know how kind they were in my misfortune. And so was your—your father's widow. No one knows how good the world is, till grief comes to try us. 'Tis through my Lady Marlborough's goodness that Beatrix hath her place at Court ; and Frank is under my Lord Chamberlain. And the dowager lady, your father's widow, has promised to provide for you—has she not ?"

Esmond said, "Yes. As far as present favor went, Lady Castlewood was very good to him. And should her mind change," he added gayly, "as ladies' minds will, I am strong enough to bear my own burden, and make my way somehow. Not by the sword very likely. Thousands have a better genius for that than I, but there are many ways in which a young man of good parts and education can get on in the world ; and I am pretty sure, one way or other, of promotion !" Indeed, he had found patrons already in the army, and amongst persons very able to serve him too ; and told his mistress of the flattering aspect of fortune. They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, with the gray twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued. "I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid—horrid misfortune. I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know now—they have told me. That wretch, whose name I can never mention, even has said it : how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor

child: but it was God's will that I should be punished, and that my dear lord should fall."

"He gave me his blessing on his deathbed," Esmond said. "Thank God for that legacy!"

"Amen, amen! dear Henry," said the lady, pressing his arm. "I knew it. Mr. Atterbury, of St. Bride's, who was called to him, told me so. And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it."

"You had spared me many a bitter night, had you told me sooner," Mr. Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility, as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' I looked up from the book, and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head."

She smiled an almost wild smile, as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My Lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die: and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, "bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!"

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depths overhead, in a rapture

of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depths of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him) quite smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God, who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain—not in vain has he lived—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under the ground, along with idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessing—or precedes you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

“If—if ’tis so, dear lady,” Mr. Esmond said, “why should I ever leave you? If God hath given me this great boon—and near or far from me, as I know now, the heart of my dearest mistress follows me, let me have that blessing near me, nor ever part with it till death separate us. Come away—leave this Europe, this place which has so many sad recollections for you. Begin a new life in a new world. My good Lord often talked of visiting that land in Virginia which King Charles gave us—gave his ancestor. Frank will give us that. No man there will ask if there is a blot on my name, or inquire in the woods what my title is.”

“And my children—and my duty—and my good father, Henry?” she broke out. “He has none but me now! for soon my sister will leave him, and the old man will be alone. He has conformed since the new Queen’s reign; and here in Winchester, where they love him, they have found a church for him. When the children leave me, I will stay with him. I cannot follow them into the great world, where their way lies—it scares me. They will come and visit me; and you will, sometimes, Henry—yes, sometimes, as now, in the Holy Advent season, when I have seen and blessed you once more.”

“I would leave all to follow you,” said Mr. Esmond; “and can you not be as generous for me, dear lady?”

“Hush, boy!” she said, and it was with a mother’s sweet plaintive tone and look that she spoke. “The world is beginning for you. For me, I have been so weak and sinful that I

must leave it, and pray out an expiation, dear Henry. Had we houses of religion as there were once, and many divines of our Church would have them again, I often think I would retire to one and pass my life in penance. But I would love you still — yes, there is no sin in such a love as mine now; and my dear lord in heaven may see my heart; and knows the tears that have washed my sin away — and now — now my duty is here, by my children, whilst they need me, and by my poor old father, and ——”

“And not by me?” Henry said.

“Hush!” she said again, and raised her hand up to his lip. “I have been your nurse. You could not see me, Harry, when you were in the smallpox, and I came and sat by you. Ah! I prayed that I might die, but it would have been in sin, Henry. Oh, it is horrid to look back to that time! It is over now and past, and it has been forgiven me. When you need me again, I will come ever so far. When your heart is wounded, then come to me, my dear. Be silent! let me say all. You never loved me, dear Henry — no, you do not now, and I thank heaven for it. I used to watch you, and knew by a thousand signs that it was so. Do you remember how glad you were to go away to College? ’Twas I sent you. I told my papa that, and Mr. Atterbury too, when I spoke to him in London. And they both gave me absolution — both — and they are godly men, having authority to bind and to loose. And they forgave me, as my dear lord forgave me before he went to heaven.”

“I think the angels are not all in heaven,” Mr. Esmond said. And as a brother folds a sister to his heart; and as a mother cleaves to her son’s breast — so for a few moments Esmond’s beloved mistress came to him and blessed him.

AUGUST 1st, 1714.

[To please Beatrix Esmond, with whom he is in love, Harry Esmond has secretly brought over to Lady Castlewood’s house in Kensington Square the exiled king of England, James III. The king makes love to Beatrix, who is removed to Castlewood, and when the king is needed to be produced on the death of Queen Anne and proclaimed by the Jacobites, he is missing. Harry Esmond and Beatrix’ brother Frank, to whom Harry has surrendered land and titles, pursue him to Castlewood, and the following scenes occur. Historically the king was not at all the amorous and foolish prince here so brilliantly painted, nor was he in England at this date.]

“Does my mistress know of this?” Esmond asked of Frank, as they walked along.

"My mother found the letter in the book, on the toilet table. She had writ it ere she had left home," Frank said. "Mother met her on the stairs, with her hand upon the door, trying to enter, and never left her after that till she went away. He did not think of looking at it there, nor had Martin the chance of telling him. I believe the poor devil meant no harm, though I half killed him; he thought 'twas to Beatrix' brother he was bringing the letter."

Frank never said a word of reproach to me for having brought the villain amongst us. As we knocked at the door I said, "When will the horses be ready?" Frank pointed with his cane; they were turning the street that moment.

We went up and bade adieu to our mistress; she was in a dreadful state of agitation by this time, and that Bishop was with her whose company she was so fond of.

"Did you tell him, my Lord," says Esmond, "that Beatrix was at Castlewood?" The Bishop blushed and stammered: "Well," says he, "I ——"

"You served the villain right," broke out Mr. Esmond, "and he has lost a crown by what you told him."

My mistress turned quite white. "Henry, Henry," says she, "do not kill him!"

"It may not be too late," says Esmond; "he may not have gone to Castlewood; pray God it is not too late." The Bishop was breaking out with some *banale* phrases about loyalty, and the sacredness of the Sovereign's person; but Esmond sternly bade him hold his tongue, burn all papers, and take care of Lady Castlewood; and in five minutes he and Frank were in the saddle, John Lockwood behind them, riding towards Castlewood at a rapid pace.

We were just got to Alton, when who should meet us but old Lockwood, the porter from Castlewood, John's father, walking by the side of the Hexton flying coach, who slept the night at Alton. Lockwood said his young mistress had arrived at home on Wednesday night, and this morning, Friday, had dispatched him with a packet for my Lady at Kensington, saying the letter was of great importance.

We took the freedom to break it, while Lockwood stared with wonder, and cried out his "Lord bless me's," and "Who'd a thought it's," at the sight of his young lord, whom he had not seen these seven years.

The packet from Beatrix contained no news of importance at

all. It was written in a jocular strain, affecting to make light of her captivity. She asked whether she might have leave to visit Mrs. Tusher, or to walk beyond the court and the garden wall. She gave news of the peacocks, and a fawn she had there. She bade her mother send her certain gowns and smocks by old Lockwood; she sent her duty to a certain Person, if certain other persons permitted her to take such a freedom; how that, as she was not able to play cards with him, she hoped he would read good books, such as Doctor Atterbury's sermons and "Eikon Basiliké": she was going to read good books; she thought her pretty mamma would like to know she was not crying her eyes out.

"Who is in the house besides you, Lockwood?" says the Colonel.

"There be the laundry maid, and the kitchenmaid, Madam Beatrix' maid, the man from London, and that be all; and he sleepeth in my lodge away from the maids," says old Lockwood.

Esmond scribbled a line with a pencil on the note, giving it to the old man, and bidding him go on to his lady. We knew why Beatrix had been so dutiful on a sudden, and why she spoke of "Eikon Basiliké." She writ this letter to put the Prince on the scent, and the porter out of the way.

"We have a fine moonlight night for riding on," says Esmond; "Frank, we may reach Castlewood in time yet." All the way along we made inquiries at the posthouses, when a tall young gentleman in a gray suit, with a light brown periwig, just the color of my Lord's, had been seen to pass. He had set off at six that morning, and we at three in the afternoon. He rode almost as quickly as we had done; he was seven hours ahead of us still when we reached the last stage.

We rode over Castlewood Downs before the breaking of dawn. We passed the very spot where the car was upset fourteen years since, and Mohun lay. The village was not up yet, nor the forge lighted, as we rode through it, passing by the elms, where the rooks were still roosting, and by the church, and over the bridge. We got off our horses at the bridge and walked up to the gate.

"If she is safe," says Frank, trembling, and his honest eyes filling with tears, "a silver statue to Our Lady!" He was going to rattle at the great iron knocker on the oak gate; but Esmond stopped his kinsman's hand. He had his own fears, his own hopes, his own despairs and griefs, too; but he spoke

not a word of these to his companion, or showed any signs of emotion.

He went and tapped at the little window at the porter's lodge, gently, but repeatedly, until the man came to the bars.

"Who's there?" says he, looking out. It was the servant from Kensington.

"My Lord Castlewood and Colonel Esmond," we said, from below. "Open the gate and let us in without any noise."

"My Lord Castlewood?" says the other; "my Lord's here, and in bed."

"Open, d—— you," says Castlewood, with a curse.

"I shall open to no one," says the man, shutting the glass window as Frank drew a pistol. He would have fired at the porter, but Esmond again held his hand.

"There are more ways than one," says he, "of entering such a great house as this." Frank grumbled that the west gate was half a mile round. "But I know of a way that's not a hundred yards off," says Mr. Esmond; and leading his kinsman close along the wall, and by the shrubs which had now grown thick on what had been an old moat about the house, they came to the buttress, at the side of which the little window was, which was Father Holt's private door. Esmond climbed up to this easily, broke a pane that had been mended, and touched the spring inside, and the two gentlemen passed in that way, treading as lightly as they could; and so going through the passage into the court, over which the dawn was now reddening, and where the fountain plashed in the silence.

They sped instantly to the porter's lodge, where the fellow had not fastened his door that led into the court; and pistol in hand came upon the terrified wretch, and bade him be silent. Then they asked him (Esmond's head reeled, and he almost fell as he spoke) when Lord Castlewood had arrived? He said on the previous evening, about eight of the clock. — "And what then?" — His Lordship supped with his sister. — "Did the man wait?" — Yes, he and my Lady's maid both waited: the other servants made the supper; and there was no wine, and they could give his Lordship but milk, at which he grumbled; and — and Madam Beatrix kept Miss Lucy always in the room with her. And there being a bed across the court in the Chaplain's room, she had arranged my Lord was to sleep there. Madam Beatrix had come downstairs laughing with the maids, and had locked herself in, and my Lord had stood for a while talking to

her through the door, and she laughing at him. And then he paced the court awhile, and she came again to the upper window; and my Lord implored her to come down and walk in the room; but she would not, and laughed at him again, and shut the window; and so my Lord, uttering what seemed curses, but in a foreign language, went to the Chaplain's room to bed.

"Was this all?" — "All," the man swore upon his honor; all, as he hoped to be saved. — "Stop, there was one thing more. My Lord, on arriving, and once or twice during supper, did kiss his sister, as was natural, and she kissed him." At this Esmond ground his teeth with rage, and well-nigh throttled the amazed miscreant who was speaking, whereas Castlewood, seizing hold of his cousin's hand, burst into a great fit of laughter.

"If it amuses thee," says Esmond in French, "that your sister should be exchanging of kisses with a stranger, I fear poor Beatrix will give thee plenty of sport." — Esmond darkly thought how Hamilton, Ashburnham, had before been masters of those roses that the young Prince's lips were now feeding on. He sickened at that notion. Her cheek was desecrated, her beauty tarnished; shame and honor stood between it and him. The love was dead within him; had she a crown to bring him with her love, he felt that both would degrade him.

But this wrath against Beatrix did not lessen the angry feelings of the Colonel against the man who had been the occasion if not the cause of the evil. Frank sat down on a stone bench in the courtyard, and fairly fell asleep, while Esmond paced up and down the court, debating what should ensue. What mattered how much or how little had passed between the Prince and the poor faithless girl? They were arrived in time perhaps to rescue her person, but not her mind: had she not instigated the young Prince to come to her; suborned servants, dismissed others, so that she might communicate with him? The treacherous heart within her had surrendered, though the place was safe; and it was to win this that he had given a life's struggle and devotion: this, that she was ready to give away for the bribe of a coronet or a wink of the Prince's eye.

When he had thought his thoughts out he shook up poor Frank from his sleep, who rose yawning, and said he had been dreaming of Clotilda. "You must back me," says Esmond,

"in what I am going to do. I have been thinking that yonder scoundrel may have been instructed to tell that story, and that the whole of it may be a lie ; if it be, we shall find it out from the gentleman who is asleep yonder. See if the door leading to my Lady's rooms" (so we called the rooms at the northwest angle of the house), "see if the door is barred as he saith." We tried, it was indeed, as the lackey had said, closed within.

"It may have been opened and shut afterwards," says poor Esmond, "the foundress of our family let our ancestor in in that way."

"What will you do, Harry, if—if what that fellow saith should turn out untrue?" The young man looked scared and frightened into his kinsman's face; I dare say it wore no very pleasant expression.

"Let us first go see whether the two stories agree," says Esmond, and went in at the passage and opened the door into what had been his own chamber now for well-nigh five and twenty years. A candle was still burning, and the Prince asleep dressed on the bed — Esmond did not care for making a noise. The Prince started up in his bed, seeing two men in his chamber.

"Qui est là?" says he, and took a pistol from under his pillow.

"It is the Marquis of Esmond," says the Colonel, "come to welcome His Majesty to his house of Castlewood, and to report of what hath happened in London. Pursuant to the King's orders, I passed the night before last, after leaving His Majesty, in waiting upon the friends of the King. It is a pity that His Majesty's desire to see the country and to visit our poor house should have caused the King to quit London without notice yesterday, when the opportunity happened which in all human probability may not occur again; and had the King not chosen to ride to Castlewood, the Prince of Wales might have slept at St. James'."

"Sdeath! gentlemen," says the Prince, starting off his bed, whereon he was lying in his clothes, "the Doctor was with me yesterday morning, and after watching by my sister all night, told me I might not hope to see the Queen."

"It would have been otherwise," says Esmond, with another bow; "as, by this time, the Queen may be dead in spite of the Doctor. The Council was met, a new Treasurer was appointed, the troops were devoted to the King's cause; and fifty loyal

gentlemen of the greatest names of this kingdom were assembled to accompany the Prince of Wales, who might have been the acknowledged heir of the throne, or the possessor of it by this time, had your Majesty not chosen to take the air. We were ready : there was only one person that failed us, your Majesty's gracious ——”

“Morbleu, Monsieur, you give me too much Majesty,” said the Prince, who had now risen up and seemed to be looking to one of us to help him to his coat. But neither stirred.

“We shall take care,” says Esmond, “not much oftener to offend in that particular.”

“What mean you, my Lord?” says the Prince, and muttered something about a *guet-à-pens*, which Esmond caught up.

“The snare, sir,” said he, “was not of our laying; it is not we that invited you. We came to avenge, and not to compass, the dishonor of our family.”

“Dishonor! Morbleu, there has been no dishonor,” says the Prince, turning scarlet, “only a little harmless playing.”

“That was meant to end seriously.”

“I swear,” the Prince broke out impetuously, “upon the honor of a gentleman, my lords ——”

“That we arrived in time. No wrong hath been done, Frank,” says Colonel Esmond, turning round to young Castlewood, who stood at the door as the talk was going on. “See! here is a paper whereon His Majesty hath deigned to commence some verses in honor, or dishonor, of Beatrix. Here is ‘Madame’ and ‘Flamme,’ ‘Cruelle’ and ‘Rebelle,’ and ‘Amour’ and ‘Jour,’ in the Royal writing and spelling. Had the Gracious lover been happy, he had not passed his time in sighing.” In fact, and actually as he was speaking, Esmond cast his eyes down towards the table, and saw a paper on which my young Prince had been scrawling a madrigal, that was to finish his charmer on the morrow.

“Sir,” says the Prince, burning with rage (he had assumed his Royal coat unassisted by this time), “did I come here to receive insults?”

“To confer them, may it please your Majesty,” says the Colonel, with a very low bow, “and the gentlemen of our family are come to thank you.”

“*Malédiction!*” says the young man, tears starting into his eyes with helpless rage and mortification. “What will you with me, gentlemen?”

"If your Majesty will please to enter the next apartment," says Esmond, preserving his grave tone, "I have some papers there which I would gladly submit to you, and by your permission I will lead the way;" and, taking the taper up, and backing before the Prince with very great ceremony, Mr. Esmond passed into the little Chaplain's room, through which we had just entered into the house. "Please to set a chair for His Majesty, Frank," says the Colonel to his companion, who wondered almost as much at this scene, and was as much puzzled by it, as the other actor in it. Then going to the crypt over the mantelpiece, the Colonel opened it, and drew thence the papers which so long had lain there.

"Here, may it please your Majesty," says he, "is the Patent of Marquis sent over by your Royal Father at St. Germain to Viscount Castlewood, my father: here is the witnessed certificate of my father's marriage to my mother, and of my birth and christening; I was christened of that religion of which your sainted sire gave all through life so shining an example. These are my titles, dear Frank, and this what I do with them: here go Baptism and Marriage, and here the Marquisate and the August Sign-Manual, with which your predecessor was pleased to honor our race." And as Esmond spoke he set the papers burning in the brasier. "You will please, sir, to remember," he continued, "that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours: that my grandfather spent his estate, and gave his blood and his son to die for your service; that my dear Lord's grandfather (for Lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too) died for the same cause; that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, after giving away her honor to your wicked perjured race, sent all her wealth to the King; and got in return that precious title that lies in ashes, and this inestimable yard of blue riband. I lay this at your feet and stamp upon it: I draw this sword, and break it and deny you; and, had you completed the wrong you designed us, by Heaven I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth. Frank will do the same, won't you, Cousin?"

Frank, who had been looking on with a stupid air at the papers as they flamed in the old brasier, took out his sword and broke it, holding his head down: "I go with my cousin," says he, giving Esmond a grasp of the hand. "Marquis or not, by —, I stand by him any day I beg your Majesty's pardon for

swearing ; that is — that is — I'm for the Elector of Hanover. It's all your Majesty's own fault. The Queen's dead most likely by this time, and you might have been King if you hadn't come dangling after Trix."

"Thus to lose a crown," says the young Prince, starting up, and speaking French in his eager way ; "to lose the loveliest woman in the world ; to lose the loyalty of such hearts as yours, is not this, my Lords, enough of humiliation ? — Marquis, if I go on my knees, will you pardon me ? — No, I can't do that, but I can offer you reparation, that of honor, that of gentlemen. Favor me by crossing the sword with mine : yours is broke — see, yonder in the armoire are two ; " and the Prince took them out as eager as a boy, and held them toward Esmond : "Ah! you will? Merci! Monsieur, merci!"

Extremely touched by this immense mark of condescension and repentance for wrong done, Colonel Esmond bowed down so low as almost to kiss the gracious young hand that conferred on him such an honor, and took his guard in silence. The swords were no sooner met than Castlewood knocked up Esmond's with the blade of his own, which he had broken off short at the shell ; and the Colonel falling back a step dropped his point with another very low bow, and declared himself perfectly satisfied.

"Eh bien, Vicomte!" says the young Prince, who was a boy, and a French boy, "il ne nous reste qu'une chose à faire:" he placed his sword upon the table, and the fingers of his two hands upon his breast: "We have one more thing to do," says he ; "you do not divine it?" He stretched out his arms: "*Embrassons nous!*"

The talk was scarce over when Beatrix entered the room. What came she to seek there? She started and turned pale at the sight of her brother and kinsman, drawn swords, broken sword blades, and papers yet smoldering in the brasier.

"Charming Beatrix," says the Prince, with a blush which became him very well, "these lords have come a-horseback from London, where my sister lies in a despaired state, and where her successor makes himself desired. Pardon me for my escapade of last evening. I had been so long a prisoner, that I seized the occasion of a promenade on horseback, and my horse naturally bore me towards you. I found you a queen in your little court, where you deigned to entertain me. Present my homages to your maids of honor. I sighed as you slept, under

the window of your chamber, and then retired to seek rest in my own. It was there that these gentlemen agreeably roused me. Yes, milords, for that is a happy day that makes a Prince acquainted, at whatever cost to his vanity, with such a noble heart as that of the Marquis of Esmond. Mademoiselle, may we take your coach to town? I saw it in the hangar, and this poor Marquis must be dropping with sleep."

"Will it please the King to breakfast before he goes?" was all Beatrix could say. The roses had shuddered out of her cheeks; her eyes were glaring; she looked quite old. She came up to Esmond and hissed out a word or two: "If I did not love you before, Cousin," says she, "think how I love you now." If words could stab, no doubt she would have killed Esmond; she looked at him as if she could.

But her keen words gave no wound to Mr. Esmond; his heart was too hard. As he looked at her he wondered that he could ever have loved her. His love of ten years was over; it fell down dead on the spot, at the Kensington tavern, where Frank brought him the note out of "Eikon Basiliké." The Prince blushed and bowed low, as she gazed at him, and quitted the chamber. I have never seen her from that day.

Horses were fetched and put to the chariot presently. My Lord rode outside, and as for Esmond he was so tired that he was no sooner in the carriage than he fell asleep, and never woke till night, as the coach came into Alton.

As we drove to the "Bell Inn," comes a mitered coach with our old friend Lockwood beside the coachman. My Lady Castlewood and the Bishop were inside; she gave a little scream when she saw us. The two coaches entered the inn almost together; the landlord and people coming out with lights to welcome the visitors.

We in our coach sprang out of it as soon as ever we saw the dear lady, and above all the Doctor in his cassock. What was the news? Was there yet time? Was the Queen alive? These questions were put hurriedly, as Boniface stood waiting before his noble guests to bow them up the stair.

"Is she safe?" was what Lady Castlewood whispered in a flutter to Esmond.

"All's well, thank God," says he, as the fond lady took his hand and kissed it, and called him her preserver and her dear. *She* wasn't thinking of Queens and crowns.

The Bishop's news was reassuring: at least all was not

lost ; the Queen yet breathed, or was alive when they left London, six hours since. ("It was Lady Castlewood who insisted on coming," the Doctor said.) Argyle had marched up regiments from Portsmouth, and sent abroad for more ; the Whigs were on the alert, a pest on them (I am not sure but the Bishop swore as he spoke), and so too were our people. And all might be saved, if only the Prince could be at London in time. We called for horses, instantly to return to London. We never went up poor crestfallen Boniface's stairs, but into our coaches again. The Prince and his Prime Minister in one, Esmond in the other, with only his dear mistress as a companion.

Castlewood galloped forwards on horseback to gather the Prince's friends and warn them of his coming. We traveled through the night — Esmond discoursing to his mistress of the events of the last twenty-four hours : of Castlewood's ride and his ; of the Prince's generous behavior and their reconciliation. The night seemed short enough ; and the starlit hours passed away serenely in that fond company.

So we came along the road, the Bishop's coach heading ours ; and, with some delays in procuring horses, we got to Hammersmith about four o'clock on Sunday morning, the first of August, and half an hour after, it being then bright day, we rode by my Lady Warwick's house, and so down the street of Kensington.

Early as the hour was, there was a bustle in the street, and many people moving to and fro. Round the gate leading to the Palace, where the guard is, there was especially a great crowd. And the coach ahead of us stopped, and the Bishop's man got down to know what the concourse meant.

There presently came from out of the gate — Horse Guards with their trumpets, and a company of heralds with their tabards. The trumpets blew, and the herald at arms came forward and proclaimed GEORGE, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. And the people shouted, God save the King !

ESSAY ON MAN.

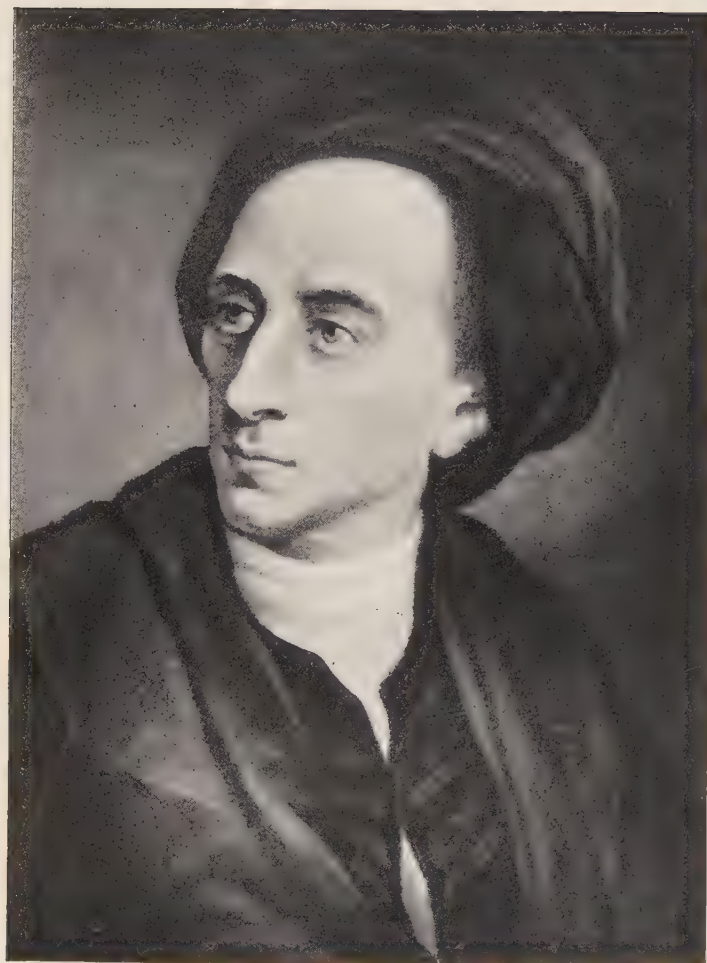
BY ALEXANDER POPE.

[ALEXANDER POPE: An English poet; born May 22, 1688. His whole career was one of purely poetic work and the personal relations it brought him into. He published the "Essay on Criticism" in 1710, the "Rape of the Lock" in 1711, the "Messiah" in 1712, his translation of the *Iliad* in 1718-1720, and of the *Odyssey* in 1725. His "Essay on Man," whose thoughts were mainly suggested by Bolingbroke, appeared in 1733. His "Satires," modeled on Horace's manner, but not at all in his spirit, are among his best-known works. He died May 30, 1744.]

I. KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;
 The proper study of Mankind is Man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
 Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confused;
 Still by himself abused, or disabused;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurled:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw



ALEXANDER POPE

A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a NEWTON as we show an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign:
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end:
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteorlike, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Formed but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower;
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fixed; 'tis fixed as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mixed and softened, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife

Gives all the strength and color of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
 And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
 Present to grasp, and future still to find,
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
 On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
 Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
 And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;
 Each vital humor which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
 Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
 As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
 In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
 Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
 What can she more than tell us we are fools?
 Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
 The choice we make, or justify it made;
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong:
 So, when small humors gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferred;
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
 'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
 A mightier Power the strong direction sends,
 And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:

Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
 Thro' life 'tis followed, even at life's expense;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
 Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
 'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fixed,
 Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mixed;
 The dross cements what else were too refined,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
 The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
 Even av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refined,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learned or brave;
 Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
 The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
 Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
 The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
 What shall divide? The God within the mind:

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
 In Man they join to some mysterious use;
 Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
 Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,

That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
 'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
 Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbor further gone than he;
 Even those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every Man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
 And even the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
 But HEAVEN's great view is One, and that the Whole.
 That counterworks each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints th' effect of every vice;
 That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
 That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
 And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;

Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
 Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
 The learned is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more;
 The rich is happy in the plenty given,
 The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
 And Pride bestowed on all, a common friend;
 See some fit Passion every age supply,
 Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite:
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer books are the toys of age:
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
 'Till tired he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
 Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
 In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain;
 And not a vanity is given in vain;
 Even mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

A DIALOGUE TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ALEXANDER POPE.¹

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

[HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON : English poet and biographer ; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith ; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc.]

Poet—

I sing of POPE——

Friend—

What, POPE, the *Twitnam* Bard,
Whom *Dennis*, *Cibber*, *Tibbald* pushed so hard !
POPE of the *Dunciad* ! POPE who dared to woo,
And then to libel, *Wortley-Montagu* !
POPE of the *Ham-walks* story——

Poet—

Scandals all !

Scandals that now I care not to recall.
Surely a little, in two hundred Years,
One may neglect Contemporary Sneers :—
Surely Allowance for the Man may make
That had all *Grub-street* yelping in his Wake !
And who (I ask you) has been never Mean,
When urged by Envy, Anger, or the Spleen ?
No : I prefer to look on POPE as one
Not rightly happy till his Life was done ;
Whose whole Career, romance it as you please,
Was (what he called it) but a "long Disease" :
Think of his Lot, —his Pilgrimage of Pain,
His "crazy Carcass" and his restless Brain ;
Think of his Night Hours with their Feet of Lead,
His dreary Vigil and his aching Head ;
Think of all this, and marvel then to find
The "crooked Body with a crooked Mind !"
Nay, rather marvel that, in Fate's Despite,
You find so much to solace and delight,—
So much of Courage and of Purpose high
In that unequal Struggle *not* to die.

¹ From "Collected Poems." By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
8vo., price 6s.

I grant you freely that POPE played his Part
 Sometimes ignobly — but he loved his Art;
 I grant you freely that he sought his Ends
 Not always wisely — but he loved his Friends;
 And who of Friends a nobler Roll could show —
Swift, St. John, Bathurst, Marchmont, Peterb'ro',
Arbuthnot ———

Friend — ATTICUS ?

Poet — Well (*entre nous*),
 Most that he said of *Addison* was true.
 Plain truth, you know ———

Friend — Is often not polite
 (So *Hamlet* thought) ———

Poet — And *Hamlet* (Sir) was right.
 But leave POPE's Life. To-day, methinks, we touch
 The Work too little and the Man too much.
 Take up the *Lock*, the *Satires*, *Eloise* —
 What Art supreme, what Elegance, what Ease!
 How keen the Irony, the Wit how bright,
 The Style how rapid, and the Verse how light!
 Then read once more, and you shall wonder yet
 At Skill, at Turn, at Point, at Epithet.
 "True Wit is Nature to Advantage dressed" —
 Was ever Thought so pithily expressed ?
 "And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line" —
 Ah, what a Homily on Yours . . . and Mine!
 Or take — to choose at Random — take but This —
 "Ten censure wrong for one that writes amiss."

Friend —

Packed and precise, no doubt. Yet surely those
 Are but the Qualities we ask of Prose.
 Was he a POET ?

Poet — Yes: if that be what
Byron was certainly and *Bowles* was not;
 Or say you grant him, to come nearer Date,
 What *Dryden* had, that was denied to *Tate* ———

Friend —

Which means, you claim from him the Spark divine,
 Yet scarce would place him on the highest Line ———

Poet —

True, there are Classes. POPE was most of all
 Akin to *Horace*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*;
 POPE was, like them, the Censor of his Age,
 An Age more suited to Repose than Rage;
 When Rhyming turned from Freedom to the Schools,

And shocked with License, shuddered into Rules;
 When *Phœbus* touched the Poet's trembling Ear
 With one supreme Commandment *Be thou Clear*;
 When Thought meant less to reason than compile,
 And the *Muse* labored . . . chiefly with the File.
 Beneath full Wigs no Lyric drew its Breath
 As in the Days of great ELIZABETH;
 And to the Bards of ANNA was denied
 The Note that *Wordsworth* heard on *Duddon* side.
 But POPE took up his Parable, and knit
 The Woof of Wisdom with the Warp of Wit;
 He trimmed the Measure on its equal Feet,
 And smoothed and fitted till the Line was neat;
 He taught the Pause with due Effect to fall;
 He taught the Epigram to come at Call;
 He wrote ——

Friend — His *Iliad*!

Poet — Well, suppose you own

You like your *Iliad* in the Prose of *Bohn*, —
 Tho' if you'd learn in Prose how *Homer* sang,
 'Twere best to learn of *Butcher* and of *Lang*, —
 Suppose you say your Worst of POPE, declare
 His Jewels Paste, his Nature a Parterre,
 His Art but Artifice — I ask once more
 Where have you seen such Artifice before?
 Where have you seen a Parterre better graced,
 Or gems that glitter like his Gems of Paste?
 Where can you show, among your Names of Note,
 So much to copy and so much to quote?
 And where, in Fine, in all our English Verse,
 A Style more trenchant and a Sense more terse?

So I, that love the old *Augustan* Days
 Of formal Courtesies and formal Phrase;
 That like along the finished Line to feel
 The Ruffle's Flutter and the Flash of Steel;
 That like my Couplet as Compact as Clear;
 That like my Satire sparkling tho' severe,
 Unmixed with Bathos and unmarred by Trope,
 I fling my Cap for Polish — and for POPE!

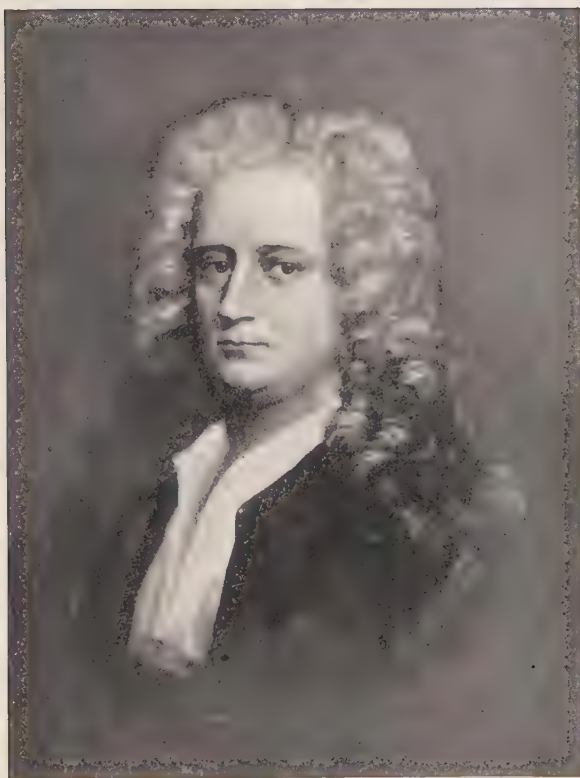
APOLOGUES OF ADDISON.

[JOSEPH ADDISON, English essayist, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672, and was educated at Magdalen and Queen's College, Oxford, where he acquired a high reputation as a writer of Latin verse. Through the Earl of Halifax he obtained, in 1699, a pension of three hundred pounds and proceeded to qualify himself for the diplomatic service of the government by travel and study on the Continent (1699-1703). In 1704 his poem "The Campaign," written in commemoration of the victory of Blenheim, secured for him the commissionership of excise. He was also undersecretary of state; secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland (Wharton); commissioner for trade and the colonies; and shortly after his marriage to the Countess of Warwick received the appointment of secretary of state. He contributed most of his famous essays to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* from their commencement, and wrote 274 numbers for the latter. His tragedy of "Cato," produced at Drury Lane in 1713, had an uninterrupted run of thirty-five nights, and obtained more celebrity among his contemporaries than any other of his works. Addison died at Holland House, London, June 17, 1719, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.]

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, "The Visions of Mirzah," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to



JOSEPH ADDISON

the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

“I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

“He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it. Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, says he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me, further,

said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it, and upon further examination perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of baubles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimeters in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons upon trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the

genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infect human life.

“I here fetched a deep sigh; alas, said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending

for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

ENDEAVORS OF MANKIND TO GET RID OF THEIR BURDENS.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further; he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for the purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her

garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were numbers of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under their bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who,

I did not question, came loaded with his crimes ; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on the occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which, I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a shameful length. I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows ; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures of life ; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a secret proclamation that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation, with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, FANCY began again to bestir herself, and parceled out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommending to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the Rheumatism, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been

thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out ; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of vertigo, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his Rheumatism ; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features : one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle ; and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders ; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation : but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with ; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure united and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman who went off a very well shaped person, but suffering from some terrible malady ; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque a figure that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule that I found he was ashamed of what he had done : on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clasped my finger upon my upper

lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, having compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was seen in her place a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She, every now and then, cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part as big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, nor to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also, I have determined never to

think lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.



FABLES OF JOHN GAY.

[JOHN GAY, English poet, was born at Barnstaple, Devon, in 1685, and was apprenticed to a silk mercer. Disliking his occupation, he was released from it by his master, and became secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth and then to Lord Clarendon, envoy extraordinary to Hanover. His earliest poem, "Rural Sports," was dedicated to Pope, who took a great interest in the young poet and later became his firm friend. Gay then published "The Shepherd's Week"; "The What-d'ye-call-it," a farce; "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London"; "Poems" (including "Black-eyed Susan"); "The Captives," a tragedy. In 1728 was produced the famous Newgate pastoral, "The Beggar's Opera," which ran over sixty nights and netted the author seven hundred pounds. The representation of "Polly," a sequel, was forbidden by the lord chamberlain. After this Gay lived with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and died suddenly, December 4, 1732. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

"GIVE me a son." The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doting eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.

Waked to the morning's pleasing care,
The Mother rose and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse like one possest,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.

"Sure some disaster has befall:
Speak, Nurse: I hope the boy is well."

"Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:

Your precious babe is hence conveyed,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose?
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See, here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature."

"The woman's blind, (the Mother cries)
I see wit sparkle in his eyes."

"Lord, Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here."

Just as she spoke, a pygmy sprite
Pops through the keyhole swift as light;

Perched on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands:—

“Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away
For the dull, helpless sons of Clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we dote upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a Mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.”

THE EAGLE AND ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Surveyed the worlds beneath the sky;
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For everything alive complained
That he the hardest life sustained.

Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited every living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.

“Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies;
Why this disorder? say the cause;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To yon sour Dog I first appeal.”

“Hard is my lot, (the Hound replies)
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.”

“When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure;
The Hound is slow, but always sure;
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.”

The Lion craved the Fox's art;
 The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
 The Cock implored the Pigeon's flight,
 Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
 The Pigeon strength of wing despised,
 And the Cock's matchless valor prized:
 The fishes wished to graze the plain,
 The Beasts to skim beneath the main:
 Thus, envious of another's state,
 Each blamed the partial hand of Fate.

The Bird of Heaven then cried aloud,
 "Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd;
 The god rejects your idle prayers.
 Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
 Entirely change your name and nature,
 And be the very envied creature? —
 What, silent all, and none consent?
 Be happy, then, and learn content;
 Nor imitate the restless mind,
 And proud ambition, of mankind."

THE PAINTER

WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERYBODY.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
 Keep probability in view.
 The traveler leaping o'er those bounds,
 The credit of his book confounds.
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
 Makes even his real courage doubted.
 But flattery never seems absurd;
 The flattered always take your word:
 Impossibilities seem just:
 They take the strongest praise on trust.
 Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
 Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,
 That every eye the picture knew;
 He hit complexion, feature, air,
 So just, the life itself was there.
 No flattery with his colors laid,
 To bloom restored the faded maid;
 He gave each muscle all its strength;
 The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;

His honest pencil touched with truth,
And marked the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice failed;
Truth should not always be revealed:
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustoes, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He placed in view: resolved to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb;
My Lord appeared; and, seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter looked, he sketched the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talked of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
"Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do."

Observe the work. My Lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young."

"Oh! pardon me, (the artist cried)
In this we Painters must decide.
The piece even common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."

My Lord examined it anew;
No looking-glass seemed half so true.

A lady came, with borrowed grace,
He from his Venus formed her face.
Her lover praised the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age some charm he lent;
Even beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they praised;
His custom grew, his price was raised.
Had he the real likeness shown,

Would any man the picture own?
 But when thus happily he wrought,
 Each found the likeness in his thought.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

How fond are men of rule and place,
 Who court it from the mean and base!
 These cannot bear an equal nigh,
 But from superior merit fly.
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
 There o'er some petty club preside;
 So poor, so paltry, is their pride!
 Nay, even with fools whole nights will sit,
 In hopes to be supreme in wit.
 If these can read, to these I write,
 To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion cub, of sordid mind,
 Avoided all the lion kind;
 Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
 With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president.
 He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
 An ass in everything but ears!
 If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
 They grinned applause before he spoke;
 But at each word what shouts of praise!
 "Good gods! how natural he brays!"

Elate with flattery and conceit,
 He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
 Forward, and fond to show his parts,
 His Highness brays; the Lion starts.

"Puppy! that cursed vociferation
 Betrays thy life and conversation:
 Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

"Why so severe? (the Cub replies)
 Our senate always held me wise."

"How weak is pride! (returns the sire)
 All fools are vain when fools admire!
 But know, what stupid asses prize,
 Lions and noble beasts despise."

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

"Why are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death applied?"

"Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across:
On Friday, too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounced from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!"

"Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy dessert, I'll read my Fable."

 Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summed up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream:—

"That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread
Fell prone; o'erturned the pannier lay,
And her mashed eggs bestrewed the way.

 She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Railed, swore, and cursed: "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."

"Dame, (quoth the Raven) spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the Hundred,

With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
 Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
 And you, good Woman, saved your eggs."

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,
 And blame the mote that dims their eye;
 Each little speck and blemish find,
 To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tired of common food,
 Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
 Behind her ran an infant train,
 Collecting here and there a grain.
 "Draw near, my Birds! (the mother cries)
 This hill delicious fare supplies;
 Behold the busy negro race,
 See millions blacken all the place!
 Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
 An Ant is most delightful meat.
 How blessed, how envied, were our life,
 Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
 But man, cursed man, on Turkeys preys,
 And Christmas shortens all our days.
 Sometimes with oysters we combine,
 Sometimes assist the savory chine;
 From the low peasant to the lord,
 The Turkey smokes on every board.
 Sure men for gluttony are cursed,
 Of the seven deadly sins the worst."

An Ant, who climbed beyond his reach,
 Thus answered from the neighb'ring beech:—
 "Ere you remark another's sin,
 Bid thine own conscience look within;
 Control thy more voracious bill,
 Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

A gardener of peculiar taste,
 On a young Hog his favor placed,
 Who fed not with the common herd;
 His tray was to the hall preferred:
 He wallowed underneath the board,
 Or in his master's chamber snored,
 Who fondly stroked him every day,

And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er failed his pleasure to attend.

As on a time the loving pair
Walked forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus addressed the Swine:—

“My house, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease,
If the potato's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vast expense those beds supplied!”

The Hog by chance one morning roamed,
Where with new ale the vessels foamed;
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then staggering through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers:
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spied;
“Villain! suspend thy rage, (he cried)
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!” no more he said,
But gazed, and sighed, and hung his head.

The Hog with fluttering speech returns:—
“Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouched, your tulips strown;
For I devoured the roots alone.”

At this the Gardener's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he falls to blows:
The stubborn brute the blow sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins

Ah! foolish Swain! too late you find
That sties were for such friends designed!

Homeward he limps with painful pace.
Reflecting thus on past disgrace;
“Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.”

LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: An English author; born at Thoresby, Nottinghamshire, England, about 1690; died August 21, 1762. She was married in 1712 to the Hon. Edward Wortley Montagu, whom she accompanied on his mission to the Porte. While in Constantinople, she wrote to her sister, the Countess of Mar, Pope, and other friends, her famous "Letters," by which she is chiefly known. She also published "Town Eclogues." Her writings are witty and vivacious and attracted much attention among English literati.]

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

July 10, 1748.

DEAR CHILD,—I received yours of May the 12th but yesterday, July the 9th. I am surprised you complain of my silence. I have never failed answering yours the post after I received them; but I fear, being directed to Twickenham (having no other direction from you), your servants there may have neglected them.

I have been these six weeks, and still am, at my dairy house, which joins to my garden. I believe I have already told you it is a long mile from the Castle, which is situate in the midst of a very large village, once a considerable town, part of the walls still remaining, and has not vacant ground enough about it to make a garden, which is my greatest amusement, it being now troublesome to walk, or even go in the chaise till the evening. I have fitted up in this farmhouse a room for myself—that is to say, strewed the floor with rushes, covered the chimney with moss and branches, and adorned the room with basins of earthenware (which is made here to great perfection) filled with flowers, and put in some straw chairs, and a couch bed, which is my whole furniture. This spot of ground is so beautiful, I am afraid you will scarce credit the description, which, however, I can assure you, shall be very literal, without any embellishment from imagination. It is on a bank, forming a kind of peninsula, raised from the river Oglio fifty feet, to which you may descend by easy stairs cut in the turf, and either take the air on the river, which is as large as the Thames at Richmond, or by walking in an avenue two hundred yards on the side of it, you find a wood of a hundred acres, which was already cut into walks and ridings when I took it. I have only added fifteen bowers in different views, with seats of turf. They were easily made, here being a large

quantity of underwood, and a great number of wild vines, which twist to the top of the highest trees, and from which they make a very good sort of wine they call *brusco*. I am now writing to you in one of these arbors, which is so thickly shaded, the sun is not troublesome, even at noon. Another is on the side of the river, where I have made a camp kitchen, that I may take the fish, dress, and eat it immediately, and at the same time see the barks, which ascend or descend every day to or from Mantua, Gaustalla, or Pont de Vie, all considerable towns. This little wood is carpeted, in their succeeding seasons, with violets and strawberries, inhabited by a nation of nightingales, and filled with game of all kinds, excepting deer and wild boar, the first being unknown here, and not being large enough for the other.

My garden was a plain vineyard when it came into my hands not two years ago, and it is, with a small expense, turned into a garden that (apart from the advantage of the climate) I like better than that of Kensington. The Italian vineyards are not planted like those of France, but in clumps, fastened to trees planted in equal ranks (commonly fruit trees), and continued in festoons from one to another, which I have turned into covered galleries of shade, that I can walk in the heat without being incommoded by it. I have made a dining room of verdure, capable of holding a table of twenty covers; the whole ground is three hundred and seventeen feet in length, and two hundred in breadth. You see it is far from large; but so prettily disposed (though I say it), that I never saw a more agreeable rustic garden, abounding with all sorts of fruit, and produces a variety of wines. I would send you a piece if I did not fear the customs would make you pay too dear for it. I believe my description gives you but an imperfect idea of my garden. Perhaps I shall succeed better in describing my manner of life, which is as regular as that of any monastery. I generally rise at six, and as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my weeder women and work with them till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have, at present, two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care; my bees and silkworms are doubled, and I am told that, without accidents, my capital will be so in two years' time. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books; I dare not indulge myself in that

pleasure above an hour. At twelve I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at piquet or whist, till 'tis cool enough to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishery of this part of the river belongs to me; and my fisherman's little boat (where I have a green lutestring awning) serves me for a barge. He and his son are my rowers without any expense, he being very well paid by the profit of the fish, which I give him, on condition of having every day one dish for my table. Here is plenty of every sort of fresh-water fish (excepting salmon); but we have a large trout so like it, that I, that have almost forgot the taste, do not distinguish it.

We are both placed properly in regard to our different times of life; you amidst the fair, the gallant, and the gay; I in a retreat, where I enjoy every amusement that solitude can afford. I confess I sometimes wish for a little conversation; but I reflect that the commerce of the world gives more uneasiness than pleasure, and quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be indulged at my age. My letter is of an unconscionable length; I should ask your pardon for it, but I had a mind to give you an idea of my passing my time,—take it as an instance of the affection of, dear child,

Your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to all my grandchildren.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

DAIRY HOUSE, *July 26, N.S., 1748.*

I am really as fond of my garden as a young author of his first play, when it has been well received by the town, and can no more forbear teasing my acquaintance for their approbation: though I gave you a long account of it in my last, I must tell you I have made two little terraces, raised twelve steps each, at the end of my great walk; they are just finished, and a great addition to the beauty of my garden. I inclose to you a rough draft of it, drawn (or more properly scrawled) by my own hand, without the assistance of rule or compasses, as you will easily perceive. I have mixed in my espaliers as many rose and jessamine trees as I can cram in; and in the squares

designed for the use of the kitchen, have avoided putting anything disagreeable either to sight or smell, having another garden below for cabbage, onion, garlic, etc. All the walks are garnished with beds of flowers, beside the parterres, which are for a more distinguished sort. I have neither brick nor stone walls : all my fence is a high hedge, mingled with trees ; but fruit is so plenty in this country, nobody thinks it worth stealing. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading ; and as my sight will now permit me little of that, I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my age, now my pen and needle are almost useless to me. . . .

Now the sea is open, we may send packets to one another. I wish you would send me Campbell's book of prints of the English houses, and that Lord Bute would be so good as to choose me the best book of practical gardening extant.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

SALO, *October 17, 1750.*

DEAR CHILD, — I received yours of August 25th this morning, October 17th, N.S. It was every way welcome to me, particularly finding you and your family in good health. You will think me a great rambler, being at present far distant from the date of my last letter. I have been persuaded to go to a palace near Salo, situate on the vast lake of Gardia, and do not repent my pains since my arrival, though I have passed a very bad road to it. It is indeed, take it altogether, the finest place I ever saw : the king of France has nothing so fine, nor can have in his situation. It is large enough to entertain all his court, and much larger than the royal palace of Naples, or any of those of Germany or England. It was built by the great Cosmo, Duke of Florence, where he passed many months, for several years, on the account of his health, the air being esteemed one of the best in Italy. All the offices and conveniences are suitably magnificent, but that is nothing in regard to the beauties without doors. It is seated in that part of the lake which forms an amphitheater, at the foot of a mountain near three miles high, covered with a wood of orange, lemon, citron, and pomegranate trees, which is all cut into walks, and divided into terraces, that you may go into a several garden from every floor in the house, diversified with fountains, cascades, and statues,

and joined by easy marble staircases, which lead from one to another. There are many covered walks, where you are secure from the sun in the hottest part of the day, by the shade of the orange trees, which are so loaded with fruit you can hardly have any notion of their beauty without seeing them: they are as large as lime trees in England. You will think I say a great deal: I will assure you I say far short of what I see, and you must turn to the fairy tales to give any idea of the real charms of this enchanting palace, for so it may justly be called. The variety of the prospects, the natural beauties, and the improvements by art, where no cost has been spared to perfect it, render it the most complete habitation I know in Europe. While the poor present master of it (to whose ancestor the Grand Duke presented it, having built it on his land), having spent a noble estate by gaming and other extravagance, would be glad to let it for a trifle, and is not rich enough to live in it. Most of the fine furniture is sold; there remains only a few of the many good pictures that adorned it, and such goods as were not easily to be transported, or for which he found no chapman. I have said nothing to you of the magnificent bath, embellished with statues, or the fish ponds, the chief of which is in the midst of the garden to which I go from my apartment on the first floor. It is circled by a marble baluster, and supplied by water from a cascade that proceeds from the mouth of a whale, on which Neptune is mounted, surrounded with reeds: on each side of him are Tritons, which, from their shells, pour out streams that augment the pond. Higher on the hill are three colossal statues of Venus, Hercules, and Apollo. The water is so clear you see the numerous fish that inhabit it, and it is a great pleasure to me to throw them bread, which they come to the surface to eat with great greediness. I pass by many other fountains, not to make my description too tedious. You will wonder, perhaps, never to have heard any mention of this paradise either from our English travelers or in any of the printed accounts of Italy; it is as much unknown to them as if it was guarded by a flaming cherubim. I attribute that ignorance, in part, to its being twenty-five miles distant from any post town, and also to the custom of the English of herding together, avoiding the conversation of the Italians, who, on their side, are naturally reserved, and do not seek strangers. Lady Orford could give you some knowledge of it, having passed the last six months she stayed here in a house she hired at Salo; but as all

her time was then taken up with the melancholy vapors her distresses had thrown her into, I question whether her curiosity ever engaged her to see this palace, though but half a mile from it.

October 25th.

I was interrupted in this part of my letter by a visit from Count Martinenghi, master of this house, with his son and two daughters; they stayed till this morning, being determined to show me all the fine places on this side the lake, to engage me to grow fond of staying here, and I have had a very pleasant progress in viewing the most remarkable palaces within ten miles round. Three from hence is the little town of Maderna, where the last Duke of Mantua built a retreat worthy a sovereign. It is now in the hands of a rich merchant, who maintains it in all its beauty. It is not half so large as that where I am, but perfectly proportioned and uniform, from a design of Palladio's. The garden is in the style of Le Nôtre, and the furniture in the best taste of Paris. I am almost ready to confess it deserves the preference to this, though built at far less expense. The situations are as different as is possible, when both of them are between a mountain and the lake: that under which the Duke of Mantua chose to build is much lower than this, and almost sterile; the prospect of it is rather melancholy than agreeable; but the palace, being placed at the foot of it, is a mile distant from the lake, which forms a sort of peninsula, half a mile broad, and 'tis on that is the delightful garden, adorned with parterres, espaliers, all sorts of exotic plants, and ends in a thick wood, cut into ridings. That in the midst is large enough for a coach, and terminates at the lake, which appears from the windows like a great canal made on purpose to beautify the prospect. On the contrary, the palace where I lodge is so near the water that you step out of the gate into the barge, and the gardens being all divided, you cannot view from the house above one of them at a time. In short, these two palaces may in their different beauties rival each other, while they are neither of them to be excelled in any other part of the world.

I have wrote you a terrible long letter; but as you say you are often alone, it may serve you for half an hour's amusement; at least receive it as a proof that there is none more agreeable to me than giving assurances of my being, dear child, your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to my grandchildren.

P.S. — Yours of the 23d September is just this minute brought to me. I heartily wish you and my Lord Bute joy of his place; and wish it may have more advantageous consequences; but am glad you do not too much found hopes on things of so much uncertainty. I have read S. Fielding's works, and should be glad to hear what is become of her. All the other books would be new to me excepting "Pamela," which has met with very extraordinary (and I think undeserved) success. It has been translated into French and into Italian; it was all the fashion at Paris and Versailles, and is still the joy of the chambermaids of all nations.

Direct the books to the care of Sir James Gray, the English minister at Venice.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devote and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I next entered a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. Jessamines and honeysuckles twisted round their trunks, shedding a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water on the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls, the eldest about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything. I have seen all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany, and I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I

recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand upon her heart with a sweetness full of majesty that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given to me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honor. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features ! that charming result of the whole ! that exact proportion of body ! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art ! the unutterable enchantment of her smile ! But her eyes ! — large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue ! every turn of her face discovering some new charm.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavored, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion that a face perfectly regular would not be agreeable ; nature having done for her, with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face, and to that, a behavior so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a caftán of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to advantage the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, green and silver, her slippers white, finely embroidered ; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds ; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, but I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have

spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For me, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, whilst the others danced by turns. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of the English music from the bladder and string, and marrowbones and cleavers. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes wood, and other rich scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest Japan china, with soucoupes of silver gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this time in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél Sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and give the others to my woman and interpreters. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help fancying I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much I was charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you.

THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS.

By DEAN SWIFT.

[JONATHAN SWIFT: The greatest English prose satirist; born in Dublin, November 30, 1667; died October 19, 1745. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin; was for many years secretary to Sir William Temple in England, and in 1695 became a priest, being made dean of St. Patrick's in 1713. From the beginning of his literary career his brilliant and iconoclastic satires attracted attention in the literary world, his writings, though sometimes coarse, being strong, vigorous, and always artistic. His more famous works include: "Tale of a Tub" (1704), "Battle of the Books" (1704), "Meditation upon a Broomstick" (1704), "Argument to prove the Inconvenience of Abolishing Christianity" (1708), "Project for the Advancement of Religion" (1708), "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" (1708), "Conduct of the Allies" (1711), "Advice to the October Club" (1712), "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty" (1712), "Public Spirit of the Whigs" (1714), "Drapier's Letters" (1724), "Gulliver's Travels" (1726), and "A Modest Proposal" (1729).

AN old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked, "Why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?" "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them, as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas if they

Manuscript of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

Letter to Henrietta, wife of the Hon. Charles Howard, Earl of Suffolk, and Bedchamber-woman to Queen Caroline, complaining of the Queen for not having performed her promise to give him a medal and for having sacrificed John Gay, the poet, to the pique of Sir Robert Walpole. Also expressing the wish that the Queen would remember what he had said to her about Ireland, and blaming Mrs. Howard for having misled him by hints of preferment in England on the King's accession, and congratulating her on her (supposed) loss of favor at court, with compliments on her character, etc. Written in Dublin, 21 Nov., 1730.

MADAM,—I do not now pity the leisure you have to read a letter from me, and this letter shall be a history. First therefore I call you to witness that I did not attend on the Queen till I had received her own repeated messages, which of course occasioned my being introduced to you. I never asked anything till upon leaving England the first time I desired from you a present worth a guinea, and from Her Majesty one worth ten pounds by way of a memorial. Yours I received; and the Queen in taking my leave of her made an excuse that she had intended a medal for me which not being ready she would send it to me the Christmass following. Yet this never was done, nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and by her commands attended her as I had done before. I must now tell you, Madam, that I will receive no medal from Her Majesty nor anything less than her picture at half length drawn by Jervas and if he takes it from another original, the Queen shall sit at least twice, for him to touch it up. I desire you will let Her Majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her displeasure. But this is a usual thing with Princes as well as Ministers, upon every false representation, and so I took occasion to tell the Queen upon the quarrel Mr. Walpole had with our friend Gay the first time I ever had the honor to attend her.

Against you I have but one reproach, that when I was last in England and just after the present King's accession, I resolved to pass the summer in France, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity from which those who seemed to love me well dissuaded me by your advice, and when I sent you a note, conjuring you to lay aside the character of a courtier and a favorite on that occasion, your answer positively directed me not to go without juncture and you said the same things to my friends.

Madam, your Ladyship's most obedient, humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Dublin, Novr. 21st, 1730.

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Madam

Your Ladyships

Dublin July. 27th
1731.

most obedient, and
most humble servant

Jonathan Swift.

should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it often go out of the crease and disfigure the paper.

“He who does not provide for his own house,” St. Paul says, “is worse than an infidel;” and I think he who provides only for his own house is just equal with an infidel.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

When I was young I thought all the world, as well as myself, was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof the poet complaining, I bade him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

The latter part of a wise man’s life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

One argument, to prove that the common relations of ghosts and specters are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, “This critical age,” as divines say, “This sinful age.”

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in

laying taxes on the next : " Future ages shall talk of this : this shall be famous to all posterity ; " whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers than that of astrologers, when they pretend by rules of art to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant ; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others but useless to themselves ; like a sundial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last !

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices ; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince ; as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

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